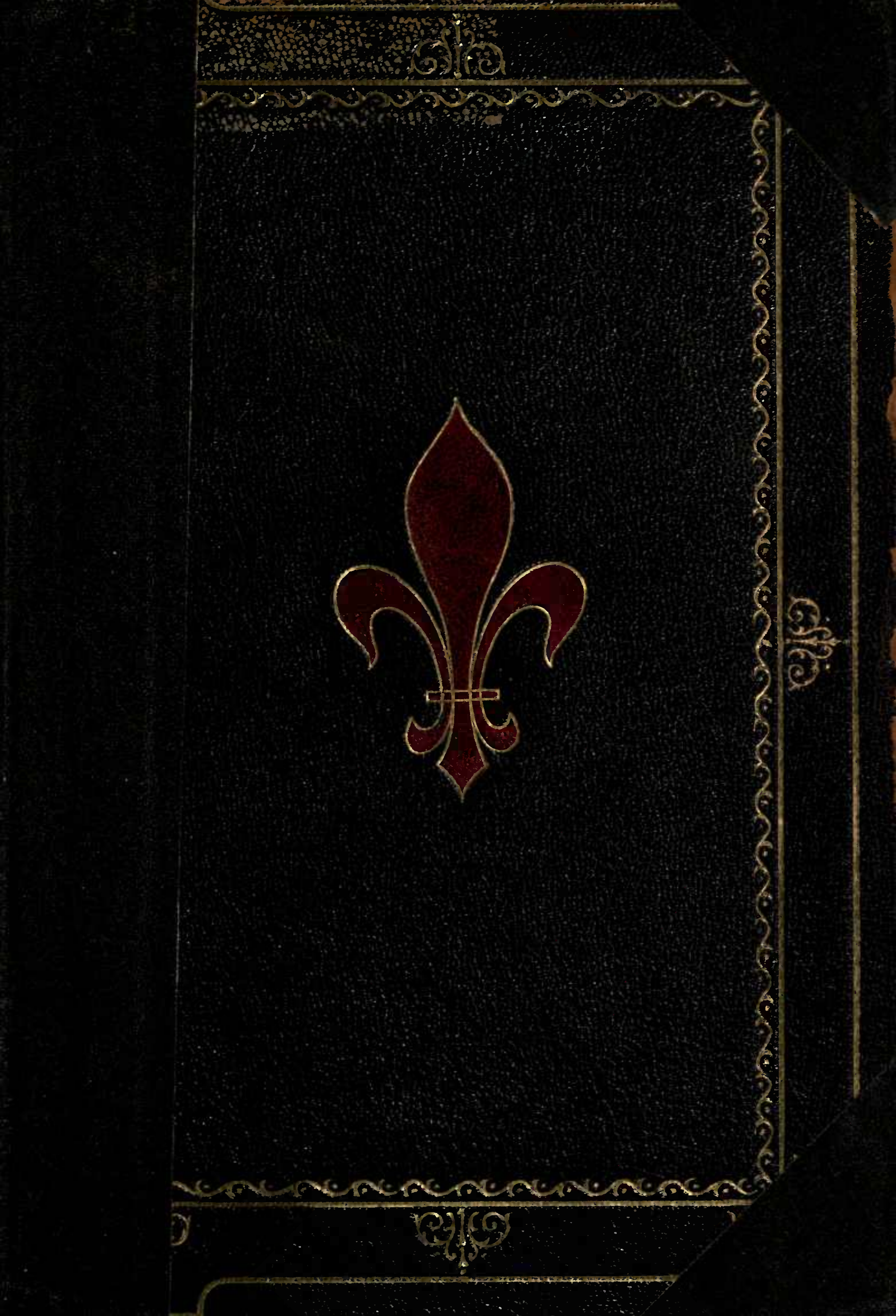

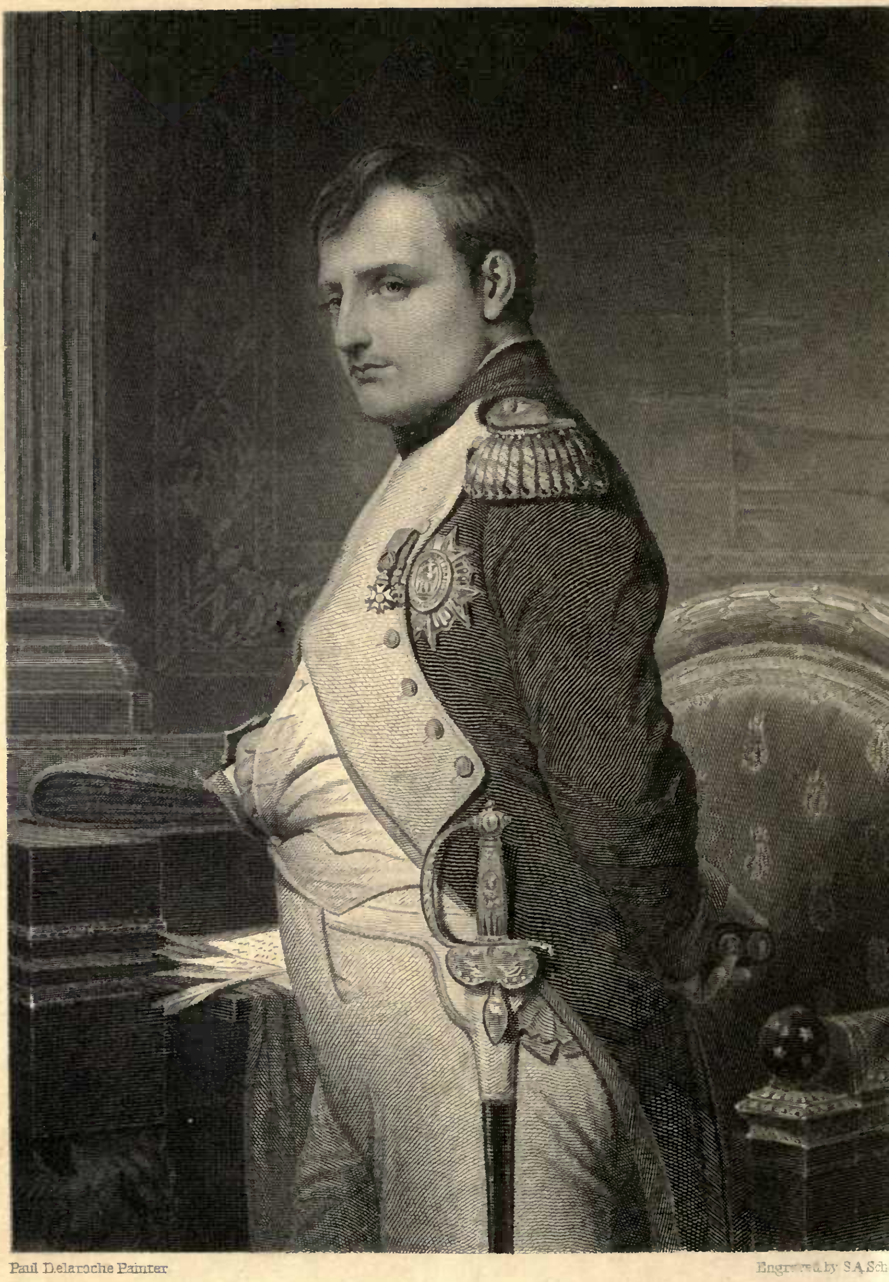

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Memoirs of
The Empress Josephine

In Two Volumes
Volume Two

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HISTORICAL AND SECRET
MEMOIRS
OF THE
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

CHAPTER I

"Of that time do I now behold the half-dubious path of events marked out by the Fates; for when thy years shall have accomplished eight times seven departures and returns of the sun, and those two numbers, each whereof, but for a different reason, is held to be a full number, shall, by a natural concurrence, fulfil the great destinies reserved to thee by the Fates — then shall the state cast its fortunes wholly upon thee and thy name; then shall the senate, then shall all good citizens, then shall our allies, and all the people of Latium, turn their eyes to thee. Upon thee alone shall then depend the safety of the state. In short, thou alone, clothed with the power of dictator, shall be the support of the republic, if thou shalt but escape the impious hands of thy relations."—SCIPIO'S DREAM.[1]

A SINGULAR succession of events was now preparing the way for Bonaparte to seize the crown of his exiled masters. Like Archimedes, he only wanted a fulcrum and a powerful lever to raise the globe. He found both, the one in the adulation of the tribunate, the other in the enthusiastic devotion of the army. With such supports he had it in his power to shake all the monarchies of Europe, as a skilful mechanic, by means of his ropes and pulleys, raises and lets down the greatest weights. It was easy to see that the docility of the one and the love of glory of the other would enable him to do whatever he pleased. They were, indeed, useful instruments in his hands. They were ready to be put in play whenever he should loosen the springs which moved them. In vain would they have attempted to resist the motion communicated to them; they had to obey it, and it was useless for them to think of avoiding the onward movement.

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[1] The following is the original passage:—" Sed ejus temporis ancipitem video quasi fatorum viam: nam cum ætas tua septenos octies solis anfractus reditusque converterit, duoque hi numeri, quorum uterque plenus, alter alterâ de causâ, habetur, circuitu naturali, summam

That which consolidates a military state is obedience. 'Tis that which makes all the members of the body politic co-operate to preserve a single head; 'tis that which annihilates individual interests and establishes on their ruins one common cause. It closes every eye while it puts every arm in motion. It serves the twofold purpose of a bandage to hide the precipice, and a curb to restrain Reason when she would talk of self-preservation.

Probably Bonaparte did not foresee the enormous power

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tibi fatalem confecerint, in te unum, atque in tuum nomen, se tota converterit civitas; te senatus, te omnes boni, te socii, te Latini intuebuntur: tu eris unus in quo nitatur civitatis salus; ac ne multa, dictator rempublicam constituas oportet, si impias propinquorum manus effugies."—*Opera Omnia Cic.*, Vol. XII., p. 199.

This curious passage must not, however, be regarded as a prophecy. The Roman orator merely puts it into the mouth of Scipio Africanus, whom he introduces in a dream to Publius Cornelius Scipio, just before the latter destroyed Carthage, and while he was heading the expedition against that injured and ill-fated country. The old Africanus, in the same interview, gives utterance to a sentiment which, though, perhaps, less orthodox than patriotic, seems worthy of being quoted as applicable both to Napoleon and the false friends who deserted him in his hour of need:—"Omnibus, qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in cœlo ac definitum locum, ubi beati ævo sempiterno fruantur," &c.—TRANSLATOR.

which the title of Emperor would give him. Everything leads me to believe that he was made giddy by the immensity of that power. He was about to found an empire, and to give to it his laws. It was not enough, however, for him to be both prince and legislator; his subjects must be accustomed to submission. Those who had nothing to expect from Court favours soon learned to mourn over that shadow of liberty which they had enjoyed since 1789. They secretly leaned in favour of every attempt to restore that liberty, and the republican spirit of many among them kept alive the hope of one day reconquering it. Still, the interior of France was shielded from the scenes of blood which might have been provoked by the audacity of some and the weakness of others, had the reins of government been in different hands. Bonaparte contented himself with sending a few intriguers into exile—a punishment to which even the cabals they belonged to could not reasonably object. He was not actuated by the wanton and cruel motive of fighting battles merely to try the strength of his throne. He could at any moment send his orders through Europe, and cause them to be repeated by millions of mouths, and defended by millions of arms; and it was not necessary for him to prove to the world his perfect ability to maintain his domination over the ruins of a republic whose conflagration began at the first moment of its existence, which was the murder of the King, and whose ruinous walls, still smoking with the blood of the august victim, were ever ready to tumble down and crush their founders; a just though tardy chastisement from a protecting Providence, who opened men's eyes to make them the witnesses of their own punishment.

Bonaparte received continually the highest marks of confidence and goodwill from the two councils. For the rest, he remembered that, although he had not been proclaimed First Consul by their unanimous vote (a fact that gave him little concern), he had received that honour from the people, a circumstance that flattered him greatly. He said, correctly, that men of true courage seek for no other recompense than the glory of serving their country. "Men will for ever talk of me," said he; "posterity will remember me."—"Yes," said I, "you would be immortal if you had less ambition."—"Hear me, Josephine," he replied. "I would willingly place the brother of Louis XVI. on the throne, because that is just, and ought to be; yet I should always tremble before him, for, whenever he saw me, he would be forced to say to himself, 'He who had it in his power to place the crown upon my brow is also able to remove it.' Do you think a sovereign could be very fond of so dangerous a man? In me the people hate what they would not hate in a legitimate monarch; in their eyes I am nothing but a soldier. Do you think I could always stem this torrent of hatred, and, from the height of honours, descend into obscurity—be nothing, less than nothing, after having been everything—languish on in the repose of a quiet but unknown existence? However delightful such a life may be, it could never blot from my memory the brilliant scenes I have enacted—scenes which would be for ever recurring to my imagination. No, such a life would make me miserable. I have been long reconciled with the republicans, and your husband, madam, will soon be seated upon the most splendid throne in the world."

Carnôt was one of those men whose opinions do not change with circumstances. An enthusiastic supporter of the new republic, he used all his efforts in opposition to the Imperial Government. But, like so many others, he was constrained to bow down before the idol he had sought to overthrow. My husband never pardoned him for giving utterance to sentiments so contrary to his interests.[1]

Meanwhile the Criminal Court was proceeding with the trial of the conspirators against the life of the First Consul. General Moreau, having been committed to prison in the Conciergerie, and hoping for no favour after so bold a step had been taken against him, now busied himself in preparing his defence. His confinement was not so strict but that he was permitted to see his wife, and to communicate freely with his counsel. Yet, too proud, as he himself said, of the testimony of his own conscience, he walked with head erect, and more resembled a general enjoying a triumph than a prisoner accused of high treason.[2]

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[1] While I would render the fullest justice to the profound knowledge and acquirements of Carnôt, I am constrained to say that I never heard his name announced without a shudder. I had not forgotten the part he acted in the death of my first husband. His memory was ever dear to me, and when I saw one of the men approach me who had confirmed the order for his arrest, my heart felt wounded, my eyes were bathed in tears; it recalled the memory of those mournful times. And yet, in his presence, I affected a sort of serenity, though I found it impossible to feign goodwill towards him. The terrible words, "Committee of Public Safety," still ring in my ears; and I used to feel really fatigued at the close of those interviews which were so painful to all who wished to forget that dreary and melancholy portion of the past — a period painful indeed to a majority of the French people, who had been forced to endure the horrors of the Revolution.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

[2] Moreau had certainly performed distinguished military services for the republic. The following battles attested his bravery:—

Battle of Rastadt, July 5th, 1796, against Latour.

Battle of Ettingen, July 9th, 1796, against the Archduke Charles.

Battle of Biberach, Oct. 2nd, 1796, against the Archduke Charles.

Battle of Hohenlinden, Dec. 3rd, 1800, against the Archduke John, in which General Richepanse was slain.

But all his military services for France were, surely, no excuse for his counselling with the known royalists and traitors, Pichegru

Pichegru had also been arrested. It was known that, for some time, this general had been living in Paris, and the hatred of his enemies was not slow in taking satisfaction upon him. The unfortunate man was committed to the Temple. Sustained by a sense of his innocence, he supported this calamity with courage, less affected by his own humiliation than by the danger which menaced his country. He sent me a letter, confidentially, and I took good care not to let Bonaparte see it. I saw no means of saving him, and was afraid lest my own zeal in his behalf might prove fatal to him, in which case I should have had to reproach myself with accelerating his ruin. I thought it my duty to advise him to address himself directly to Fouché, promising to unite my influence with that of the minister, to obtain leave for him to reside in America. But his evil star, that had led him to bestow his confidence on a man whom he had the misfortune to regard as his friend, induced him to neglect the salutary hints which were conveyed to him by my orders; and I soon saw that the illustrious Pichegru had but a short time to live (1).

While cowardly courtiers were employing all their arts to effect their criminal objects, Bonaparte, influenced by their advice, urged on with more earnestness than ever the trial which was to destroy the most faithful of Frenchmen. The consul could not pardon Moreau's apparent modesty. "He is," said he, "an ambitious man; he would, if he could, place himself at the head

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and Georges, and much less for his wearing Russian epaulets at the battle of Dresden (where he was mortally wounded), a fact which sufficiently confirms the previous charge of treasonable intentions, for which he was banished by the First Consul. Traitors deserve no mercy. The safety of a state necessarily depends upon the fidelity of its subjects.—TRANSLATOR.

of a party, and put down my authority; I intend to overthrow him. This I cannot fail to do by extending my conquests still further. I am always afraid of finding in my way a warrior as enterprising as myself."

I tried to correct his opinions as to the intentions of the general, who, by his implacable enemies, had been represented to him as burning with a thirst for power and aspiring to the throne of France. But when I intimated to him that Moreau would not be convicted, he became enraged. "The proofs," said he, "are as clear as day. I well know what my duty imposes upon me, as the magistrate charged to watch over the safety of the state." He then, after some moments of reflection, consented that the judges should give him their private opinions as to the punishment to be inflicted upon the general.

France is well acquainted with the letter which the illustrious prisoner sent to Bonaparte before his sentence was pronounced. He preserved his dignity throughout, and gave the new Emperor to understand that it had once depended upon him whether he should obtain the supreme power. Napoleon could not dissemble his rage. "As long as Moreau lives," said he, "he will be my most formidable rival. Two suns cannot shine together upon the same horizon. One of them must be eclipsed, and mine must triumph over his." Fouché, who was present at this conversation, ventured some observations, to which I joined my own, telling my husband that he ought not to descend so low as to attempt to gain the opinion of the judges against Moreau, and give his agents such orders. "Fear," said he, with energy; "fear, madam, that I may increase their severity! Keep silence, at least, and do not provoke me; your audacity has already destroyed every disposition on my part to overlook his faults!"—"I do not ask any indulgence for him—I will not ask any for his judges, if you will only do justice," said I, with a feeling of profound indignation.

This important matter continued to be discussed for some days before the Criminal Court, and the public had full time to form their conclusions before the argument ended. But few persons, and only those who were particularly designated, were permitted to enter the Tuileries. Bonaparte was afraid the conspirators would obtain some advantage, either by means of their intrigues, or by furnishing hints to the counsel engaged in the defence. Never did accused persons present more grounds to interest others in their favour. The courage of Georges Cadoudal, the grief of the two Polignacs, who, though born on the steps of the throne (as their counsel eloquently said), found themselves, by means of a terrible Revolution, seated in the criminal's box; Moreau, renowned for his victories—Moreau, who, had he not been paralysed by a want of means, might, perhaps, have surpassed the conqueror of Italy. All this, said the people who attended the trial—all this disproves the charge; the very appearance, the known virtues, the greatness, the honour of the accused, preclude the idea that they can be guilty of the crimes laid to their charge.

Alas! they had not uttered one word in their own defence before the spectators had made up their minds that they were innocent—the public, I mean, who seldom err in their judgment, if unseduced by others. Not one of the accusations was sustained by clear proof. The counsel for the prisoners shed a flood of light upon a part of the case; but the counsel for the Government, in closing the case to the jury, replied, "You have been listening, gentlemen, to a tissue of gross lies, which I will not take the trouble to unravel; let it suffice to know that nothing is more false than what these conspirators have set up in their own defence, and in defence of their accomplices. I demand that the question be put to the vote."

The vote was taken, and, as was to be expected from the prejudice existing against Moreau, whom to defend was to condemn, a majority of those cowardly creatures sentenced him to death.[1] "When ambition engenders crime," said they, "we must not wink at, but punish it." The minority were in favour of imprisonment, some for a longer and some for a shorter time.

But the First Consul did not approve of the sentence of death, and when I heard of this, I felt a sincere satisfaction, not only on account of Moreau, but on account of my husband and his safety. I had heard that the greater part of the spectators of that trial wore arms upon their persons, and that, had any signal been given, they were ready to leap over the feeble barriers which separated them from the general, and form around him a rampart of their bodies.

Who knows but those same arms might be directed against the life of his persecutor, and be instrumental in producing the most terrible catastrophes! I felt it my duty to warn Bonaparte of the possibility of such an outbreak; he pretended to believe nothing about it until Murat presented to him a report upon the state of public opinion, by which he was induced to save the life of his great rival in glory. A most touching scene took place in the Criminal

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[1] Moreau's trial made a great noise. Pichegru's death gave rise to a thousand conjectures. Some said, "The satellites of Bonaparte have strangled him." "No," replied others, "he has committed suicide." Whatever may have been the fact, the public settled down in the conviction that this atrocious act was to be attributed to Bonaparte's advisers.

Court. Scarcely was the terrible sentence pronounced, when the two young Polignacs threw themselves into each other's arms. "Save my brother! save my brother!" exclaimed the younger, in the most heartrending accents; "he has a wife to support; as for myself, I have felt nothing but the thorns of life, and I shall meet death without fear and without reproach!"

The famous Georges Cadoudal, with extraordinary self-possession, dared to assert, in the face of this terrible Areopagus, that, "*he who becomes a conspirator, ought to know how to die and hold his tongue.*" Speaking of the First Consul, he said: "Thou deceivest thyself, Bonaparte, if, in the excess of thy hatred, thou thinkest that, in dooming me to death, thou hast triumphed over me; on the contrary, I triumph over thee by dying with firmness. I give up to thy steel a head which life would, to a convicted man, only expose to vulgar insults—a head which, when lifeless, will, upon the scaffold where thy cruelty exposes it, be thine accuser rather than the evidence of thy successful vengeance. After having lived so long for the glory of my country, it only remains for me to die for her defence."

Charles d'Hozier thus apostrophised his judges: "You condemn me to-day: your turn will, perhaps, come to-morrow. But there is an avenging God, who will know how to punish you." All the accused displayed an imposing dignity, the badge of innocence.

Bonaparte did not take pride in the judgments which were pronounced. "I should," said he, "have pardoned certain of them for form's sake, and scarcely any of them deserved so severe a sentence." He could have wished, also, that Georges Cadoudal had so far humbled himself as to ask for a commutation of the capital sentence pronounced against him, to that of imprisonment for life; but the Vendean chief preserved all his hardihood and all his pride. He even tore to pieces a memorial which was addressed and presented to him, in which his friends tried to persuade him that he would obtain pardon, provided he would ask it (2). It was not thus, however, with others of the condemned. The Duchess of Polignac used all her efforts to save her unhappy husband. She was presented to me; she spoke well, and expressed herself with that warmth of feeling which electrifies those to whom it is addressed. It doubtless cost much of her pride to be reduced to this kind of humiliation.

I wept with her and concerted the means of introducing her to Bonaparte, who, during those mournful trials, had remained altogether unapproachable. I presented myself first; he put me off, without showing any symptoms of pity. I returned to that afflicted woman. "I hope everything from your goodness, madam," said she.—"Alas!" I replied, with eyes filled with tears, "my feeble influence over the Emperor leaves me scarcely a ray of hope; nevertheless, I will again try to change his mind—follow me." At the moment we were stationing ourselves in such a manner as to meet him as he passed, we heard the people's shouts, proclaiming the sentence of death against those unfortunate persons. "In a short time," exclaimed I, without noticing Madame Polignac, whom I had upon my arm, "in a short time the most of them will cease to live!" My husband was passing out of his cabinet to give some order. His severe, dark physiognomy expressed the displeasure he felt at seeing us. Madame de Polignac scarcely breathed. She instantly threw herself at the feet of the new Cæsar. While all France was burning incense to Bonaparte, why should she, a woman overwhelmed by the deepest distress, a wife and a mother, with every possible reason to deprecate the blow that was about to fall upon her—why should she rebel against the universal enthusiasm which he inspired? Her soul was full of feeling and confidence; she was sick, afflicted with physical suffering, mental anguish and deep despair; she was alone, feeble, dying—passing into oblivion. Alas! with a wife so afflicted, how could Polignac be guilty? "Save him! save him! Sire," she exclaimed in a voice of agony; "establish your power upon the basis of clemency!"—"Begin," said I, by way of aiding her suit, "begin to be generous. One word from you, Bonaparte, will restore to this weeping wife the being she most loves upon earth; the most lovely prerogative of a sovereign is the power to pardon. Use it—use that sublime faculty to perpetuate your glory, and let the first days of your reign be distinguished by deeds of charity and kindness." I knew well the effect which these energetic words would have upon him, and was not deceived in my expectation. He promised to save Polignac. "I can pardon your husband, madam," said he to the duchess. "He has offended no one but me. A few acts of clemency at the commencement of my reign cannot hurt me." He seemed for a moment melted to pity; but fearing we might think he was about to extend the like indulgence to others of the condemned, he quitted us, casting at me a glance which seemed to say, "I hope you, at least, are satisfied; but spare me henceforth such applications." His air became more tranquil, and he strove to hide the tumultuous thoughts which agitated him.

I could not but testify to Madame Polignac the happiness it gave me to have been selected as the advocate of her cause, and assured her that certain powerful personages had united their efforts to afford her, in the midst of her ills, all the succour, or, at least, every consolation in their power; and that the preference which she had seen fit to give me in the matter was justified by the zeal and sincerity which I had consecrated to her service.

At that time how many circumstances were there to awaken my surprise and my sensibility! I felt unwilling to leave the other proscribed persons in their present cruel situation. I directed one of my most faithful people to repair in disguise to Moreau, in order to persuade him to solicit permission to go to America. I had conferred on the subject with Fouché,[1] and was convinced that this proposition, if made by some other person than myself, would meet with the approbation of my husband. While waiting for my messenger's return, I sent to beg General B——, the commandant of the château of Vincennes, to treat his new prisoners with humanity, and permit them to communicate freely with one another. As to Georges Cadoudal, he was tired of life. When he was about to mount the scaffold, a last proposition was made to him. He replied with the frankness of a hero who feared nothing but the reproaches of his conscience. "Bonaparte," said he, "would do wrong to pardon me; our mutual dislike does not permit us to resort to dissimulation. From what I have attempted to do, let him judge of that which I am capable of undertaking; it will show him that he must regard me as his most constant, but generous enemy, so long as a Bourbon shall exist on the face of the earth. I dare speak to him the severe language of truth. After all, he is but a man favoured by fortune. In the eyes of legitimate monarchs, Napoleon can only act the part of a Julius Cæsar, and I foresee that he will, in his turn, come to a deplorable end."

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[1] Fouché did not approve of Napoleon's extreme measures. "We must temporise," said he; "violence is an approach towards weakness, and an act of clemency will do more to restrain them than the scaffold."

Bonaparte's advisers did not pride themselves upon a scrupulous fulfilment of their engagements; or, I should rather say, faithlessness formed the basis of their characters. They flattered themselves that their master, while he seemed to consent to Moreau's departure to the United States, would easily find means to render that part of his punishment illusory by covering with ambuscades the road he was to travel. These satellites "took it for granted that Moreau would perish before he reached the place of his destination." But they were mistaken; never did Napoleon conceive such a thought. The moment it became apparent that Moreau's friends would present to him that sort of capitulation, he ordered the commissioners of the marine to make every preparation for the voyage of the illustrious exile. With a sentiment of pleasure which he could not conceal, he hastened to inform me that the ocean would soon place betwixt him and his rival a barrier which he regarded as eternal. He was then far from perceiving the secrets which the dark future concealed from him (3).

This sentence did not, of course, satisfy the different parties, who, unenlightened by it as to their respective destinies, explained it each in his own way, and with reference to his own intentions. They flattered themselves that these reflections would open to them the cave of Trophonius.[1] Every situation in life has its lesson for man, and he is truly worthy of the name of man who receives the favours of fortune, or meets the frowns of adversity, with unruffled brow.

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[1] That famous oracle of Bœotia was upon a mountain, in an enclosure of white stones, on which were erected brazen obelisks. Within this enclosure was a cavern shaped like an oven, hewn out by human hands. The descent was by means of a small ladder, there not

Like all persons, I then supposed that none but Moreau could fall from the Tarpeian rock without abandoning all hope of the future success of his cause. The moment of misfortune is the one when the truly great man displays the highest energy. Do not let me pretend to pity him; when I saw him struggling with adversity, I could not but admire him.

"Whatever may be the moral force which we receive from nature and from virtuous habits or education, it is hard, indeed, to forgive either men or one's country for having prevented one's doing the good he aimed at." Such were the well-founded reflections of Moreau, when exiled from France. He for a while hesitated between the desire to vindicate himself in the eyes of the companions of his glory, and the necessity of respecting the circumstances which commanded him to be silent. He dared make no explanation in the presence of the guard by whom he was surrounded; and his sad looks betrayed

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being room enough for stairs. At the bottom of the first hole, which was very narrow, there was another cavern still narrower, into which the visitor was compelled to crawl. He was required to carry in each hand a kind of composition of honey; he passed his feet into the aperture, and immediately felt himself drawn downward with considerable force and rapidity. Here the future was made known to him, sometimes by seeing, sometimes by hearing. He then crawled out of the cavern feet first, and was immediately placed upon the stool of Mnemosyne, where he was questioned as to what he had seen or heard. He was then taken, half-crazed, into the temple of the Good Genius, where he was left to recover from his fright, and required to write upon a tablet what he had seen or heard, and which the priests appeared to interpret in their peculiar manner. What increased the horror of the cavern was that the penalty of death awaited those who presumed to interrogate the god without making all the requisite preparations.

the deep anguish of his soul. But he should have told them "that the victories of Bonaparte would yet be strangely inflated by his self-love, and that, like other conquerors, he would finally depart from the way of prudence and moderation; that the greatest misfortune which can befall a sovereign is to lend a complacent ear to the advice of the dangerous men who surround him. One of the greatest faults of a sovereign is ingratitude, which makes him forget the services of the brave men who, by their courage, have contributed to the prosperity of the state. Whenever Napoleon is guilty of injustice, he will alienate the hearts of his new subjects, and lose all right to their respect, their love and their fidelity." And thus he did speak, when, having passed the seas, he landed upon that happy shore where a free, generous and hospitable people now reign.

CHAPTER II

Bonaparte, now become Emperor, was far from acting the part of Cromwell. He was altogether a stranger to the crimes of the different factions which succeeded each other with such rapidity since the destruction of the monarchy. On the contrary, he had in some degree restrained them. What pains had he taken, what care had he bestowed, in endeavouring to extirpate the hydra which had for fifteen years been devouring France, and ravaging without pity her most beautiful provinces! My husband, I say, who had in reality never, in the slightest degree, contributed to the misfortunes of the Bourbon family, by no means resembled the famous Protector stained with the blood of his King. But would the modest title of Protector have been sufficient for Bonaparte? Might he not rival the most trifling sign of royalty without destroying his work? His position was utterly unlike that of Cromwell. While he remained the chief magistrate of the new republic, he was constrained to recognise its principles, and caress its founders. To use an expression of the good Henry IV., "the most of them smelt of the old leaven of the League." But those "incorruptible citizens" were no strangers to the crimes of the Revolution. They had not yet forgotten the famous "committees" of that period, and sometimes, even in my husband's presence, argued that they had rendered eminent services to their country, and done much towards introducing liberal ideas. This was enough to excite the natural jealousy of Napoleon against them; he was afraid some new Catiline might start up among them, and, consequently, declared war upon those sons of Brutus, and especially those of them who disapproved of his re-establishing public worship in France, and affording a degree of security to the Catholic clergy. The pompous words, "Liberty and Indivisibility," did not awe the head of the French Government. He had arrived at his object, and meant to sustain himself. He ridiculed the authors of the recent law. He caused to disappear those disgusting images representing what was called the "Goddess of Liberty." Nobody dared any longer use the hideous costume of 1793; the famous red caps were removed from the tops of the monuments, as they had for some time past ceased to be worn on everybody's head.

Bonaparte now contented himself with displaying a kind of popular talent, although he was secretly and really engaged in diminishing the immense power of the different popular parties. "I will," said he continually, "establish a solid government; but I stand in need of good workmen. Among those whom I despise, there are some whose talents I admire, but whose principles I detest. I intend to use them as machines, necessary in erecting and sustaining the edifice of my power. So long as I was Bonaparte, they were my equals; but become Emperor, I must make them subjects. The most of them owe their fortunes to me; the rest, in order to preserve the fruits of their peculations, will, by a sense of their own interests, be compelled to hoist my banner. It will be a curious spectacle," he added, with a smile, "to see such and such ones bedizened with lace and covered with *cordons*. I shall assign each his part in the play." Then immediately resuming his serious air, he said, "Do you think I will yield them my entire confidence? Never!

But unless I affect to give them some useful employment, those political chameleons will become dangerous; and the moment they shall accept the titles I intend to give them, those proud republicans will become my slaves. It is my purpose, however, to establish a kind of set-off for them, and the chains with which I destine them to be loaded shall glitter with the baubles of favour. The philosopher and scholar will see nothing about them but the evidences of a change in their opinions, and the badge of their ancient servitude." Thus reasoned my husband only a few days after he was proclaimed an Augustus.

The plan was ably conceived, and he certainly did not overrate his power when he foresaw that it would be adopted both by his friends and his foes.

I employed the language of Bacon, and said to him, "Every one, in his own fancy, builds a little world whereof he is the centre, around which revolve all kinds of opinions crossing each other's orbits, eclipsing, avoiding, approaching each other, at the will of the great motive power, self-love. Truth sometimes gleams out in the midst of these confused and tangled motions; but it appears only for a moment, and passes on—like the sun at noon, we behold it without being able either to stay or follow its course.

"Peace now exists; and peace is in itself a thing so lovely that nothing ought to be omitted to preserve it, or at least the hope of it. Why sound the alarm? Why sow the seeds of distrust and excite animosities? Is it a sure method of preserving peace to abdicate the modest title of Consul and immediately assume one more pompous? Is it, moreover, consistent and prudent, while you are setting forth the causes of war, to labour to show that all power is now lodged in the hands of the conqueror of Marengo?[1] That he is ready to aggravate his provocations towards Germany, by seeking to demonstrate to her that all the strength will henceforth be on one side, and all the weakness on the other, and that she will probably find herself without resources to sustain the conflict? Hear me further. You well know that true valour detests butchery as much as it loves glory. Does an enemy yield? She ceases to strike; she covets not blood, but honour, and even her enemy becomes dear to her if victory has cost her a great effort."

He replied with ill-humour, for I began to embarrass him. "As against the passions," said he, "what is mere gallantry without courage? It is their slave; courage is their master."

This conversation was without any result. I saw quickly that it was against his views, and particularly when I spoke in favour of the French princes. Their return had become the more difficult now that he was in possession of their throne. To excuse himself, in a manner, to those who could not reconcile the idea of his virtues with his enterprising character, he said, with an air of frankness, "What would you have me do? The throne has been vacant since the death of Louis XVI. The Jacobins disdained to sit upon it; I have taken possession of it in order to exterminate those sons of Brutus." To others he said, "I have written to the Pretender, but his answer is not at all such as I wished it to be. Besides, the people have sucked the milk of the Revolution, and henceforth a Bourbon will be a stranger among the French." Whenever I was present, I exclaimed against such revolting injustice, and pointed out to him how dangerous to himself might be the consequences. "Who can tell," said I, "where your dynasty will end? Perhaps it may soon fall to a *woman*." This remark made him furious. "I shall know well, when the time comes," said he, "how to choose a successor." Long did he cherish the idea that the eldest son of Louis Bonaparte should inherit his sceptre and his power (4).

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[1] After the battle of Marengo was gained (it is known to whom it belonged) the First Consul, leaving his suite by themselves, went into one of those small houses which are built among the vines for the purpose of protecting them. He strode rapidly lengthwise and across the room, which was neither long nor broad, and seemed absorbed in a profound reverie. General Lacué, his aide-de-camp, entered to make him a report. Bonaparte heard him, but with marked inattention, and recited to him, in a loud voice, and with great warmth, the following lines from the "Death of Pompey":—

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années,
Du monde entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en tout événement
Le destin des états dépendait d'un moment."

I was not now unhappy, but I perceived that I was by degrees becoming so. Napoleon dreamed of nothing but invasions. The whole extent of Europe was too circumscribed for his exploits. "I mean," said he to his courtiers, "soon to be sole sovereign of the world. My house will one day occupy the principal thrones on earth." His hearers sometimes admitted the possibility of such a result, and sometimes smiled with pity at hearing him reason thus. He was not a man to take a single retrograde step when he had once begun an undertaking. Discreet by nature, the conquests which he meditated were never known to others. He possessed the art of looking through the characters of men.[1] He despised them, but was, at the same time, master of the wonderful faculty of making them subservient to his purposes.

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[1] "I despise men," said he to me one day, "because almost all those who surround me are vile and corrupt. Such and such ones" (naming them to me) "are so servile towards me that, should I order it, they would sacrifice the peace ot their families, and their dearest affections. I admit, it is very flattering to me to inspire such a blind

The nearer my husband approached the highest step to which inconstant Fortune sometimes elevates men, the dimmer became the last gleam of earthly happiness which shone around me. 'Tis true, I enjoyed a magnificent existence. My Court was composed of persons of great name, of ladies of the first rank, who all solicited the honour of being presented to me. To some of them were assigned honorary situations in my family. The Duchess of Rochefoucauld was appointed *dame d'honneur*, and Madame Wals de Seran her attendant. I could no longer dispose of my time (5). I was constrained to submit, at all times, to the rigorous usages of etiquette; and the Emperor directed that it should be as severe as it had anciently been at the château of Versailles.[1] Of course, I was surrounded with

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confidence. Duroc, Berthier and Caulincourt have often used the language of remonstrance, for which they have certainly lost none of their master's esteem. I am sure of the attachment of those three persons. One of them, you know, madam, has given me the most striking proof of it, and that under circumstances of the gravest character, which I could scarcely wish, for the honour of the age, to forget. The great, when they command an act of injustice, are too faithfully obeyed. We are certainly bound to resist courageously the public authorities when they abuse their powers—powers entrusted to them only to protect the people, and sustain the dignity of the state. Caulincourt has, I repeat, served me too faithfully. He has occasioned, both to himself and me, eternal regrets. You alone, Josephine, were right; and I will here say to you what Louis XVI. said, in speaking of her whom he regarded as his best friend: 'Madam, your *solidity* is worth more than that of most of my counsellors.' I am willing to admit the principle, that your sex is sometimes more clear-sighted than ours. But, madam, don't let this flatter your vanity, for your faults are repeated so often."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

[1] The Emperor held to everyone's doing his duty, and always sternly insisted upon it. He wanted everyone to attend to the service with which he was charged, and in the minutest details. He sometimes growled, and especially at the women. If, however, the person

all the appliances of the old monarchy, a thing which I perfectly understood, and which I was glad to see adopted. I also saw those *new men* who were infected with the crimes of the Revolution, coming humbly to solicit a look from the new Queen. Oh, how despicable did the human race then seem to me! I could not help bestowing some of my thoughts upon my old friends who, like myself, disapproved of Napoleon surrounding himself with such an infernal set. He was infinitely afraid of them, and I could not help telling him that, had he consulted me in selecting the persons for the discharge of the highest functions, I should have exacted from many of them a strong guarantee. He was so struck with the justness of my observations, that it became extremely difficult for him to find proper persons to be appointed to the different places in the imperial administration. Nevertheless, in a career so new to him, he displayed the vast genius of Cicero, and discovered, in the mere civil administration, new fields of glory. He proved himself as able an administrator of the government as he had been an intrepid warrior, with one hand boldly sustaining the dignity of the empire, and with the other repairing the wrongs and errors of a government as pusillanimous as it had been culpable. In the midst of this enormous labour, his mind often became a prey to the most melancholy forebodings; he was afraid of losing, in a moment, the fruits of eight years of victory; and this fear rendered him, at times, extremely unhappy.

He read but little, though he was fond of perusing good authors. A few days after his elevation to the throne, chance threw in his way an extract from some one of the

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complained of had courage enough not to be awed by him, but to show him that he was without fault, he would become good-natured, and say no more about it.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

Chinese writers on morals. He met with the following passage:—

"The intriguer sometimes meets with great success, but he is subject to great reverses. The man who is straightforward, and without ambition, rarely acquires a great fortune, but he has few disasters to fear."

He threw aside the book with an air of indignation. "I am," said he, "above fear, and I prefer the first part to the second." I recalled to his mind this maxim of Seneca: "The light stucco of the outside imposes upon few; truth, on whatever side it is viewed, is always the same; falsehood has no consistence; a lie is transparent; a little attention enables one to see through it."

"Seneca," said he, with some warmth, "may have been right, but Seneca would probably have been my dupe; I have become able to so counterfeit myself as to give the lie direct to the philosopher of Cordova."

Meanwhile, he was receiving from every part of France congratulations upon his advent to the throne; while I myself sighed in contemplating the immense power he had acquired. The more I saw him loaded with the gifts of fortune the more I feared his fall. I did not dissemble my apprehension that his phantom of a government would always rest upon pillars of clay. I knew that those who expected no favours from the Court, who still mourned over the loss of that shadow of liberty the vague idea of which they had once so fondly caressed, must always lean secretly towards whatever tended to restore it—a temper of mind which had long been strengthened by that boldness of thought which is peculiar to republican principles.

I did not cease to impress upon him the difficulty of managing the thousand interests which agitate an extensive empire. "There are some men," said I, "who are intimidated by the mere contemplation of events from which others are able to derive great advantages; and such is precisely the history of modern France."

"Of course," he replied, "there will be agitations on all sides; but my government will be firm and vigorous; it will impose silence upon every one; perverse and wicked men will, perhaps, labour in the dark to destroy it; hatred will lie concealed, in the expectation of being sooner or later enabled to take advantage of some possible relaxation of the military discipline, and to raise rebellions in the provinces. But I shall see that justice reigns. I shall protect the people, because they, in their turn, protect me, and I shall take care not to trust too much to my courtiers, preferring to sound the depths of truth with my own hand."

I certainly encouraged such sentiments; they aimed at nothing but the welfare of France, and on that point we were always agreed. Whenever he withdrew himself from that herd of flatterers who perpetually besieged him, and did me the honour to yield me his confidence, I found in this same Bonaparte[1] the soldier's father, the nation's faithful and generous protector, and the most determined enemy of faction.

In order to give an air of legitimacy to Napoleon's accession to power, he thought it necessary to go through the ceremony of a coronation, and commenced the requisite preparations for that event. There was not, however, according to his ideas, any bishop in France worthy to place the crown upon the head of the French Cæsar. No one but the Sovereign Pontiff was competent to preside at the triumph of the modern Charlemagne. There was, however, a good deal of difficulty in determining the common Father of the Faithful to legalise in any way by his presence this *worldly usurpation*. But, happily, the plan was managed with so much adroitness that Napoleon was enabled to congratulate himself upon the blind submission of the sovereign of Rome. It was, certainly, to triumph over a great danger to receive, so peacefully, the patrimony of Henry IV.; but it was a far more difficult and signal achievement to overawe the Vatican, and to constrain the successor of the pontiffs, who had so often menaced the most absolute Kings with the apostolic thunders, to come and humble himself before one who would fain have been looked upon as the hero chosen by Providence to chastise men, re-establish religion, and rebuild her temples.

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[1] The Emperor on parade and the Emperor at home with Josephine were two such different persons that they would not have been taken for each other. The former wore a sad, cold, serious and careworn countenance; the latter, almost an air of gaiety and good-humour, enlivened with a smile. He had, as everybody knows, the finest teeth in the world, and was well-shaped, notwithstanding his short stature. He had a delicate and well-shaped head, and knew it, and took great pains with it. His leg and foot were also elegantly shaped. His stockings were neat and generally a good fit, though he seldom wore them tied.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon, now at the height of power, could not but be agreeably surprised at this passive submission of a venerable old man. "I shall, madam," said he, "derive a great advantage from it, and the French will not, with indifference, behold me labouring, in conjunction with Pius VII., again to make the Lord's vine flourish. I want him to reside in my palace; the presence of the Holy Father is necessary to the purification of that place, which, since the Revolution, has become the abode of the powers of hell."

Orders were given to meet the Vicar of Jesus Christ on his way to Paris, and apartments were assigned him. "Nothing can now resist me," said Napoleon, smiling;

"I shall soon rule the whole world—what did I say?—I am going to possess the keys of Paradise. What can hinder me from taking a peep in there myself one of these days, and seeing what is going on?" It was the Emperor's habit thus pleasantly to while away his leisure moments. But for the rest, he was indefatigable at work; and in actual labour he far surpassed his ablest ministers. The most splendid repast never saw him more than twenty minutes at table (6). He was never in bed more than three hours during the night. At the commencement of the consulate he would often wake me from my sleep to talk about his projects. I found, however, that these long vigils were wearing away my health, and entreated him to dream alone upon the common good of France, and certainly was not sorry when he prolonged his stay in his private study—for then I totally forgot all politics, in which I felt little interest, and gave myself up to the sound sleep whose refreshing influence I stood in need of.

Napoleon left Paris for the purpose of meeting the Holy Father. They saluted each other with the kiss of peace.[1] I experienced real sorrow on seeing the Roman Pontiff. My heart sank within me, for everything seemed to me to foretell that these two men would become enemies. The one was paying a visit to France to confirm the re-establishment of religion, while the other was intent upon nothing but the confirmation of his power and authority. Napoleon did not pretend to prop himself up by means of the Pope's authority, although he was persuaded of the necessity of reverting to ancient ideas in the matter of the coronation. He would willingly have sacrificed millions to obtain from the Cathedral of Rheims that marvellous *ampulla* which religion had there preserved for the consecration of kings (7).

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[1] Napoleon brought the Pope from Fontainebleau to Paris in his own carriage. They sat tête-à-tête during this passage. What was remarkably singular about it was the regiment of Mamelukes, who marched immediately behind the carriage, accompanied by the whole of the guard. People laughed to see the Mohammedans vying with one another in respect for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The public foresaw that the followers of the prophet would adorn the triumphal procession to Notre Dame, and their curiosity was not on this occasion disappointed. That which many had supposed impossible was, to the great astonishment of the Romish clergy, now realised; and on that ever memorable day the Crescent figured by the side of the Cross.

The marked humility of Pius VII. did not awe the new Emperor. "He is an Italian," said he to me; "we are each seeking to entrap the other. 'Tis no matter what posterity may say about Chiaramonti; I must attend to my own business. My wish is to make the ceremony of my coronation magnificent and imposing. In splendour it shall surpass that of any of the Kings of France.[1]

Deputies were summoned from every department to assist at it. The great dignitaries ot the empire appeared, surrounded with the most imposing splendour; in a word, nothing was omitted that could in any way make this imperial ceremony recall to the minds of men the Roman triumphs. But I looked with unconcern upon the preparations for this superb fête. Indeed, I sank into a deep melancholy, and trembled at the thought of the new restraints which my husband was about to impose upon me. The luxury and *éclat* of that memorable day were irksome to me. Sometimes I seemed to behold the spirit of Louis XVI. gazing with pity upon me. Again I seemed to hear the voice of some evil demon, approaching with a design to murder me; and my anguish was increased by the apprehension that all which was then passing around me would one day become matter of reproach. What earthly power then could have constrained me to enter Notre Dame, had I not made a solemn promise to do so?[1]

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[1] The whole of the population of the capital, as well as the most distinguished citizens of the departments, were ranged along the way where the imposing cortège was to pass. The Pope's carriage was preceded by a Roman prelate, bearing the external symbol of our salvation. He was mounted on a black mule, and his attitude seemed singular enough to the Parisians, who burst out into a hearty laugh at seeing Monseigneur sitting plump upright upon his nag, and preserving, in the midst of the shouts and jeers of that immense multitude, so fond of caricature, the phlegm and the gravity required by his functions, but of which the spectators had not the slightest conception. For them it possessed only the merit and attraction of novelty.

After Napoleon had received the holy unction, and after I had been crowned by him, I was compelled to receive and respond to the congratulations of the members of the Court. The uniformity of the compliments was such that I soon relapsed into the reflections which had given me so much pain and anxiety. While thus wholly absorbed, I heard a voice which was dear to me —'twas my husband's. "What!" said he, in a low tone, "what! Josephine in tears? Is she alone, on this glorious day, a stranger to the happiness of him whom she alone ought to love?" He emphasised the last word; his eyes sparkled, and his brows were knitted, giving to his face an expression of sternness. General Duroc came and whispered something in his ear. I heard him answer, distinctly, "Very well! very well!" after which his countenance became more serene.

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[1] Some days before the coronation, it was noticed with surprise that Josephine was suddenly overcome by melancholy. She herself seemed unable to assign any cause for it. Bonaparte noticed it and spoke of it; she said to him, "For a time, I flattered myself that my husband would yet surpass himself; that illusion has now vanished." When she received the crown from the hands of Napoleon, she could not restrain her tears—they flowed in abundance.

The part I now had to act was very painful to me. Compelled to be continually *en représentation* (8), I remembered with bitterness of heart the happy moments I had spent at Malmaison; and thought even of my modest *hôtel* on Chantereine Street. I could not help comparing what I was when I inhabited it with what I was at this moment; and I admit with perfect frankness that, so heavily did the weight of my present grandeur press upon me, in casting my eyes back upon the past, I deeply regretted that sweet liberty which was now ravished from me for ever. It became almost impossible for me to see my former friends; I was anxious to contribute to their happiness, but Napoleon had deprived me of the means. The strictest surveillance was established at the château; the countersign was as rigorously enforced as if his guard had been watching over the defence of a fortified town. Duroc kept a list of all those who were permitted to enter the Emperor's apartments, and every evening rendered his master an account of the events that took place. The minutest details were submitted to the Emperor's inspection, and he spent a good deal of his time in the amusement of examining them. He was offended if the grand marshal concealed from him the smallest particular. Whenever he discovered such concealment, his suspicious mind would conjure up a thousand phantoms. His imagination was filled with conspiracies, and he seized with avidity upon the slightest circumstance going to prove their existence. Hence the innumerable countersigns which followed each other in such rapid succession. There were times even when I could not admit Tallien into my presence (9). To be thus shut up rendered me doubly unhappy, for my sensitive heart needed to recline upon the bosom of friendship.

We paid frequent visits to the august stranger who had deigned to become our guest. The Holy Father penetrated the secret designs of Napoleon, who, in his turn, made his Holiness the subject of his most careful observation. That paternal frankness which was at first evinced now no longer united the two Sovereigns, nor did that mutual respect which was at first manifested any longer preside at their interviews.

Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the Holy Father without any etiquette, though he preserved the external forms of respect towards him. It was easy to see, however, that Napoleon was becoming tired of the ceremony. He said to me one evening, "Madam, Pius VII. displeases me; whenever the affairs of the Church are alluded to, he becomes grave and silent, and seems to imagine himself still sitting upon the pontifical throne. He undoubtedly hopes to overawe me; but Cardinal Chiaramonti knows full well that his dear brother in Jesus Christ has also had his trials and temptations; two foxes cannot long hunt each other in the same woods. The Pope, for his own repose as well as mine, ought to leave immediately. The popular meetings which are now taking place at the Carrousel are beginning to trouble me; I am afraid of the ascendency of the priests—I shall make use of them, because that is necessary; but it has gone far enough—their triumph must stop here, and the Father of the Faithful must return forthwith to his estates."[1]

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[1] The Pope lived in great simplicity at the Tuileries. He took his meals by himself, and said his Mass at eight o'clock. Three of the apartments were generally filled with visitors, and the stairs

Napoleon did not long delay the preparations for the departure of the Sovereign Pontiff. When the latter took leave of him and gave him the apostolic benediction, the Emperor was really touched; for myself, I was penetrated with a feeling of the deepest veneration at witnessing the holy conversation, the fervour, the disinterestedness of that worthy successor of the Apostles; and I cannot even now without emotion recall the last words he addressed to me on taking his leave: "Madam," said he, raising his eyes to heaven, "the tranquillity of Europe, as well as my own, has induced me to yield to your husband's commands. For this, man may perhaps blame me; but God alone will be my judge."

When Napoleon saw that illustrious wayfarer depart, he was far, very far, from believing in the success of his projects upon the Roman states. And yet he persuaded himself, a few years afterwards, that it would be a glorious act to undertake their execution.

He thought he should for ever travel on a thornless path; but, alas! the ambitious man possesses no assurance for the future. At first, he mounts the lowest round of the ladder; that attained, he ascends still higher; the greater his elevation, the more dangerous it becomes, and the greater his need of a firm prop to sustain him.

As wife of the First Consul, I was happy indeed, because I was enabled to render him innumerable services; but elevated to the rank of Empress, I found all the avenues to the throne so beset by men of every

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were encumbered with them. The Holy Father bestowed his blessing and distributed chaplets. So far did he carry his apostolic zeal, that he laid his hands upon the head of the sick, and, in order to work their speedy cure, touched them with the *annulus piscatoris.*

condition and of every faction that I ceased to exert the same empire over Napoleon's mind. Having reached the height of human greatness, he thought himself invulnerable. Such, however, was my frankness that, at times, I ventured to tell him my whole mind and point out the ways which I thought he ought to pursue. This nettled him; and, after the coronation, he began to manifest a distrust of me. He was offended by the doubts I presumed to express as to the stability of his government, and became angry whenever I ventured to compare his Court with the old Court of Versailles (10). In short, he told me I had better, henceforth, keep my sinister reflections to myself; and he forbade me, for the future, to censure the acts of his government.

"I shall obey," said I, "but I must reserve to myself the right to inform you of whatever scheme may be contrived against your personal safety, or against the tranquillity of France."

"At present," said he, "my power is unassailable."

"Yes," I replied, "*while Josephine shall be your best friend*"—laying stress upon those words, prophetic of misfortune. This made him seriously angry with me. "You have lost your senses," said he.—I coldly replied, "Bonaparte, I notice that those words make you turn pale—why should that be, if my prophecy is senseless? I see that which might escape the observation of others. I see that your looks betray trouble within (11). What! does the puissant Emperor of the Gauls tremble at the prospect of his own ruin, in case he shall ever separate from his wife? I foresee that this terrible thought will often haunt you. Listen to me. Withhold your confidence from these new flatterers, who are vying with one another in their pretended devotion to your interests. 'Tis the thirst of power which devours them; they burn to govern in your place. Such a man as you ought, moreover, to understand the reason why his Court is filled with such heartless adulation." He cast at me a searching look, but his silence disarmed me; my courage failed me when I saw that his self-love was wounded by what I had said. I apologised, and promised to conform myself to his will, until, at least, by the excess of my zeal, I should be able to curb it.[1]

Napoleon had written to the Continental Powers, inviting their consent to his elevation to the throne. His letter to the King of Great Britain was laid before Parliament. But he was strangely surprised on being informed that England, unwilling alone to treat with him, declined to take any resolution on the subject, except in concert with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Sweden, who were unwilling to recognise him. This he took as an insult, and swore that, "in spite of these Sovereigns, he would soon wear the crown of the ancient Kings of Lombardy." He often repeated, with a sort of affectation, that, "but for the stubborn refusal of those Powers to place his name upon the list of Sovereigns, he should not have been ambitious to exercise any greater power in Europe than he then possessed."

Some time afterwards, a deputation from the colleges and constituent bodies of the Italian Republic was admitted at the palace of the Tuileries, and made him a proposition to establish a kingdom in Italy, and to become its protector. This double title of Emperor and King was too flattering to his ambition to be refused. On the day after the audience with them, he took his seat in the midst of the senate, in order to state to them the fact of his advent to the throne of Italy. He pretended, in the presence of this branch of the public magistracy, that it was with reluctance that he had finally yielded to the wishes of this new nation. But his minister of foreign relations, who had long foreseen this event, in the speech which he made on the occasion suggested "that his defeat might commence in the moment of victory." Napoleon told him: "You did well, sir, to speak of my conquests; but you might have forborne to present me to the nation as an ambitious chieftain."

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[1] The Emperor was one day about to undertake an important matter, when Josephine besought him to put it off for a time, as it was Friday, an unlucky day. "'Tis so, perhaps, to you, madam," said he; "but it is the most fortunate in my life—I never shall forget that it was the day of our marriage."—"That is true," replied the Empress, adding nothing further.

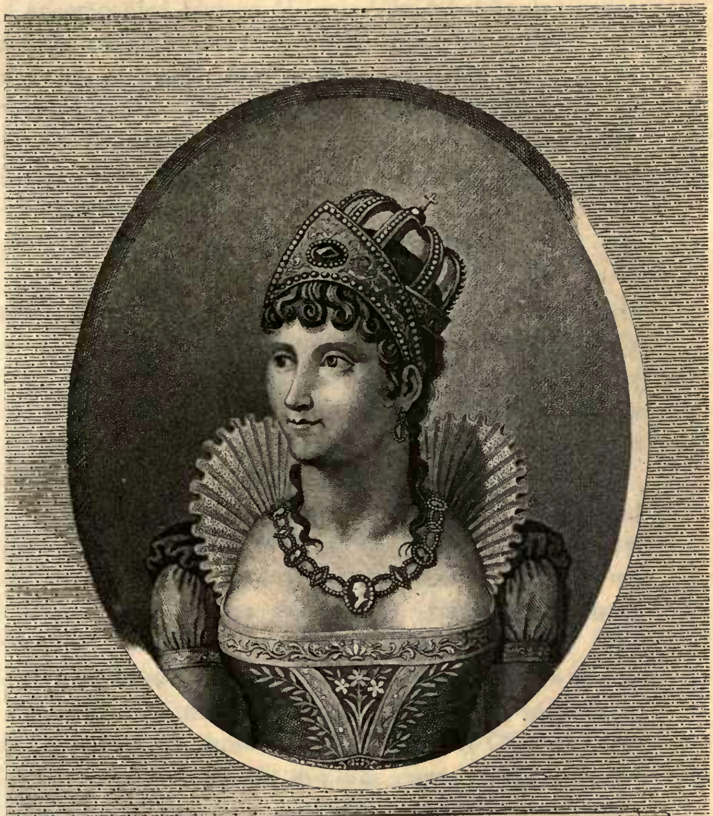
CHAPTER III

"...... Il est beau de triompher de soi,
Quand on peut hautement donner à tous la loi."
—CORNEILLE.

"IF I limit my conquests here, or if I turn my arms in another direction, I shall have, in truth, acquired but a feeble glory, and made no advance toward the accomplishment of my original purpose. Of what real use is it to me to have borne the torch of war through Europe, if, content with having subverted empires, I neglect to establish upon a solid foundation the one which it was my primary object to found. I have long since learned that it is not birth which gives the right to fame. The man who has courage, the man who serves his country, the man who illustrates his character by great deeds, has no need of ancestors; he is, of himself, everything."

Thus spoke the new Emperor of the French, in the midst of his Court, on the eve of his departure for Lombardy. He prepared to visit his new estates, and wanted to travel a few days in advance of the Pope, who was then returning to his own.

The route the Emperor took presented him with nothing but a succession of triumphs. He visited the field of battle at Marengo, fully sensible that, without the glorious success of that day, he would not now have been on the eve of placing on his head the crown which once adorned the august brow of Charlemagne. He directed a monument to be erected to the memory of the brave men who sacrificed their lives to achieve that victory (12).



JOSEPHINE IMPÉRATRICE DES FRANÇAIS ET REINE D'ITALIE.

Née le 24 Juin 1768, Sacrée et Couronnée Impératrice le 2 Décembre 1804 et Reine le 26 Mai 1805.

I accompanied him to Milan. The inhabitants of that city were so enthusiastic in their reception of him that they would not suffer him to enter the town through the customary gate. They opened a new one, in order, as they said, to isolate from the common way the great man whose glory and astonishing genius had elevated him above the condition of humanity.

At length I saw my Eugene again, and how great was my joy at meeting that tender-hearted boy! Alas, how painfully did my time pass away under the purple! tears were often my sole consolation. My husband's family had for some time past, as it seemed to me, been arming themselves against me (13). I expressed to Madame de la Rochefoucauld my suspicions that many of them were secretly endeavouring to alienate his feelings from me; and so far had they succeeded in embittering his mind against me that I had become the subject of his most biting irony. So far had this gone that he said to me one day, "Madam, 'tis enough for you to have been crowned at Paris; you cannot be crowned at Milan. The title of *King* belongs to me alone. I shall place the crown on my head with my own hands;" and then, with vehemence, pronounced those energetic words of Charles XII.: "*God has given it to me—let him who would touch it beware!*" I did not share this new diadem; I was but a spectator of my husband's triumph, and, from a tribune in the cathedral, beheld with emotion the glory which environed him, but not *me* (14). And yet a sense of the new position he was about to assign to my son gave me courage to submit to my fate. I stood in need of courage to support the innumerable humiliations with which he loaded me. I was continually obliged to act as a sort of go-between to him and his officers, who found it very difficult to accustom themselves to the caprices of his temper and the rudeness of his manner.

Eugene was appointed Viceroy of the new kingdom, and Napoleon hastened to give his Italian subjects a new Constitution. The rights of his adopted son were not overlooked. An order of chivalry was created under the title of the "Iron Crown."

I am still at a loss to what to attribute the extraordinary emotions I experienced when Eugene Beauharnais, as Viceroy, took the oath in the presence of the legislative body; my eyes seemed covered as with a funeral veil, my heart beat rapidly, and a voice within seemed to tell me: "This Prince will never be a perjured man; he will keep his oath religiously; his devotion to his country, his respect for him who protected his childhood, and has opened to him, while so young, the path of glory, will render the Viceroy of Italy a great captain and a great prince."

What other desire could I feel? My husband's unreserved friendship might, and ought, to have been all-sufficient for me. I saw my children sitting upon the highest steps of Fortune's temple, whose portals they had long since passed. But Napoleon began to neglect me.

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[1] The Emperor visited Josephine regularly at her toilet—laughed and joked with her, and uttered a thousand pleasantries about women, whom, in general, he considered as fickle, coquettish, and without any solidity of character. At this time he frequently found himself in company with four or five women, and only one man (who was the hairdresser); and talked of nothing but dress and trinkets, walks and hunting parties. It is hardly to be credited that Napoleon really had such a false idea, as he seemed to have, of the sex which constituted the charm of his life. I presume there were always those at hand who were ready to gather up and report whatever he happened to say, and his apprehension of this rendered his conversation quite trivial. With him discretion was the first, as it was the greatest, of virtues.

More than one Italian beauty momentarily arrested his gaze. Constancy was not the favourite virtue of the modern Charlemagne. He was constantly flitting about, like the butterfly in the fable. But he was terribly afraid of the influence of women, and ever on his guard against allowing them the slightest dominion over him. "You alone," he would often tell me, "continue to inspire me with confidence (15). Between us, madam, it must be admitted that your sex are quite faithless; but I always understand how to bring them to their reason." In case I happened to drop a remark upon the light and hasty manner he was accustomed to judge of women, he would tell me, with that careless air which our intimacy justified, "That will do for you, madam; you have a right to talk thus, because I place a high price upon your attachment. But what woman shall pretend to make me her slave, or attempt to change my opinion? Such an attempt would certainly be vain. No, no; I shall never imitate Antony. The modern Cleopatras and all those who follow in their train shall enjoy no patronage or encouragement under my reign; the only thing which flatters me is that I have inspired them with a desire to please me, but never shall I elevate to power or importance a sultana in the shade of a seraglio. Like most other men, I may have some foibles; but Napoleon on the throne must, by his good conduct and severe principles, entirely eclipse them. Moreover, I am occupied with important business; a Sovereign who seeks to hold the reins of power with a firm hand must not permit himself to play the part of a gay cavalier. But," added he, seriously, "be easy; no other woman will ever succeed you in my affections; as to my diversions during my leisure moments, that's another matter."

Who would suppose that such a mind as Bonaparte's was liable to be terrified by the smallest matter?[1] The most inconsiderable events would sometimes occupy his mind for days, and keep him incessantly talking about them. This man, extraordinary in everything, was of a furiously jealous disposition; often and much did I suffer from his suspicions. Naturally irritable, everything vexed him.[2] I could not see, I could not receive a visit from, anybody without being subject to the most unfavourable interpretation, and I found it extremely difficult to dissuade him from his unjust course of conduct towards me. I shall always remember those journeys to Italy; never shall I forget the tears I shed (16).

Our return to France was signalised by public rejoicings. The people at this time thought themselves at the height of felicity, and Napoleon boasted openly of the perfection of the military system which he had introduced into every branch of the administration. "This," said he, with pride, "is the only system which is congenial to my people; I know no other power than that of armies, and no other rights than those given me by the influence of arms." He said to Caprara (17) one day, "I look upon the Holy Father as a general. You, gentlemen Princes of the Church, you are his aides-de-camp; the bishops are his colonels, the curates his captains. I love to have everything around me military. You see the drum takes the place of the bell in all our colleges, and who knows but in a short time even the pupils in our seminaries will submit to the manual exercise? I should like to see our youth preparing themselves to reap laurels. A pastor would only be more venerable in my eyes who should wear a cassock adorned with some military decoration won by his valour; indeed, I think I might take a notion to have him canonised, should he live long enough to wear the *triple chevrons* upon his arm."[1]

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[1] He detested an open door. Did you wish to announce anyone to him, you had to knock at his door first. If he replied, "What's wanting?" the answer had to be given through the door; if he happened to bid you come in, you had to open the door only just enough to squeeze through, hold it with your hand drawn up close against you, and thus stand until you went out.

[2] Napoleon did not like to meet strangers when he went to visit Josephine, and, in case he did, he would scold the servants and not be seen again for several days. Of course she had good reason for keeping strangers away when he came, which was regularly in the morning and evening.

Such were the ideas expressed by Napoleon, in the presence of his courtiers. He had but little faith in our religious mysteries; and perhaps that was the cause which prevented him from approaching the holy table on the day of his coronation. "I am not a fervent Catholic," said he, to one of the priests, who observed to him that the communion was indispensable on so important an occasion; "but," continued he, "I have at least sufficient sins already upon my conscience without adding to them that of sacrilege" (18).

Europe now saw the political horizon grow dark. Austria began to feel unquiet, and could not look with indifference upon Napoleon's domination in Italy.

On his part, he took good care to cause it to be proclaimed abroad through the journals that all the Sovereigns of Europe were on a good understanding with France. Russia, meanwhile, was raising troops in Poland; Austria imitated her example, and England appeared to be awaiting tranquilly the famous descent with which the warlike chieftain had long menaced her. During two years he had been making immense preparations, as well of transport vessels as of gunboats. He took pride in having the flat-bottom boats built under his own eyes, though he was very far from placing confidence in their future destination. Day by day the troops sighed for the signal of departure, and that signal seemed all the while about to be given.

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[1] *Triple Chevrons*—Three V's, a mark of fifteen years' service.—TRANSLATOR.

The Powers of Europe began to be in doubt as to his real intentions. His courtiers seized upon the most trifling indications emanating from the château, to divine his purposes. But he now became visibly affected. He could on longer misunderstand the intentions of the Sovereigns respecting himself. His projects of invasion were now provoking against him a Continental war. He told me he was going to Boulogne to review his troops, and to put everything in readiness for his grand enterprise. "I shall," said he, "fix upon the time for the departure of the troops, and set them about the execution of my plan." I then seriously supposed he was about to attack the English; but, contrary to my expectation and that of the whole army, he returned hastily to Paris, and alleged to his generals that this pretended descent upon England was but a political ruse, employed by him in order to keep public expectation on tiptoe. "Be assured, madam," said he, "the troops quartered at Boulogne are, at this moment, ready to march to the banks of the Rhine—in squares, and in the same order they have observed at the camp of Boulogne."

Resources were not wanting to Napoleon to undertake the war. A single word from him sufficed to obtain men and money. The senate was at his disposal—he commanded it as a master. All the orders of the empire were subject to his control. He only had to express his sovereign will; and, with Frenchmen, what might not the *man of destiny* undertake? To certain gentlemen he said, "I hate the *patronage* system, because I see clearly *that when* *place becomes the gift of favour and not the price of merit, it can only tend to ruin the country. When intrigue and importunity shall suffice to obtain the dignities of the state, all emulation is at an end. Men will cease to exercise their intellects; virtue and talent, no longer rewarded by a just tribute of glory, will lose their vigour and even their existence.* Should the nation see nothing but imbecile and corrupt protégés at the head of the administration and the army, do you imagine she would increase her wealth or achieve victories? Woe to the people who give themselves up to such ministers, or rely upon such defenders! May France never submit to such a sacrifice. As the supreme head of the empire, I am bound to consecrate my hand, my tongue, and my heart to its preservation from such vicious practices; and, if necessary, I will stand alone in the midst of my council and combat them. I well know how to hinder men in place from misusing the power I entrust to them. My giving it to them is but a feint; the object is to make them afraid of me and move submissive to my will."

He incessantly talked to his numerous legions about the national glory. A million of arms was thus made ready to sustain the nation's honour, and display its victorious ensigns. "Victorious ensigns," "national glory," "national honour"—what an impression did these words convey whenever a general announced to his army that it was in the name and for the defence of their country that he was leading them to battle!

It was, however, to satisfy the ambition of only one man that the *élite* of the nation were sacrificing themselves on the field of battle.[1] Indeed, had it not been for the courage of our generals and the valour of our soldiers, perhaps even the territory of France might have been partitioned out among the different foreign Powers. The sad fate of Poland presented itself, in perspective, to our affrighted eyes. Perceiving this danger in the distance, he laboured to infuse new courage into the troops, and seemed to inspire them with new and increasing energy. Hence the many sublime actions and feats of bravery in repelling an unjust aggression. The Frenchman, always a Frenchman, even in the midst of the most threatening dangers, cannot, under any circumstances, bear the yoke of humiliation! he will never abase himself by passing through any new Caudine Forks.

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[1] This is an entirely mistaken view of the events of that epoch. Although Emperor of the French, Napoleon had not ceased to be the representative of the Revolution. The liberties created and guaranteed

A new war was ready to break out. Austria was preparing to raise the standard of Bellona; the signal of carnage was given. Napoleon, on entering upon the campaign, sighed at the prospect of the blood that was to flow throughout Europe; but the love of glory soon extinguished that of humanity, and he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "What, after all, does it matter to me, provided my name shall obtain an increased splendour?" He harangued his troops; he made every man of them a hero, knowing perfectly well that the people he governed would soon forget all the perils of war when they should behold victory marching beneath our colours. On the approach of a decisive engagement, the Emperor displayed a wonderful power in rousing the courage of his troops by his

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by that Revolution were committed to him by the votes of the people; and it was to preserve *them*, and the independence and honour of the nation, that both he and they fought and shed their blood—not merely to satisfy his ambition. His "ambition" was to render France powerful, independent, free and happy. How great, how sacred, how tremendous the motives which inspired it! Down-trodden humanity in Europe has hardly yet begun to understand them.—TRANSLATOR.

addresses. Nor did he neglect any means that could conciliate the goodwill of his generals. To the inferior officers he held out the hope of promotion; and such was his skill in caressing and flattering the vanity of all, that the whole army swore to die in his defence. "This success," said he, "does not crown my wishes. Not a man in the enemy's ranks must escape. Let their Government, which has violated all its obligations, learn the catastrophe which has befallen it only by your appearance under the ramparts of Vienna!"

Napoleon entertained a kind of veneration for the hero of Germany, the Archduke Charles, and did justice to his valour. He often said to me, speaking of the Archduke, "Such a rival is worthy of me—he is a favourite of Bellona, and a friend of Minerva; but I am afraid I shall not be able to outdo him in generosity."

On hearing that General Mack commanded the Austrian troops in Ulm, he manifested profound satisfaction.[1] That city was, in his opinion, an easy conquest; in this he was not deceived, and the famous general who commanded it was forced to capitulate. To console him for the disgrace, the conqueror remarked to him, "I will give my brother, the Emperor of Austria, a piece of advice. Let him hasten to make peace with me. This is the moment for him to remember that all the empires the world has seen have risen to their highest degree of splendour and then fallen into ruins."

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[1] This city, one of the most considerable in Swabia, is surrounded by a broad fosse and fortified by high walls, but its ramparts are little protection to it, being overlooked by a hill, from which it may be bombarded at half cannon-shot distance. Resistance would have been mere folly, and Mack was but the victim of the timidity of the Archduke, who refused to make a sortie and dispute the heights with the French army. The garrison contained 80,000 combatants; but they, unfortunately, had at their head princes who feared more to have stains on their uniform than on their reputation. Mack well knew this, and had received from Napoleon, after the latter had got possession of the heights, the following note:—"If I take the place by assault, I shall be obliged to do what I did at Jaffa—put the garrison to the sword. It is, you know, the stern duty of war. My wish is that the brave Austrian nation may be spared the necessity of such a frightful scene." To men who had not the courage to make a sortie, such reasoning was conclusive.—*Gassicourt.*

We took possession of, and occupied the palace at Munich, where I endeavoured to do the honours in a manner to please him. Fêtes succeeded each other uninterruptedly. Nothing was talked of but Court balls and concerts (19). But Love kept watch while Mars slept. The latter had testified an unusual regard for Madame de Mongelas. This intellectual and charming woman gave the *ton* to society in Munich. Every assembly was graced by her presence, and she often, under the veil of an allegory, told the Emperor wholesome and important truths.

He did not, however, wait long in following up his advantage. In this new struggle the Russians were not as successful as the Austrians. The French had already reached Vienna; Francis II. prudently retired to Brunn, in Moravia, and thence to Olmutz. Proposals of peace arrived, but the conqueror rejected them, although he foresaw that his position was becoming more difficult, especially as the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia arrived for the purpose of checking the torrent which now threatened to sweep away Germany. It is probable, nevertheless, that the Cabinet of Berlin only awaited the issue of the combat to declare itself either for or against the head of the French Government. Napoleon's only resource was victory; 'twas necessary, as he often told me, to obtain it, even at the price of the greatest sacrifices.

The army, which he commanded in person, ran the most imminent risks. He began to despair of his cause, inseparable at this time from that of France. He reconnoitred the position of the allied army, and judging it unassailable, he thought it necessary to retrace the false step he had taken and take up his encampment on more favourable ground. Here Prince Dolgorouski came to have an interview with him, and was received at the outposts. This aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander proposed to him, on behalf of his master, to abandon the crown of Italy, and to give up Belgium. "Go and tell him who sent you," answered the man who was accustomed to domineer over fate, "go and tell him that, should his troops occupy the heights of Montmartre, I would not sign such a capitulation." He spoke; and soon were the Russians convinced of their error in attacking him in his new position. On this occasion he thought it his duty again to address his soldiers in person. "I shall," said he "myself direct your battalions. I shall keep out of the fire as long as it carries disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but should victory be for a moment doubtful, you will see me where the blows fall thickest." Napoleon, however, did not find it necessary to distinguish himself by any such new proof of personal courage. All the troops performed their duty perfectly, and thus was gained the memorable battle of Austerlitz, which covered the name of Frenchmen with glory. Prodigies of valour were performed on both sides, but Napoleon remained master of that awful field of battle.

All his thoughts were now turned towards the aggrandisement of his family. "I shall begin with your son, madam," said he; "Eugene is single—I must have him marry the daughter of a Sovereign. The King of Bavaria is under many obligations to me, and the hand of his daughter, the Princess Augusta Amelia, must cancel the debt of gratitude he owes me" (20). My heart was really touched by this proof of my husband's kindness, not that the distinguished choice imposed upon my imagination, for I had long been living in a world of wonders; but when I reflected upon the honour which this illustrious union would confer on my beloved son, I felt the highest satisfaction. I was already acquainted with the noble lady who was promised him as his wife, and I fancied that the match would be a happy one for him. My Eugene, said I to myself, will know how to appreciate merit, and his heart is as sensible and feeling as his mother's.

Napoleon, in adopting his step-son, did not grant him the right to the crown of Italy, except in the event that he himself should be without legitimate children. I had already begun to abandon all hope of giving him successors to the throne, a hope to which I had long and fondly clung. My vows had not yet been accomplished. The desire of becoming a father engrossed his whole heart, and our family divisions often took their rise in that disappointed hope. He finally reposed upon the flattering idea that he was the benefactor of my children. "I shall," said he, "render them innumerable benefits, but my nephew will be the object of my particular affection. Yes, the little Napoleon is, in my view, born for the accomplishment of great things; I shall, I trust, be a valuable subject for his study and meditation" (21).

This remark of my husband made me happy indeed; and I hoped to see the young child one day able to acknowledge his favours.

Preparations were made to celebrate at Munich the nuptials of Prince Eugene with the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Her father-in-law wrote thus to the French senate: "I contribute to the happiness of the new couple by uniting them myself; this will postpone for a few days my arrival in the midst of my people; how long will those days seem to my heart! But after having so constantly fulfilled the duties of a soldier, I feel a delicious satisfaction in discharging those of the head of a family."

Napoleon did, indeed, load my son with proofs of the tenderest attachment, which the Viceroy, on his part, responded to by the most faithful devotion. For several months I felt really happy; I was, so to speak, the queen of the feast; but the praises lavished upon me necessarily redounded to the honour of the hero to whom I was united. My daughter-in-law showed me every attention, and I received every day from the good Amelia proofs of her tenderness and attachment. Napoleon was especially attentive to her, and even outstripped my desires. Could he have remained calm in the midst of such great events he would have been an admirable man. In his brief moments of quietude he sometimes displayed sentiments which indicated a profoundly philosophic mind; but the tumult of camp and his native ambition soon made him disdain a peaceful mode of life, and give himself up to the brilliant career of arms. Napoleon found it necessary always to appear extraordinary. Like Janus, he possessed the dangerous art of changing his face when he pleased.

All the Cabinets of Europe took the alarm when he declared to them that Italy, Naples, Holland, Switzerland and Spain were to remain under the protection of France, not only during his life, but after his death. Some of the foreign ministers dared mention to him some objections against the duration of so formidable a power. To one of them who appeared the hardest to convince, he replied, "As yet, it is nothing. And what would you say if I should take possession of Westphalia, the Hanseatic Towns and the Roman states? I shall contrive to add to France the Illyrian provinces, Etruria and Portugal—I don't know where I shall fix the limits of my empire. Perhaps it will yet have no boundaries but the vast extent of the two worlds; and then, like Americus Vespucius and Columbus, the honour will, doubtless, belong to me of discovering, in my turn, a *third* world."

Thus did this monarch, who dreamed of nothing but territorial aggrandisement, ruminate upon his schemes of unbounded dominion. But his power, like that of Charles XII., gave umbrage to the other Sovereigns of Europe, and at length aroused them from the slumber in which they had been so long buried. Many of those princes were, to all appearance, sincere admirers of Bonaparte; but this fatal illusion never deceived me; I ever regarded their enthusiasm in regard to him either as a chimera or a political trick.[1]

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[1] M. Baldus, on being asked whether a society of men who should speak the truth could exist, replied that, in Peru, before the arrival of the Spaniards, lying never soiled the lips of the children of the Sun. Pythagoras, he added, tells us that there are two ways in which man can resemble the Deity—namely, speaking the truth at all times, and doing good to men.

CHAPTER IV

I COME now to that period in my life when I enjoyed the most tranquillity. I had some leisure to devote to my favourite occupations, and spent it at Malmaison (22), which place had been embellished under my direction. I took pleasure in every day contriving some little surprise for Napoleon. This pleased him wonderfully. Here, in this superb retreat, he denied me nothing which I asked with a view to its embellishment. He would, indeed, have been willing to transfer to it the pomp and magnificence of the gardens and buildings at Versailles. The groves were enchanting; they resembled those of Alcinoüs. The rarest plants united their beauty to adorn this rustic temple, which my husband, in his playful moments, used to compare to that of Armida. He called me the enchantress of this delicious abode. Able artists had surmounted the greatest obstacles, and the wonders of Nature, mingling with those of art, were here displayed in all their majesty. The great man, happy nowhere but in this asylum, here preserved all his personal habits (23). But the château, whose apartments were designed according to modern taste, was not spacious enough to accommodate so brilliant a Court as that of the Tuileries; and Napoleon projected the building of a palace at Malmaison, the plan of which he sketched with his pencil. I implored him not to alter that modest habitation, and finally made him promise that my little hermitage should undergo none of the metamorphoses of political enthusiasm or of friendship, except such as I myself might suggest.

The evening this conversation took place, we were together in one of those charming gondolas so frequently seen on the streams near Malmaison. The murmurs of the brooks in their serpentine channels, the solitude and silence which reigned around us, inspired me with a desire to express my feelings to my husband. "Alas!" said I, "what more could we desire if, afar from courtiers, we could here pass our lives in peace and happiness? Look at this artificial torrent which flows prattling along at our feet; soon it forms a cascade, and its clear wave is broken upon the rocks. Behold the delicate colourings of these flowers, the purple hues of these fruits, and the ever-verdant aspect of these lawns; can anything in this world be compared to these delightful scenes? The imperial purple is fatiguing, even for those who were born to wear it. Constantly surrounded by keen observers and severe critics, every moment of their lives is covered with clouds—nay, they must be importuned unceasingly to breathe the incense of flattery. A thousand times more happy he who, born without ambition, is permitted to till the modest inheritance of his fathers!"—and I was, I confess, surprised at my husband's reply.

"Society," said he, "has become irksome to me; I could wish to live in an eternal solitude; the sight of courtiers disgusts me; I detest them. Yes, I maintain that Fabricius was happier while tilling, with his own hands, the soil of his fathers than while commanding the Roman army. There's nothing on earth but intrigue and crime."

"Yes, Bonaparte," replied I, "you who have no reason to fear the fate of Belisarius, who by your valour and the chances of war have raised yourself above the first captains of the age—you, upon whom the whole world now turn their eyes, you must admit that if some rays of happiness have shone upon your pathway through life, it has been only at Malmaison that you have been able to perceive them (24). Who can say but that it may be reserved to you, as it was to Sylla, to live hereafter like a philosopher? Ah, should you disdain to follow his example it will be, perhaps, to this place that you will come, one day, to deplore the loss of your fortunes and the unstableness of honours. Here, you will know how to reduce to their true value the praises which men have lavished upon you; you will curse the ingratitude of most of them, and, in your despair, exclaim, "At least there remains to me one true friend! Modern Orestes, it will certainly be difficult to meet with a Pylades!" (25).

The Emperor frankly confessed that his throne was surrounded by quicksands, that the abuse of power was secretly undermining his authority, that revolutions were like torrents which burst their banks and inundate the surface of the ground; but still he could believe that their effects in France would outlast the present generation. "I shall," said he, "hold all parties in respect, and at the same time prevent them from agitating the country; I hold a sceptre of brass only to curb the malevolent. I am too well acquainted with the human heart to place any more confidence in the professions of the old nobility than in the conversion of the Jacobins."

He believed himself an extraordinary man. His views were great, his conceptions great. A word or a thought would sometimes seize upon his imagination, and he would withdraw from the company of his courtiers to treasure it up in his memory[1]; he did nothing like other men; everything in his conduct showed some mysterious design (26). His taste for pleasure was very moderate; that of the chase seldom diverted him much. I told him he ought to give himself up occasionally to that royal amusement. I was aware that many of his generals were growing tired of their inaction, and therefore took pleasure in contriving some little recreation for them during the intervals which interrupted their brilliant career; and thus theatrical representations and dinners became frequent both at the Tuileries and at the château of St. Cloud (27); but as to Malmaison, it was the rendezvous only of such persons whose society I knew would be agreeable to my husband (28).

Of this number was Talleyrand. Few men, in my judgment, were ever endowed with so perfect a knowledge of the human heart; his wonderful genius only acquired strength and vigour in the presence of difficulties; and he never gave over until he had overcome them. He often penetrated Napoleon's plans; for him, diplomacy was but a pleasant recreation. He had played all the games of politics, and coolly calculated the results. Indeed, the late Bishop of Autun was of all men the most capable of holding in his hands the scales of European politics.

Towards me he was often grave, reserved and sometimes silent. He conversed politely, but carefully avoided dropping a word that might awaken my curiosity, and sometimes eluded my questions; in short, as I told Napoleon, it would have been extremely difficult to have found a minister more ministerial, even in the smallest details (29).

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[1] He had a prodigious memory. He would recognise a person though he had never seen him but once. Whenever he found a stranger in his wife's company, he would instantly ask, "Who is this gentleman?" "Who is this lady?" and, on being answered, salute the stranger gracefully and seem satisfied.

Cambacérès was fond of quiet—a profound jurist, a good counsellor, an excellent publicist and, moreover, incapable of doing harm. The master listened to him attentively—provided always he did not intermeddle with his military operations. "If," said he, "I had a lawsuit, I should follow, without hesitation, the opinion of the arch-chancellor; but as to the tactics which belong to the camp, he doesn't understand their first elements. He talks of peace when I propose war; his system is to remain within the limits of France. Should I listen to him I should reap no more laurels. But it is necessary to keep the army full of expectation. Effeminacy and inaction would be equally prejudicial. Who knows but that many of those men will imitate the example of the sons of Mahomet, and seek to overthrow the chieftain who has so often led them to victory? If I intend my reign to be glorious and lasting, I must animate their zeal and give employment to their courage—I must seize upon every circumstance that can call for its display; 'tis only by carrying the torch of war among my neighbours that I can secure myself against the efforts of sedition at home."

Such were Napoleon's ideas. He believed all men faithless. He distrusted his ministers, and had long since adopted the maxim of Louis XI., that, "If you would know how to govern you must know how to divide." He perfectly understood the art of sowing distrust amongst all parties; his grand dignitaries could not live together.

The unlucky battle of Trafalgar, which occasioned an irreparable loss to either nation, affected him powerfully. He saw that the annihilation of his fleet would prevent the execution of his grand designs. But, although the ocean was not his element, and presented no favourable chance for his glory, he yet resolved to keep the English in suspense, although he was no longer formidable to them. He said that Admiral Villeneuve, who was made a prisoner, "ought to have set fire to the powder magazine of the *Sainte-Barbe*, and that a naval officer should know how to die." He afterwards received convincing proof that that brave man had nobly defended his flag; and, after a few months, permitted him to return to France. But it was easy to perceive that Napoleon watched for some occasion to humiliate and even to punish him. It is certain that Villeneuve had done all in his power to save the honour of France, and that he was worthy to occupy the post that had been confided to him. It seems to have been from a kind of presentiment of the fate which awaited him that he wrote to the minister of war, "that he was resolved to abandon for ever a perilous post, the functions of which his principles and the violent disposition of Napoleon would not permit him to fulfil." The loss of the battle of Trafalgar is to be attributed neither to a want of valour nor to technical faults; this is proved irrevocably by the official account given of it. But what particularly incensed my husband against the admiral was the letter which Villeneuve wrote him, and which closed with the following imprecation:—

"Tremble, tyrant! You are abhorred; and the maledictions of the whole world will follow you beyond the grave."[1]

Some days after this catastrophe Napoleon assembled his council at the Tuileries. He told his ministers that the King of Naples had received into his ports both the English and Russians; and, notwithstanding the Treaty of Pressburg, had used no means whatever to prevent them. "Ferdinand," said he, "must quit the throne, and my brother Joseph must replace him. I appoint him to-day."

He was not slow to fulfil his promise; and gave, in another quarter, also, a sample of his power. He compelled the old republicans of Holland to receive a King from among the members of his family. This second crown was placed upon the head of his brother Louis, and he had the idea that almost all the princes in Europe would soon furnish him some new pretext to hurl them from their thrones. Louis Bonaparte was a simple-minded man, but of a kind disposition. He received, with reluctance, the crown of Holland,[2] which he clearly foresaw he should not be able to keep. He employed what he thought the most proper means to conciliate all parties, and succeeded in gaining the esteem of those he governed. They felt confidence in him; and, of all those whom Napoleon clothed with the regal purple,

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[1] The unfortunate admiral refused to survive the loss of the French marine, and put himself to death.

[2] Louis Bonaparte was reluctant to take the crown of Holland. He alleged his bad health, but my husband was not satisfied with that excuse, and called it frivolous. "The climate," said he, seriously, to Louis, "will not be unhealthy to you. You will be a King, and, like me, finally become habituated to wearing a diadem. Even if you die you will have the consolation of reflecting, in your last moments, that you die upon a throne, and leave mighty recollections behind you."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

Louis is, perhaps, the only one who won friends while on the throne, and left regrets among his subjects when he quitted it.

But my beloved daughter was not happy with him. Their dispositions did not harmonise. She had arrived at the sad and certain conviction that his affections were centred upon another woman. Hortense was, by nature, sensible and feeling, and had given her hand to my husband's brother only by a kind of constraint. To her the chains of wedlock seemed not woven of flowers, but of iron; and their weight pressed heavily upon her. Yet, consulting her own and her mother's happiness, she resigned herself to her fate with patience. The fatal journey to Holland occasioned an open quarrel between them! and the death of their eldest son soon occurred to aggravate their grief.

Had both received wiser counsels, it is possible Louis might have found the charm of his life in the conjugal relation; but flatterers, the usual companions of sovereigns, sowed discord and disunion between them. My daughter was a prey to the most violent chagrins. But never did Hortense desire the throne for its own sake. She found some consolation in attending to the education of her children. She desired that her husband should maintain the post to which Napoleon had raised him, not in order to share his power, but to open up a brilliant future to her children, and to afford to the Dutch a secure harbour, after so many shipwrecks.

There are certain facts which I cannot be suspected of exaggerating; they are indubitable; yet I may certainly be permitted to vindicate the character of a woman who has been wantonly traduced, and whom calumny has dared to present to me as a rival (30).

Napoleon hesitated long whether he should permit her to return to Paris, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I finally persuaded him to do so. "She must remain at her post," said he; "besides, what can be her object in coming to reside at Paris?"—"Ah," said I, "am I not here? Who else can console her? Who else can give her strength to support her misfortunes? It is your duty, Bonaparte, to repair, so far as is possible, the wrong which my too blind obedience has wrought. Deign at least to have pity on your wife. You know well that I am constrained to admit to my daughter that I even went beyond my own sense of justice when I silenced her inclination,[1] and gave her a husband not of her choosing."

I kept up a regular correspondence with the Queen of Holland. She was the depository of all my sad thoughts. The day I obtained permission for her to return to me, was one of the happiest of my life. "I shall," thought I, "at least have Hortense by my side, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing her and her children. If she is happy, I shall partake of her bliss; if she weeps, my hand shall wipe away her tears, and I shall weep with her; if calumny attacks her, I shall be here to defend her."

Prince Eugene seemed to be at the pinnacle of his hopes. His wife found the means of making herself perfectly agreeable to him, and on her account he had renounced all former *liaisons* that could possibly give her umbrage. The princess was fully sensible of the noble conduct of her husband. Yes, my dear children! full often did I say to myself, "I shall die happy, indeed, if I can but see you both advancing in the way that leads to public honour and esteem." Alas, I am well aware that happiness is but a shadow, which all mortals pursue! But, being the wife of a man who makes Europe tremble, who is to fix upon himself the gaze of posterity, I cannot, while speaking to the beings whom I love more than my own life, chain down to the earth that bright and dazzling chimera.

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[1] It seems well settled that Mademoiselle Hortense would have preferred, at this period, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, who afterwards became grand marshal of the palace.—[Duroc. Translator.]

The family of Bonaparte were continually receiving, at his hands, new and striking proofs of his munificence. The most dazzling proofs of the imperial favour were lavished upon them all—even upon Jerome, his youngest brother, who received from him the title of "Imperial Highness," and the right of succession to the empire. Bonaparte, however, made it an express condition of this right, that Jerome should forswear himself in regard to his marriage vows, and abandon his first wife, Miss Patterson. The Emperor had already turned his eyes towards the Princess of Würtemberg as the lady who was to replace her (31). And it was in thus violating the most sacred obligations, and in assuming others, that this feeble prince, after the example of his elder brothers, obtained a kingdom. He became King of Westphalia.

But the great captain soon awoke from the kind of drowsiness into which he seemed plunged, to give a "master-stroke," as he told Murat. The latter had received the news of the invasion of the Grand Duchy of Berg, and, anxious for the enlargement of the empire, encouraged Napoleon to finish his work by compelling Germany to make concessions. "Your dynasty," said Murat, "is the youngest in Europe, and it already occupies several thrones." As the Emperor loved to be flattered, and easily adopted whatever coincided with his own conceptions, he was not slow in frightening the North of Germany and making Prussia tremble. He destroyed the ancient Germanic Constitution, upon which hung a great number of principalities, often divided among themselves, but always united in their opposition to the encroachments of the stronger Powers.

Upon its ruins Napoleon established the Confederation of the Rhine, declaring himself its protector. "By this means," said he, to the French senate, "I shall be at liberty to cover a great part of Germany with my troops, and be able to throw myself upon the first Sovereign it may please me to attack, and to subsist my army at the expense of the country."

But the King of Prussia now set himself about forming a Confederation of the North, into which he aimed to bring all the German states not comprised in the constitutional plan of his rival. Napoleon expected this, and declared to the King of Prussia, in the most positive terms, that he would never consent that the Hanseatic Towns should enter into this plan of Frederick William; and that none of the German states should be compelled to take part in it. "Such is my will," said my husband; "I will it absolutely. I have not left the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine free either to consent or refuse. I am an Italian, and I have the honour to command the French. I must declare to you, finally, that I wish my orders to be executed."

His flatterers, however, endeavoured to convince him that Russia probably entertained a desire to bring about an accommodation with France. The magnanimous character of Alexander gave rise to the presumption, on the part of some, that he would use all the means in his power to put an end to the bloody struggles which were desolating Germany, and to conclude a general treaty with a view to the re-establishment of tranquillity throughout Europe. 'Twas thought that this great prince's authority would make the balance incline to the side of peace. Napoleon, however, regarded this prediction as a chimera, and was perfectly convinced that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg would never consent to separate its interests from those of London by means of a private treaty. Negotiations, however, were opened. For several months the celebrated Fox kept up an active correspondence with the minister Talleyrand. Plenipotentiaries were appointed, and came to Paris. The moment after their presentation, I said to my husband, "Bonaparte, Lords Yarmouth and Lauderdale and M. Doubril will not treat with you, unless you sincerely desire it. I venture to predict you will present them some insignificant ultimatum, but they will become acquainted with your principles in your treaty. The negotiation concerns the future repose of Europe, and you want to light up a new conflagration. You will declare, formally, that you have formed no demand, and are far from claiming any of the possessions of England. And why? You would be glad, even now, to possess not only the Three Kingdoms, but even their immense colonies. I am not let into the secrets of your policy, but you see I look far enough into it to discover that you desire nothing more than the rupture of the conferences, so that you can prepare to enter upon another campaign. Unhappily, the hope of peace will soon vanish, that peace for which the people have looked forward so long and so anxiously."

"You speak truly," said he, "but I must recommend you to use the utmost discretion. A Sovereign never knows how to set bounds to his desires. My own have no limits. Like the conqueror of Darius, I want to rule the whole world. I hope my desires will one day be fulfilled. I am certain that my family and myself will yet occupy all the thrones in Europe."[1] And thus did he caress his brilliant chimeras.

I found myself constrained, by political and private considerations, to receive visits from various ladies not the most agreeable to me, and among them were his sisters themselves. I well knew their intentions in respect to me, and perfidious reports had occasioned great enmity between us. I rarely spoke to them at the soirées at which they were admitted. Mere politeness regulated our intercourse.

Yet never did I aim to do them the slightest wrong; I was incapable of it, and I felt that such conduct would be an offence against every law of delicacy. Often, often did I prevent the Emperor from holding to them the severe language of truth.

As to Madame Letitia (32), she might recall to my mind bitter recollections, and deliver me up to feelings which beset my soul, were she to set in motion the current of my thoughts; but respect and high considerations must stop me.

In regard to Lucien[2] I may say:

> "Il m'a trop fait de bien pour en dire du mal,
> Il m'a trop fait de mal pour en dire du bien."

For the rest, I wish to render him the justice which he merits. Never did he flatter my husband. He always told him boldly what he thought; and Bonaparte much regretted, on arriving at power, not having his brother Lucien as a witness of his prodigious elevation. "He is an incredulous man," said he to me, with a smile; "he never would have believed that I could have seated myself upon the throne of France. What a poor fellow!"—"He is wiser than you," replied I; "he left France, perhaps, at the right time; while at a distance he will be a witness of the tempest which is gathering by degrees, and preparing to burst upon your proud head. But I must be just to him; should he see your power about to be overthrown, he would surely consider it his duty to hasten to your relief, to share your danger or to fall with you."

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[1] Bonaparte had long entertained the belief that, like his father, he should not live beyond the age of forty. After his coronation, he was often heard to say, "I want only ten years to do what I wish."

[2] Murat was not appointed King of Naples until after Lucien had declined it. The latter, on being offered the crown, answered his brother, haughtily, "that if he accepted the title of King, he must be the sole master of his kingdom, and govern it, not like a prefect, but an independent prince."

I had long ago entreated my mother to come and settle in France, and had held out to her the most flattering and brilliant prospect. Napoleon himself had promised to receive her with the greatest distinction. "I shall treat her nobly," said he, "and I am sure she will better sustain the honours of her rank than a certain lady of my household" (alluding to Madame Letitia, who constantly occasioned remarks by her extreme parsimony). But Madame de la Pagerie would never accede to her daughter's wishes, and preferred her quiet abode at Martinique to the dangerous honours that awaited her at her son-in-law's Court. "My Josephine," she exclaimed, "I find myself better off in my own habitation than in the most magnificent palace. Why is it necessary that I should see you seated on a throne? During your life you have learned to overcome the great obstacles which marred your peace of mind. Alas! the road you are now pursuing presents those which are still more insurmountable. Ah, my daughter, what shoals and quicksands surround you! Could I remove them, how willingly would I leave my peaceful abode, and my quiet habits of life, and fly to you. But your husband has become too powerful to listen to my advice or your own. While awaiting the pleasure of seeing you again, I confine myself to the preparation of a safe harbour against the tempests which environ you on every side. The inconstancy of statesmen, or the force of events, may, one day or other, hurl the Emperor of the French from the throne to which his soldiers have so suddenly raised him. For myself, I do not love greatness; I am afraid of it; its shadow is so flitting that I cannot believe in the durability of your own good fortune; but, meanwhile, enjoy the present with moderation. Beware how you trust to the smiles of the future. I have no confidence in courtiers, I hold them in abhorrence. Your husband's ambition will destroy him. Had I wished it—had I felt confidence in his fortunes, I might long since have enjoyed at Martinique a position worthy of you. Oh, my daughter, my tender Josephine! how cruel it is to feel that you are not permitted to come as you used to do, and embellish by your presence my solitude of the Three Islets. Were you here, I should have nothing else to desire in the world—I should once more press you to my heart before my death." (33.)

This letter from my mother made an impression upon me difficult to describe. I read it over and over again. It appeared to me that the hand which traced it was already endeavouring to avert the ills which afterwards fell upon my devoted head.[1]

I concealed it from my husband; but he soon learned, by means of the spies of the château, that I had received news which deeply afflicted me. He insisted upon reading the letter. He was, at times, extremely inquisitive, and inclined to jealousy, and this latter passion sometimes engrossed all his thoughts and faculties. He imagined that this correspondence contained some precious secret. When, however, he discovered that it was from my mother, he made a jest of his fears, admitted them to be imaginary, and ridiculed his mistake. "I perceive," said he, "that Madame de la Pagerie, like myself, will permit no participation. She wants to reign alone. Very well! I will, some day, establish her as a sovereign in America, and furnish her a code of laws for the new nation. While waiting to mount that grand triumphal chariot, I must proceed and reap an immense harvest of laurels among the Germans.[1] I start to-night for Mayence, and shall fix my head-quarters at Bamberg. I will give the Prussians a prelude—I have been long waiting to open the dance among them."

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[1] When Josephine had signed the *acte* of divorce which separated her for ever from Napoleon, she said to her friend, the Countess of Rochefoucauld, "Happy my father and mother in not being witnesses of my disgrace!—Happy am I that they have not survived my misfortune!"

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[1] The Empress, on leaving Paris for Munich, in September, 1806, spent several weeks at Strassburg, where, on the very night of her arrival in the city, a looking-glass, which was insecurely fastened up, in her room, fell down, and was broken into a thousand pieces—a circumstance which those who knew of it regarded as a sinister presage. The Countess of Rochefoucauld seeming alarmed at it, the Empress replied, "What, after all, can I fear, surrounded by the French whom I love? Were I in Germany, 'twould be a good omen." Two days after the divorce, that lady recalled to Josephine's recollection the unlucky prognostic. "You will make me really superstitious," answered the deeply-afflicted woman; "in truth, I can only imitate the great Frederick, who could never, and especially on the eve of a battle, bear to see, either salt spilled upon the table, or knives and forks lying across each other. Yes, madam, I am firmly persuaded that she who is to succeed me on the throne of France, will, like me, experience great ills; for, from the bosom of Germany will yet arise an electric spark, which will find a conductor that will direct it towards the ramparts of Strassburg; and if, unhappily, it shall penetrate into the citadel, it will set on fire, or subject to its direction, that ancient possession of proud Germany."

CHAPTER V

Napoleon seemed to enjoy, in advance, the pleasure he was to derive from vanquishing the new coalition of kings. He revolved, in his own mind, the most stupendous projects, and communicated them to his principal officers. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had already proclaimed at Paris that he was at the gates of Berlin. The French army advanced in three columns, and after several engagements, finally arrived at Jena, where a battle of the utmost importance to both parties took place. General Debilly died gloriously upon the field of battle. The Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded. And this brilliant victory opened to the Emperor the gates of Weimar.[1]

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[1] After the battle of Jena, the Emperor fixed his head-quarters at Brunswick, in the palace of the Duke of Weimar. The duchess had not fled, but, with her ladies, had retired into one of the wings of the château. Napoleon arrived intoxicated with victory, impetuous, burning with glory; his head completely turned. The duchess presented herself in one of the apartments. "Who are you?" said he. "The Duchess of Weimar," was her reply. "I will crush your husband," said he; "I will give him not one moment's rest."—"Sire," said she, "his duty, his honour and his rank demanded of him to do as he has done."—"I tell you," replied Napoleon, "he lost his reason when he thought of resisting me. I tell you, madam, the Cabinet of Berlin has long insulted me—curbed me. I will now make them offer me their throats. The Prussian nobility, barbarous and bullying as they are, shall learn that my ministers are not to be insulted with impunity. I will make them beg their bread."

The duchess, perceiving that the moment was not favourable, retired. The next morning a gentleman was sent by her to enquire how the Emperor had passed the night. "Well, very well," was the answer; "tell the duchess that I thank her, and ask her to breakfast."

Erfurth and Leipsic soon capitulated, and the Emperor advanced like a thunderbolt upon the Prussian capital. He refused to listen to any of the propositions which were made to him. Completely victorious, he turned a deaf ear to all accommodation. Davoust entered Berlin. But Potsdam was preferred for the temporary residence of the new Cæsar, from whom I received despatches dated at that city. "I have," said he, "paid a visit to the tomb of Frederick the Great, and have myself brought off his sword, and also the sash and cordon of the black eagle, which belonged to that great captain, and shall send them to the Invalides at Paris." In another passage, he added, "The good people of Berlin are the victims of the war, while those who have provoked it have fled, and left them to feel all the weight of its strokes. I will render this Court nobility so poor that they will be compelled to resort to other means to retrieve their fortunes. I like Madame Hatzfeldt much. I have forgotten the wrongs her husband did me, and have given up to her the only letter which would have convicted him of a criminal conspiracy against me.[1] My offended pride would have constrained me to punish him severely. His wife, however, burnt the letter in my presence. I am satisfied that I have done right. When necessary, I know how to employ clemency. Hence, Berlin proclaims that I am great, and that I know how to forgive injuries" (34).

What passed at table is not known, but on retiring to his room, Bonaparte uttered the highest encomiums on the duchess. "She is a meritorious woman," said he, "possessing high qualities. I shall do much for her; yes, very much—she will save her country."—*M. S.*

[1] Certain letters were brought to Cæsar, which his enemies had written to Pompey. He refused to read them, and threw them into the fire, saying that, although he was sure he could control his resentment, he thought it better to destroy the cause thereof at once.

This generous action reconciled me, so to speak, to my husband's principles, for we were always disputing about his vast plans of invasion. Napoleon was now, as he said, dashing forward on his car of victory, and no power could stop him.

Stettin and Kustrin next fell into his hands; Magdeburg capitulated. "What matters it to me," said the conqueror, "that I have carried this city by means of bullets of gold, as the Prussians think—'tis not the less true that the city is mine. I have found in it immense magazines of provisions and ammunition—100 pieces of cannon, and, what seems still more incredible, 22,000 men, who were still in the town to defend it. I can really work miracles during my lifetime, and I humbly trust the holy Propaganda society will see fit, after my death, to place my name on its calendar of saints."[1] Napoleon left but few resources to the King of Prussia. The latter was forced to submit to the will of the conqueror. He solicited a suspension of arms, in order to await the result of events, to which the French monarch consented. But, ever anxious for combat, he went in quest of the Russians, who did not show themselves on the field soon enough to please him. He started for Poland, and advanced towards Posen. After several engagements, in which the French were victorious, Murat, at the head of the cavalry, entered Warsaw, whither Napoleon had preceded him. "I cannot," he wrote me, "describe the friendly manner in which the

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[1] Bonaparte had his secret agents in every Court in Europe. Almost every Cabinet was sold to him. He disposed of the treasures of nations; dictated, at his will, peace or war, and directed the movements of armies, whose plans were in his possession. With such means, and with the tried bravery of the French, why should he not have succeeded?—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

Poles have received me. They regard me as a liberator, and hope that I shall restore to them their independence —hence they do not fail to load me with the tribute of their adulation. One of them says to me, 'The great Napoleon appeared like a star in France. He came—he saw—he conquered the world.' Another goes still farther with the language of flattery; but he is excusable; the love of country electrifies his heart and makes him utter such language as this:

"'Invincible Cæsar! To see you, glorious hero! accomplishes my prayers and vows, as well as those of all my countrymen.'

"'Already do we see our country saved, for in your person do we adore the most just and profound of legislators!'

"All these eulogies, however, fail to intoxicate me. I have made a great many promises which I am unwilling to fulfil. Besides, an insurrection in Poland will subserve my ends. I want to kindle it, and shall use all the means in my power for that purpose; and I shall succeed."

Such were the contents of the letter Napoleon wrote me towards the end of December, 1806.

Soon the French passed the Vistula at different points, and gained several advantages. Satisfied with these first successes, Napoleon allowed his army to rest. But he soon renewed the signal for combat. The battles of Waterdorf, Deppen and Hoff all preceded the famous battle of Preussisch-Eylau, which was fought on the 8th of February, 1807, and the results of which were so glorious to the French arms. After this great battle, the troops re-entered their cantonments. They, however, continued the sieges of Neisse and Dantzic. Though constantly talking of peace, the Emperor ordered new conscriptions in France. The Saxons joined our arms, and the Imperial Guard, recomposed of the *élite* of the regiments of the line, was soon in readiness to appear again on the field of battle.

Europe felt the necessity of a Congress. But Napoleon imperiously demanded that Turkey should send to it her plenipotentiary. To this the ministers of the other Powers consented, and demanded upon what basis the new treaty should be constructed. He answered that there must be an equal and reciprocal power possessed by each of the belligerent masses, and that these two masses must together enter upon a system of compensation. These terms appeared obscure to the Cabinets, who replied that to carry out the plan the question of dividing up the territory of each of the contracting parties must necessarily arise.

But the great man, who believed that nothing either could or must resist him, concluded at length to trust again to the chances of war. The French army triumphed at Lomitten, and was checked at Heilsberg, but resolved to carry the town. The enemy made the most gallant efforts to defend the position, but Napoleon's star triumphed, and Friedland was carried at all points (35). The allied army was compelled to fight on the retreat.

The bravest of men now entered Tilsit. Tilsit! at that glorious name how do my thoughts awake! Never was France so imposing; and, had the Emperor so willed it, that brilliant victory would have given enduring strength to the pillars of his power on the Continent. But no! he was to be the sport of Fortune, after being her chosen favourite. She now presented to him circumstances more favourable than man ever before possessed to make himself happy and to contribute to the general felicity. But, through some inconceivable fatality, Napoleon pursued a tortuous, impolitic course—a course which drove the Fates to repent them of the long-continued patronage they had accorded him, and finally drew upon him irreparable woes.

An august meeting took place in the middle of the River Niemen. A magnificent raft was launched upon the bosom of the stream, and received at one and the same time the two most puissant Emperors on the globe. The two sovereigns embraced each other, and swore eternal friendship. The two armies covered the two banks of the Niemen, and their shouts of joy were long and loud as they witnessed this striking proof of peace, concord and mutual goodwill. At length a treaty of peace was concluded. The conqueror gave back to Prussia a small portion of her political being—all, except that portion of the Polish territory called the Duchy of Warsaw, which was given to Saxony. Moreover, the King of Prussia was despoiled of all his possessions between the Elbe and the Rhine, and lost, also, that preponderance so necessary to maintain the equipoise of the different Northern nations.

Never had my husband acted so imposing a part. He was, so to speak, the supreme mediator among the great Powers. But what must have passed in his mind on seeing the unhappy Queen of Prussia sitting at the table of the man who might at any moment have dethroned her husband? He must then have recollected that Charles XII. of Sweden visited in person Augustus of Saxony, from whom he had wrenched the sceptre of Poland in order to give it to Stanislaus—yea, he must have been deeply sensible how little of stability the empires he had founded must possess. And it was, perhaps, the brightest day of his life when the wife of Frederick William III. received his first visit. Napoleon, in presenting her an amaranth, which he had taken from a porcelain vase, became suddenly agitated.[1] He repented, afterwards, having caused it to be inserted in his bulletins that the Queen of Prussia, habited like an Amazon, wore the uniform of her dragoons, and wrote twenty letters a day to extinguish the spreading conflagration. "I did wrong" (he wrote to me), "I confess it; I did wrong to offend that Princess. She is an angel descended to earth. I was near throwing myself at her feet. She might have transformed her conqueror into the most docile slave. At sight of her, even at the mere sound of her voice, I became the most timid of men. My hand trembled when I presented her the homage of an amaranth, as the most beautiful and courageous of her sex."

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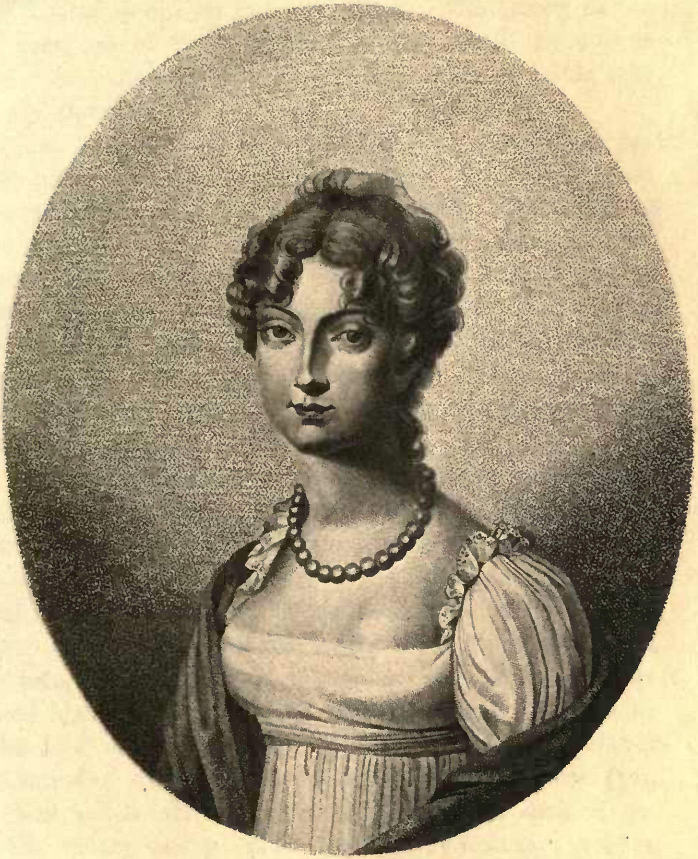
[1] At Tilsit, the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia. On the eve of it, he said to one of his generals, "I am told she is a handsome woman."—"'Twill then be," answered the courtier, "a rose beside a bunch of laurels." The commencement of this interview was charming, delicate. "I expected," said Bonaparte to her, "to see a pretty Queen, but, madam, you are the prettiest woman in the world." There were some amaranths and roses in a vase standing near. He took one of them, and presented it to her. "We are but little acquainted with each other," said the Queen, confused and timid; "may I receive this expression of Your Majesty's sentiments?"*—"Accept, madam, accept," said he; "'tis a presage of the friendship which I shall henceforth feel for yourself and your husband." The Queen received the flowers, pale and trembling. One of her ladies became alarmed at her unusual appearance. "Be reassured, madam," said the Emperor. "I am wholly yours; if I can do aught to oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure." The Queen remained silent. He renewed the offer several times, and she at length asked him, with a trembling voice, to give her Magdeburg for her son. "Magdeburg!" exclaimed he, suddenly rising, "Magdeburg! madam, madam, Magdeburg! but you don't think of that? Let us say no more about it;" and they separated. Thus ended this overture.—*M.S.*

* The presentation of these flowers was, according to usage, understood to imply love and friendship.—TRANSLATOR.

Thus Napoleon, in the midst of his triumphs, did justice to virtue in misfortune. He often assured me that, but for the ascendency which that august Princess had obtained over him, he should not have consented to such easy conditions. "The Queen of Prussia," he added, "has twice saved her husband, not only by means of that sublime valour which covers her name with glory, but by her imposing manner of presenting herself to me. With a face which seemed a picture of sorrow, she said to me, 'Porus would have sunk under the weight of the laurels which shaded the brow of Alexander; but that king, always a king, was constrained, by the obligations of gratitude, to respect his conqueror, and to admire his generous sentiments and noble forbearance. Believe me, the parallel between the heir to the throne of Macedon and Napoleon is entirely to the advantage of Alexander.' The Princess addressed this language to me, with that noble-souled moderation which suits so well with fallen greatness. She also reminded me of the great deeds of Maria Theresa, which rendered her the admiration of Germany—of that illustrious woman who braved all the efforts of combined Europe in the defence of her heritage. 'The noble Hungarians,' she continued, 'answered her appeal with enthusiasm. She fearlessly combated Frederick the Great, and humbled her enemies. From this example, you see that a sublime despair may change the fate of empires. Do not make it necessary for the wife of Frederick William to imitate so great a model.'"



Such assurance in any other woman would have thrown Napoleon into a rage; but he was so far subdued by her as to tell her that the man who should wear her chains would be but too happy. The Queen darted at him one of those piercing glances which force even the most audacious and hardy man to blush at his own guilty thoughts.

This woman, so wonderful for the energy of her character, had made efforts far above her strength in the reception of Napoleon, who was the humiliation of her country; and a lingering disease soon afterwards conducted her to her tomb. She died in the bosom of her family, universally mourned. Her last sigh was for her husband, whom she adored. She loved her children tenderly, and was devoted to her country. "Poor Prussia!" said she, when dying, "thou wilt be devoured as long as Saturn shall live" (36).

All these details were furnished me by secret emissaries, who hastened to give me an account of the smallest particulars of Napoleon's private conduct. Although far from him, I was acquainted with his most secret thoughts; the slightest movement of his heart was no stranger to me. Although his soul was closed against the sentiments of love, it was not yet altogether insensible. I have often heard a certain Polish lady mentioned, to whom he addressed some attentions. The report got about that he intended she should come and reside in France (37). I was much alarmed at this. We were, each of us, extraordinary beings; both devoured by jealousy; neither of us could bear the idea of the slightest neglect by the other. Everybody told us that we were only seeking the means of cherishing the source of our grievances. "Alas, poor humanity," we sometimes exclaimed, "how difficult is it for it to live at peace with itself! At Court and in the town the war is perpetual. Each party is always ready, and on the point of commencing the onset."

The moment the Treaty of Tilsit was published, Sweden assumed a hostile and formidable attitude. Napoleon could not pardon the English for making a descent upon the island of Rügen. This unexpected attack awakened the hopes of Gustavus Adolphus. But what could that unfortunate monarch do against the torrent of Frenchmen which was precipitating itself upon his kingdom? Swedish Pomerania was invaded, Stralsund was besieged, and in six weeks surrendered; and the French army took possession of the isle of Rügen, from which the King was forced to make his escape.

Napoleon followed the course of his triumphs. Gustavus descended from his throne. Charles XIII. took possession of his nephew's inheritance. The honourable reproach which he found himself able to make against the nephew of the great Frederick was of having been one of the most zealous defenders of the Bourbons, and especially of having been the truest and most sincere friend of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien (38).

The King of Sweden had never flattered the great man, who could form no just idea of his proud and independent character. "If," said he, "Gustavus continues to reign, and the Prince Royal of Würtemberg ascends the throne, I shall feel much embarrassed."

But the Temple of Janus, which seemed shut at the north, was soon opened at the south. Bonaparte returned to Paris, where he remained for some time. His first care was to convoke the legislative body and the senate. In his speech to them he said, "The people of the Duchy of Warsaw, and the City of Dantzic, have recovered their country and their rights. The statements of my ministers will make you acquainted with the prosperous condition of the public treasury. My people will feel themselves relieved of a considerable part of the land tax."

After Jerome's marriage with the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg,[1] Napoleon wished his two other brothers to contract alliances with royal blood. But Lucien had long ago manifested his dislike of the immeasurable ambition of Napoleon. Madame Joseph, that model of virtue, that most amiable and excellent lady, did not deserve to be cast aside merely to nourish the chimeras of a senseless pride; and she found a determined defender in her husband. It may be said, to the praise of Joseph, that he did not always participate in the sentiments of his brother, whom, indeed, he often opposed with the utmost energy. Napoleon had, however, obtained such an ascendency over the members of his family, who all owed to him their elevation, that they dared not offer the least resistance to his will. They were all united by the sentiments of fear and ambition.[2]

An ambassador arrived from Persia, bringing the most magnificent presents from his Court. He presented to

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[1] When the Princess of Würtemberg came to Paris to espouse Jerome, she was affianced the same evening, and the nuptials were celebrated the next day at eight o'clock in the evening. During the ceremony a terrible storm arose; the lightning twice struck the Tuileries. On returning to her apartments, Josephine remarked that "if the Princess were superstitious, she might suppose that that evening announced to her an unhappy future."

[2] When Joseph Bonaparte ascended the throne of Naples, his sister Caroline, then Grand Duchess of Berg, avoided, as much as possible, meeting her modest sister-in-law. But seeing herself compelled to give her the title of "Your Majesty," she dared to complain to Napoleon that he had not yet thought to give her, also, a crown. "Your complaint," said he, "astonishes me, madam. To hear you, one might suppose I had deprived you of your right of succession to the throne of your *ancestor.*"

Napoleon, in the name of his sovereign, the sabres of Tamerlane and Thamas Kouly Khan. The Emperor appeared enchanted with these rich presents of a distant foreign Court. I received several of the most beautiful cashmeres (39). The Persian ambassador was favourably received; but the Emperor soon after, and under some vain pretext, refused him a private audience. His Excellency, Asker Khan, was much embarrassed in acting his part, and seldom appeared at Court. And yet this man was not destitute of a certain degree of merit, although, in the eyes of the courtiers, his quality of ambassador was but an imaginary title. One of our generals (Gardanne) had been sent into Persia with a considerable suite. He had received, as it appears, secret instructions from the Cabinet of the Tuileries; but nothing was at this time surprising. Even the Emperor of Morocco had his plenipotentiary at Paris, charged to congratulate the great man, the most valiant (as he said), the most renowned of European sovereigns. Napoleon took a real pleasure in receiving, in the midst of his Court, those men who came express from the confines of Asia and Africa, to speak with him for a brief moment. "Have my Mamamouchis come?" he would ask impatiently; and when in good humour he would tell his favourites that, while in Egypt, he wore precisely the same costume (excepting the astrakhan bonnet) which was worn by one of the sons of Ali. But, in fact, the Cabinet of the Tuileries attached little or no importance to the mission of these illustrious foreigners.[1] To me, however, they were a source of much amusement (40). All the ladies of the Court strove with each other in their attentions to their "Excellencies," and for some time an immense concourse of persons besieged the porticoes of their hotels. Napoleon pretended, at one time, to think that these distant deputations would disquiet Russia, and caused a report to be put in circulation that a rupture was about to take place between the two Powers. But perceiving that few of the foreign ministers at Paris gave the least credit to the rumour, he soon abandoned this political ruse. The presents he was to make in exchange for those he had received from the different Asiatic and African nations were so slow in being prepared, that he had received but a small portion of them when those ambassadors left France.

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[1] When, in 1808, an ambassador arrived at Paris from Persia, M. B—— M——, then president of the Chambre des Comptes, had a curious mystical adventure with him—not the less laughable for its being the result of mere chance. The ambassador was sick one day, and asked for a physician. Doctor Bourdois was sent for, and while the ambassador was every moment expecting the doctor to enter, M. B—— M——

For months he had been talking of making a journey to Italy. "I must," said he, "have Tuscany; I shall have little difficulty in obtaining it. I intend it for my

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was announced at his door. The Persian did not know a word of French, and his interpreter was absent; but, as the last syllable only of the name struck his ear, he thought, of course, it must be the physician he had sent for. Consequently, the moment the president had come in he reached out his hand to have him feel his pulse. The president, supposing he meant to shake hands, gave it a hearty shake. The Persian, doubtless presuming that the French physicians had a peculiar mode of feeling the pulse, next opened his mouth and showed him his tongue. M. B—— M—— thought this merely an act of Persian politeness; but the surprise which he felt did not in the least disconcert the ambassador, who attributed it to some unfavourable symptom which his supposed physician had discovered. He next clapped his hands, and two slaves instantly entered and placed under the president's nose a silver basin. The latter, on seeing them enter, supposed that, according to Eastern custom, they were bringing him a silver vase filled with rose-water from Shiraz; but the *perfume* which it exhaled undeceived him in a most disagreeable manner. He thought the ambassador meant to insult him, and became livid with rage. Fortunately, the interpreter arrived and soon explained away the affront.—*M*.

eldest sister, who is fully capable of governing that duchy. She resembles me—her nature will not brook any sort of domination. If need be, she will accustom herself alike to the smiles of prosperity and the frowns of adversity. In a word, Eliza has the courage of an Amazon." A cloud came over the Emperor's brow as he pronounced these words; he seemed to be tormented by some fear or some sudden thought.[1]

I did not permit myself to utter reflections; they would have been utterly useless. My husband had the strongest attachment for Madame Bacciochi (41). "As to Pauline Borghèse," said he, "she is good for nothing, except in a saloon. She tells a story well, and her enchanting face lends a grace to all her movements; but I think her incapable of governing. She has neither character nor energy. She knows not how to undertake anything; she can't refuse anything; and her tender heart is afraid of being obliged to punish anybody (42). As to Madame Murat," continued he, "when she once embraces a sentiment, nothing can make her change it. She has a kind of firmness of character which will always prevent her being governed. She knows men, and knows how to appreciate them at their just value. Her knowledge of the human heart renders her at times distrustful. She is accused of having ambition, of being fickle in her friendships, and inconstant in her love. As I know nothing about her in these respects, it is not for me to accuse or to acquit her. But she has domestic virtues which, when better known to thee, my dear Josephine," said he, with a smile, "will make thee judge her with less of prejudice and more of justice."

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[1] Some hours before the death of the Duke d'Enghien, Eliza had the boldness to say to Bonaparte, "Beware, my brother, lest one of the balls which pass through the Prince's body rebound and break the sceptre in your hand."

I turned the conversation upon another subject, in order to avoid an ever fruitless discussion. I discovered the intentions of my husband. I could only make complaints against his family. But I neglected my own personal interests, and looked after none but his.

After offering a throne to Murat he had to build another for Joseph, for it was upon Joseph that he rested his highest hopes. Naples did not present a sufficiently broad theatre for his glory, and it was in the Spanish capital, in the midst of that proud and faithful people, that the new monarch was to appear and disappear almost in the same moment of time (like the Kings created by Charles XII., who descended from the throne with as much ease as they had had difficulty in mounting it). Like Louis, Joseph was wholly a stranger to his brother's policy. Each of them sighed for repose; and, of all the members of his family, the one most resembling him was beyond all contradiction the Grand Duchess Eliza. He regarded Jerome merely as a scholar, and himself as his preceptor. But the King of Westphalia could have said to him, in the language of the poet:

> "Je vous imiterai, quand il en sera temps,
> Quand, pour déterminer les esprits inconstans,
> Il me faudra plus qu'un titre qui déguise
> Et le but et l'effet de ma haute entreprise
> À commander aussi je me sens destiné:
> Qui m'en empêcherait?"
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> *Germanicus*, Acte I., scene vi.

CHAPTER VI

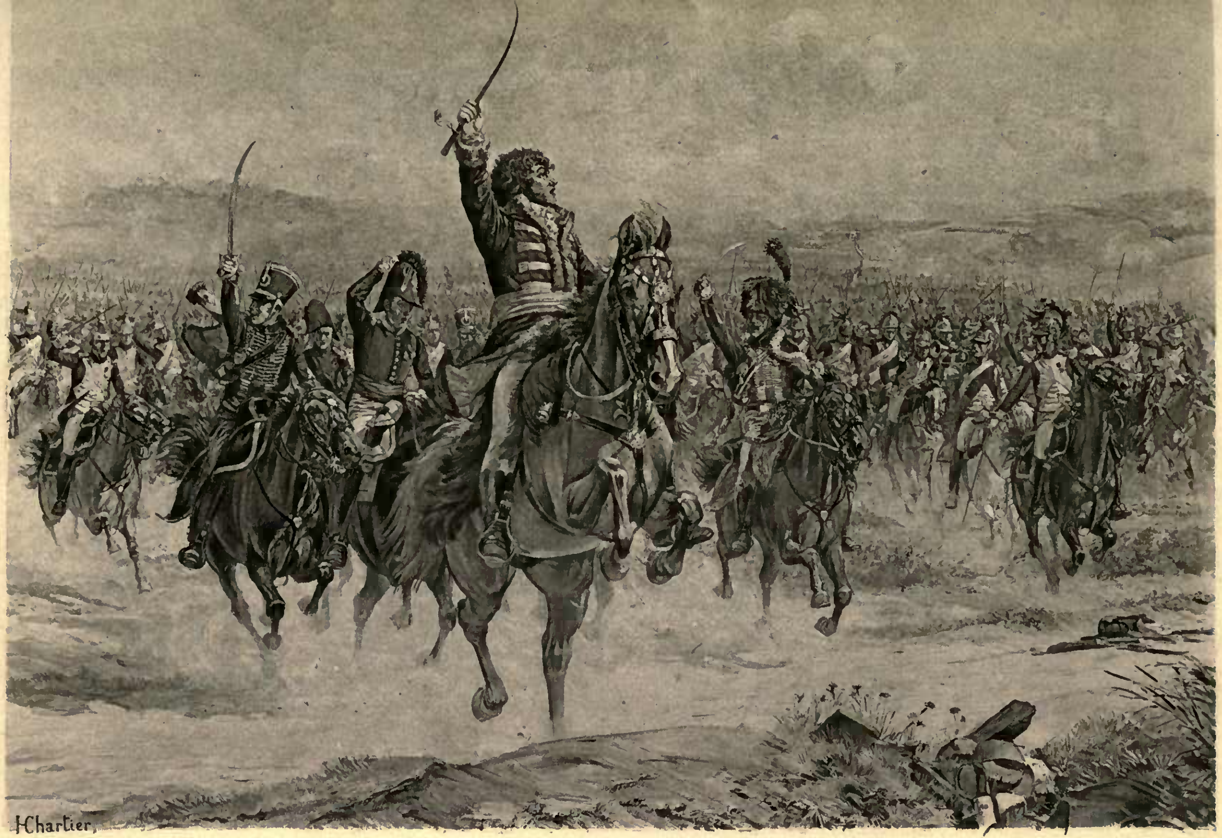
By the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon had engaged the Emperor Alexander not to interfere with any efforts which France might make against Spain. Fully assured upon this point, and persuaded that no other Power would dare intermeddle, he moved forward fearlessly towards the object he had long aimed at. He was no stranger to the proclamation which Godoy, the Prince of Peace, had issued, in which he called to arms his master's faithful subjects, in order to send away the best troops of Spain. The Emperor, through his secret agents at Madrid, insinuated that they ought to be directed towards Denmark. General Romana was directed to place himself at the head; and that famous general was presented to me on his arrival at Paris. Napoleon had long since testified his pleasure in seeing him leave his country, for he was seriously afraid of his bravery. Soon 30,000 Frenchmen, in virtue of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, entered Spain under Junot. Charles IV. was reposing upon the good faith of the man who already entertained the design of possessing himself of the wealth of the two worlds, already hoarded up, so to speak, in those different kingdoms. Napoleon did not intend to keep his word to the unhappy monarch; but, on the contrary, felt anxious that the Prince Regent of Portugal might fall into the same snare. The latter, I am sure, would have become his prisoner but for the salutary advice of Sir Sidney Smith, who persuaded him to embark for Brazil on the eve of Junot's entrance into Lisbon. Bonaparte, now master of Portugal, thought only of assembling a new army at Bayonne (43), ready at any moment to march upon the capital of Spain. He said to me, "I am going to seize the first occasion; I am so successful in everything that it seems to me King Charles IV. must feel obliged to me for having furnished him the means of consolidating his slavery."

I sincerely pitied the Prince of Asturias. I knew his mortification at seeing Don Emmanuel Godoy exercise so potent an influence over the illustrious family which had adopted him. He resolved on overthrowing that favourite, but, unhappily, believed that Napoleon would consent to aid him in the undertaking. The Emperor of the French conceived the idea of giving him his brother Lucien's eldest daughter in marriage (44). A secret agent received orders to sound the Prince on that subject, and to suggest to him, adroitly, to apply to Napoleon to choose him a wife; and, in due time, the heir-presumptive to the Spanish throne consulted the Emperor touching the choice he should make. A lively correspondence took place between them. But at length the most unquestionable information reached the father respecting the conduct of the son; and henceforth the principal instigator of the whole of this political intrigue, Don Godoy, so proud of the title of Prince of Peace, conceived some suspicions respecting the workings of the plot, and shortly afterwards the Prince of Asturias was arrested. Napoleon confessed to me that he was afraid the name of his ambassador, and the marriage project he had had in hand, would figure in the legal proceedings against Ferdinand. "I am," said he, "going to use means to make the old King write me on this subject. The father will complain of the son, and beg me to aid him with my advice. My faithful emissaries will send me from day to day an exact account of the Prince's most trivial actions. But I shall entreat the father to use indulgence towards the son, and shall go so far as to recall to his mind the example of Philip II., if Don Carlos is guilty; he is not—or, at least, his fault is trifling—and a Sovereign ought always to pardon; such is my policy, madam. The moment the Emperor of the French shall pretend to reconcile them the one with the other, that moment he will order the grand army and the Imperial Guard to advance towards Spain; and soon your husband and his happy spouse will start for Bayonne." He then left me in a hurry, without answering the different observations which I permitted myself to make upon the subject.

'Twas in the silence of the night that the conqueror of so many nations came to the resolution to subject another one to his sway; and he thus wrote to Murat: "The Spaniards are born lazy and fanatical; you will easily conquer them. For this it is only necessary that you should canton your numerous phalanxes in the neighbourhood of the road from Bayonne to Madrid. The Prince of Peace is blinded by my promises; he will surrender his country to me without making any resistance or defence. I know this, for he intends sending his only disposable corps of troops to the frontiers of Portugal."

The moment had now come for the sinister events to break out at Aranjuez. The French army immediately moved towards Madrid, and made its solemn entry into the town. King Charles IV. abdicated in favour of his son, and the Prince of Asturias was recognised as King by Murat under the name of Ferdinand VII.

But my husband had not gone so far merely to leave


H Chartier

his work unfinished. "Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?" said he, rubbing his hands in token of joy. "I am really an admirer of Virgil—the greatest of the Roman poets has some excellent ideas; they are worth infinitely more than those of our modern philosophers—what say you?" I replied, "A young Sovereign, loved by his subjects, might easily rally their courage and calm the popular effervescence." Such an idea could, of course, find no place in Napoleon's projects, and he used all his efforts to make Charles IV. protest against his abdication, proposing to him, at the same time, to come immediately to Bayonne to have an understanding with his son. I accompanied my husband on his journey thither. I could not look with indifference upon a young prince, the victim of intrigue and Italian cunning. I foresaw the unhappy issue which perfidious advisers were preparing for the Emperor.

Ferdinand and the Infant, Don Carlos, displayed a force of character which astonished the "self-styled mediator;" and Napoleon, attempting to frighten them, said to the young King, "The past should teach you that it is in vain to resist me, and that it is as easy for me to punish as to threaten." I was present when this was said, and could scarcely control the feelings which agitated me; but my astonishment and admiration were at their height when I heard Ferdinand reply to it, with marked and manly energy:

"I understand you, Napoleon; you seek to intimidate me, by calling to my mind the fate of a Prince of my family. I ask you, as a favour, that I may perish by a death like that of my cousin, if you are determined to take away my crown!"—"And I," added Don Carlos, "I demand, as a special favour, to die with my brother and my King, if you are so unjust as to deprive the Spaniards of their legitimate Sovereign."

This truly painful scene produced some impression upon him. But he had no design upon the lives of the Princes, but merely intended to hold them in bondage. It must be said, to the honour of a majority of his courtiers, and especially of M. de Talleyrand, that they disavowed his projects against Spain. The latter dared to tell him plainly, that he would reap nothing from it but loss and confusion. "You are deceived," said the ambitious Napoleon; "my political car is started; it must pass on; woe to him who finds himself beneath its wheels![1] Besides, gentlemen," said he, "why have the Infants come to visit me at Marac? They are young men, without experience, coming here without passports! Think you my policy is in accordance with the feelings of my heart? Oh, no! not at all; but there are sometimes extraordinary cases—and this is one—when I must silence my private feelings, and devote myself to the good of my people, and the glory which must, necessarily, thence be reflected upon my crown."

His conduct towards the royal family of Spain was far from meeting my approbation, and I did not conceal from him how much I disliked it. I did not hide from him the odiousness of this arbitrary act; and hence he kept me away from all the future conferences. "What matters it to you, madam," said he, with ill-humour, "whether it be Charles IV., or Ferdinand, who treats with me? I will no longer recognise the son, and unless he replaces the crown in his father's hands, within a few hours, I shall declare myself the protector of the one against the other. We shall see whether the Prince will dare resist me!"

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[1] M. de Talleyrand was long the right arm of Napoleon, but Josephine never could exercise much influence over that minister. More than once did she dare reproach him for not opposing the project of a divorce. History will long keep silence as to the secret motives which determined him. He was, however, one of the principal causes which successively led to the fall of Bonaparte.

Ferdinand was advised to resign the crown upon the condition that the royal family should return to Madrid, and the nation itself should, through the medium of the Cortes, or another assembly less numerous, take cognisance of the affair, and pronounce its decision. Napoleon did not favour such a project. He employed the most active means to prevent it, and sought my intervention. But I solemnly refused to have anything to do with this work of iniquity, and foretold to him, by a sort of secret inspiration, that from the moment he undertook to legitimate this criminal usurpation, the phantom of felicity which he had thus far enjoyed would begin to vanish. He paid not the least attention to my menaces. The Prince of Asturias became the object of persecution. He was forced to submit to all the conditions which Napoleon saw fit to impose upon him; especially when he became acquainted with the massacre of the 2nd of May, in the streets of Madrid.

Murat wrote him that the grape-shot and bayonet had cleared the streets of the Spanish capital, giving all the details which led to that fatal insurrection. The presence of the French troops, and the departure of the royal family, had struck all hearts with consternation. It was rumoured that the Princes were treated as prisoners of state. It was known that the Queen of Etruria (45) and the Infanta, Don Antonio and Don Francisco, were about to set out for France; and immediately numerous women assembled in the palace to prevent their departure. An aide-de-camp of Murat now appeared, who, it was supposed, had come to demand the Infanta. He was ill-used; a tumult ensued, and a struggle took place between the French and Spaniards, in which more than a thousand men perished. The firing was prolonged till late in the night, notwithstanding the armistice which Murat had published in order to restore tranquillity.

Never did I see the Emperor in such a rage as on perusing these despatches. He rushed hastily out of his cabinet, and gave an order that the Prince of Asturias should, on the instant, send him a formal renunciation of the kingdom of Spain. "I must have it," said he, "in a definite shape, and he must make a cession to me of all his present and future claims to the crown. This comedy has reached its *dénouement*, and its end may be tragical if those to whom I send my orders defer their execution."

The prebendary Escoïquiz (46) received an envoy from Napoleon, charged to announce to the Prince the intentions of his master. But his resistance was stubborn, and the message fruitless. "I must," said he, "judge of it for myself."—"In vain" (reported the envoy) "did I endeavour to calm him, or to make him listen to the voice of reason; all I could do only served to sour him the more. He finally told me to remain in my room, and not let him see me unless I should be sent for."

In the evening I learnt that my husband had seen Ferdinand, and had dared to say to him, "Prince, you must choose—death, or your renunciation of the crown." But he was far from giving another representation of the Vincennes tragedy. "I only wanted to frighten him," said he to me; "but I did not expect to find so much energy in him. Should he ever remount his throne, he will, I think, be capable of keeping it. Who knows but he may one day attempt to make me play the part of Francis I. at Madrid?" "Perhaps," said I, "you may not reap as many laurels as that great sovereign. Charles V. was the rival of the French King, instead of having his private injuries to avenge. The immortal Louis XII. pardoned, in the most generous manner, the man who had unjustly held him in chains."—"Ah," replied Napoleon, "I shall not place myself in the power of his generosity, and, as a precaution, I shall retain him in order to keep from him the means of attempting any such surprise; for, I certainly admit, it would be desperate to punish him."

Though the possessor of the crown of Charles IV., he was not of his kingdom. From all quarters the Spaniards rushed to arms; but Napoleon could not persuade himself that the Castilians would display their ancient bravery. His advisers made him believe that the Spaniards were not capable of making the least effort in favour of their sovereign; that the name alone of the great Napoleon had already vanquished them, and that the power of his arms would soon finish that important conquest. Thus did his courtiers constantly urge him forward to take rash and inconsiderate steps. I despised the one who first dared give him the perfidious advice to declare war upon Spain, and to despoil of his crown and heritage the only ally who was faithful to him. But thus do the serpents which crawl into Courts infect, by their impure breath, the councils into which they are admitted. Their tongues, like the adder's, are poisoned arrows; and the enchanting words of their flattery flow from lips steeped in poison. Doubtless, Napoleon cannot escape the reproaches of contemporaries and of posterity; but, when there shall be liberty to draw aside the veil of imposture, France will discover what means her enemies employed to inspire him with this culpable undertaking.

He could not dissemble the joy he felt at the success of this *coup d'état*. "I have," said he, "succeeded in spite of the policy of the prebendary Escoïquiz. I know how to appreciate the love he bears his masters. He has done his duty, and shall not cease to be sensible of my good-will. As to Talleyrand, he dared oppose me; according to him, the conquest of Spain was high treason. *Eh bien!* he must participate in it if it be such, and must become the overseer of the Princes at Valancey (47). That's not making him act a very distinguished part in the play, Josephine. And now that, in spite of him, I have succeeded in placing my brother Joseph[1] on the throne, you may unfold to me all your thoughts."—"I am," said I, "still of an opinion different from your own. You think to make the people believe that your grand-chamberlain approves the violent means which you have made use of to catch in your snare the family you are dethroning, and that, not content with having served you with his counsels, he is still anxious to be useful to you by giving you his château at Valancey, for the purpose of detaining your august prisoners. Be undeceived! sensible men will adopt none of these notions. The snare is not surrounded by flowers. You will, from

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[1] Notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that has happened, Joseph did not, in accepting the throne of Spain, consent to be simply his brother's lieutenant. Aranza and Offarel had the courage to start that delicate question in his presence. "Never fear, gentlemen," said he; "I am now a Spaniard, and if my new subjects range themselves under my sceptre, assure them, gentlemen, that I shall reign, and that nothing but their opposition will bring to them decrees signed *Napoleon*."

This noble assurance did not a little to conciliate the great personages of the old Court, which soon became his own.

With such sentiments, Joseph could not live long upon a good understanding with his brother. A dispute broke out between them, and I will add that this dispute was one of the leading causes of Napoleon's disasters in Spain. Two powerful motives operated to estrange Joseph from his brother—the honour of the Spanish throne, which he wished to preserve intact, and the necessities of his finances. The troubles in Spain had reduced all imposts to zero, and it followed that the new monarch found himself often without a sou. It was this state of things that produced the famous interview at Chammartin, where Joseph came upon him like a thunderbolt, and when he least expected it. "What!" said Bonaparte, "you here, brother?" seeing him at some distance; "what motive brings you here?"—"The most powerful in the world," said Joseph, "want; and to avoid being reviled by my new subjects. I have not a crown in my treasury."—"How?

Are you not the King of Spain, and are you interdicted from levying the taxes which are indispensable?"—"Taxes! Upon whom? Where? You have dried up the sources."—"Reproaches?"—"Truths! Did you not tell me, at Bayonne, that my collections might, at first, be difficult, and that you would cover the deficit? Have you kept that promise?"—"No; nor did I intend to do so. Long has the French treasury covered the expenses of this war. You have people—impose taxes."—"Taxes, again! Will a country in a state of insurrection pay my taxes? Or will a country totally ruined by your armies, although obedient, pay them? I see the evil plainly. I have seen the victims—I have received petitions—I cannot deny the evidence."—"Joseph, you don't properly measure circumstances. Where should I now have been—*I, Emperor of the French and King of Italy*—had I suffered myself to be fretted by the detonations of argument and abstract truths? My greatness takes its birth in my skill in cutting to the quick, in contemning the reproaches of individuals, the complaints of those who are vexed, and the hatred of all. While yet young, I inured myself to this stern indifference, and I shall carry this character, hardy and profitable, to the tomb. I shall die with it."—"Boast as much as you please of what you are, and what you have been; but, for myself, I wish only to be what I can be without too much self-reproach; and, since all moderation seems at an end, although a king of *your manufacture*, I shall no longer be your property, nor the Spaniards your serfs."—"I notice what you say. Joseph, did I value my glory less, I could retrograde with honour, but no; I am too far advanced. I will not furnish a family scene. Let's drop it; to-morrow I will put you in funds." The next day Joseph received 500,000 francs, and returned to Burgos. Napoleon long remembered this scene; it affected him, and, perhaps, he has carried it with him to his Rock.

this day—remark it!—count one more enemy—a new Richelieu, believe it. You will arm him against you; Talleyrand, whenever he shall will it, will be able to make you descend from the throne. What did I say?—to hurl you from it! He is the prince of politicians. He understands the mechanism of the whole machine, and directs the motions of the invisible wheels. Talleyrand possesses the key to every Cabinet in Europe—he has the ear of every minister; and this man, if so disposed, can, at his will, make you act the part of Alexander or of Darius."[1]

We left Bayonne on the 21st of July, and continued our route through Pau, Tarbes, Toulouse, Montauban, Bordeaux, La Vendée and Nantes. The people thronged to meet us, anxious to gather around us. Alas! they were dazzled by the great deeds of their Emperor, far from suspecting, however, that he owed to perfidy and treason these apparent evidences of success. In every city we passed through we had to endure the *ennui* of a public harangue. Napoleon wore an air of affability, and even affected popularity. He informed himself respecting the misfortunes of the inhabitants, and entered into the smallest details connected with their just claims.[2] Here he promised to rebuild a church; there he fixed upon a time to found a seminary; farther on he announced his intention to build barracks for troops. The public monuments seemed particularly to attract his attention. "I shall change the face of Europe," said he; "I mean my age shall outshine that of Louis XIV. When I desire it I will send out a Vauban from my institutions. I know of some of Mansard's pupils who will, perhaps, surpass their master in architecture. My creative genius will give birth to wonders which will be completed under my own eyes. In short, my reign must furnish forth things which are surprising—things which are more extraordinary than anything yet done by the greatest men. I mean to efface their reputations."—"Your march is so rapid," said I, "that Time, the destroyer of all, may possibly not allow you to terminate what you so complacently denominate your grand work."—"Ah!" he replied, with a kind of confidence in his air, "you know, my friend, I bear upon my person a mysterious *hieroglyphic* (48), which will not permit me to fall by the strokes of treachery. I am invulnerable in war, and my political career will stretch far into the future." Such was his mode of charming away the *ennui* of travelling.

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[1] I am persuaded that Prince Talleyrand was no stranger to the many treaties formed at this period. He employed the most skilful means to bring about the hollow reconciliation of the Emperor Alexander with Napoleon, with a view, while he ministered to the ambitious hopes of the latter, to make him afraid of the road to Russia, whither, it seemed likely, his ambition would one day lead him. By tearing in pieces the treaty of Erfurth, he in some sort prepared the fall of the Emperor of the French; and it was easy to foresee the results of that ministerial intrigue.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

[2] Whenever a demand was presented to him he listened to it, without showing the slightest ill-humour or impatience. He would take the letter or petition, saying, "Very well, I will look to it."

He constantly took pleasure in these bright, illusive dreams. To contradict him was the surest means of incurring his displeasure. But I by no means hesitated to speak my mind when the matter in hand concerned his glory or the good of the people, and during our journey we had more than one quarrel respecting King Charles IV., who was to reside at Compiègne with the Queen, the Prince of Peace, and the King and Queen of Etruria. I, however, succeeded in obtaining his pledge that they should be treated with royal magnificence,[1] "for," said I, by way of persuading him not to dishonour himself in the eyes of Europe, "the Spanish King and his family have not lost their sacred character before the tribunal of other sovereigns; and since you yourself form a part of that august confederation, you ought, although they are subject to you, to treat them as princes in adversity. Perhaps they will yet be more fortunate than was James II. of England; that monarch, notwithstanding all the efforts of Louis XIV., was never able to reseat himself on the throne. But Ferdinand may yet reascend his own, and, in spite of you, maintain himself there by means of his people's love for him. Any further abuse of your authority may work such a revolution."

This conversation had a good effect upon him, and, without exactly confessing that I was correct in what I said, he sent orders that the illustrious wayfarers should be so treated that they should find nothing to complain of in his proceedings. He had the art to make them believe that their captivity would soon end, and that, perhaps, the same hand which had wrested from them the crown and diadem, would be generous enough to restore them; but that, for the present, a different course was useful to Europe; that Spain had renounced her rank as a European Power, that a liberator was necessary to her, and that he was the man who was destined to work out her regeneration.

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[1] The Duchess of Chevreuse was designated by the Emperor as *dame d'honneur* to the Queen of Spain. She answered distinctly that she would not go to Compiègne—that nothing should tempt her to become the jailer of the Bourbons. She was immediately disgraced, and sent off to one of her châteaux, which had neither doors nor windows. Napoleon never pardoned her for what he called an act of disobedience, committed upon a calculation of the chances of the future.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

After returning to the capital, he coolly calculated the consequences of this gigantic enterprise, the result of which was a war of extermination. He began to perceive that he had missed his aim, but he was not the man to confess it. His mood was often dreamy and melancholy; nothing could divert him; his anxiety betrayed itself in spite of him. His most faithful courtiers dared hardly address their master; and Duroc[1] was more than once the object of his anger. I myself experienced the terrible explosions of his wrath, but told him with my characteristic sensibility, that he was in pain, that he was afraid to rely upon anyone. But his severe look imposed silence upon me. He learned that General Dupont, who commanded a division in Spain, had reminded, fruitlessly, the French soldiers of their past victories by calling upon them "to conquer or die." "Seven times," said he, in his report, "did I order a charge with the bayonet, but to no purpose; while the Spanish general skilfully took advantage of the ground to advance his forces. At length, however, to save the wreck of the French battalions, and after taking the advice of General Marescot, I consented to capitulate."—"A pretty *dêbut* this!" exclaimed Napoleon on reading the despatches. "Ah, ha! gentlemen, you have suffered yourselves to be beaten; very well, your liberty shall atone for the impossibility which you set up of not gaining a victory."

He soon ascertained that the whole of Spain had taken up arms, and that the French were repulsed at all points. Nothing could equal the courageous resistance of the Spaniards, who were all united against the common enemy. They were, nevertheless, convinced that they ought not to expose the fate of their country to the chances of regular combat. Their *guerillas* harassed the march of the French troops, and pillaged their convoys, but never made an attack except with superior numbers. And whenever fortune was unpropitious to them, they bore their reverses with stoical resignation.

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[1] Duroc, though he loved Napoleon, stood in great fear of him.

As each courier arrived bringing bad news, Bonaparte was so agitated that I became for a time really alarmed for his health. He would rise from his bed during the night, and walk his room with rapid strides; and whenever the moonlight fell upon him, he might be seen beating his forehead with his hand, like a man plunged in the deepest despair. 'Twas in vain that I sought to calm him. "You told me, madam," exclaimed he, with emphasis, "you told me it would be thus;" referring ironically to my confidence in the predictions of a certain woman whom all Paris was running after. "I will have her arrested, madam; I will have your Miss Lenormand arrested. I understand her prophesyings, she has filled your head with wild notions. I beg you, madam, I conjure you, never speak of her again" (49).

When the news reached him that his brother Joseph had been forced to leave Madrid, after the battle of Baylen, he began to see that he had made a false calculation. But his doctrine was never to retrace his steps, and a new levy of conscripts now became necessary to enable him to uphold his brother's rights. "My honour and my duty," said he, to the French senate, "require me to push forward my matters in Spain with the utmost activity. Indeed, the future security of my people, maritime peace, and the prosperity of commerce, are all equally implicated in these important operations."

And yet he could not forget all the unlucky prognostics which signalised the origin and the progress of this unhappy enterprise. At one time he thought of putting the crown of Spain upon his own head, and of treating the Spaniards as a conquered people. "I will," said he, "govern all those kingdoms with a brazen sceptre." He spoke, and a *senatus consultum* placed at his disposal 80,000 men (50). Indeed, he might boldly have reckoned upon twice that number, with officers obedient to his will. With these it was easy for him to fill up the corps of the grand army, which was now arriving from all parts of Germany, and send them on through France, without giving them a moment's rest. Besides, according to his system, the Leopard which soiled the realms of Spain and Portugal must be compelled to fly terror-stricken at the sight of our legions. He wanted to lead their eagles to the Pillars of Hercules. "Soldiers," said the heroic chief to his warriors, "you have effaced the reputation of modern armies; but have you yet equalled the glory of the Romans, who, in a single campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?"

With these pompous words, with these brilliant and sonorous phrases, did this general electrify his army; so much so, indeed, that his men willingly and readily threw themselves headlong into the midst of the greatest danger, ready to rush into the storm of grapeshot and have their clothes riddled with balls in order to occupy some post of danger assigned them by Napoleon.

Oh, magical influence of the love of glory! It is all-powerful over the minds of Frenchmen. No people are more sensitive to an affront, and none more generous after victory. The words "Honour" and "Country" are their talismans; they cause them to work miracles.

What must the veterans of our old, victorious fields have suffered on seeing that our triumphs in Spain were ineffectual? With such troops Napoleon might have conquered the whole world; but 'twas the evil genius that now began to preside over his actions that inspired him with the idea of sending them beyond the Pyrenees. He was, however, solicitous that no other war should break out, this being as much as he could well sustain. For this reason he hastened to terminate the differences which existed between France and Prussia, seeking, as he was pleased to boast to his courtiers, to triumph again over Alexander.

With this view he left St. Cloud with me on the 21st of September, 1808, and directed his journey towards Metz, where he arrived on the 24th. He passed through Mayence without stopping, and entered Erfurt on the 27th. He rode on horseback constantly, in order to be in advance of the Emperor Alexander, who had been at Weimar since the 25th. The Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Prince Primate and Jerome Bonaparte, repaired to Erfurt. In the midst of the most serious conferences the Emperor neglected nothing in his efforts to dissemble his real designs; on the contrary, the journals of the day imputed to this important meeting an entirely different object. Festivals the most brilliant characterised it. French comedians, with their customary talent, played the masterpieces of Racine and Voltaire (51). Decorated with the title of Empress, I received visits from sovereigns. Everything at this time seemed to favour my husband's insatiable ambition. The Emperor Alexander, yielding in a manner to the desire which Napoleon professed of concluding a peace with Europe, each of them addressed the following letter to the King of England, with a view to accomplish that benevolent purpose:—

"My Brother,—The events of war have brought us together at Erfurt. Our first thought is to yield to the wishes and wants of every people in Europe, and, by means of a prompt pacification with Your Majesty, to apply the most effectual remedy to the numberless evils which weigh heavily upon all nations. This, our sincere desire, we communicate to Your Majesty by this present letter. The long and bloody war which has torn the Continent is terminated, without the power of renewal."

But this vain declamation left not the least trace upon the minds of the British Cabinet. They were unwilling to acknowledge the changes wrought in Spain, and Napoleon's chief object at Erfurt was to ascertain to a certainty that the Emperor of Russia had no idea of attempting to overthrow his plans.

Shortly after this, Napoleon was apprised that the Holy Father refused to number his brother Joseph in the rank of European Sovereigns. "I know how to punish him," said he to me in confidence; "I shall unite a part of my Church provinces to my kingdom of Italy."

His policy soon devised the means of calling to Paris several deputies from among the inhabitants of Lombardy to express to him their thanks for having united them to the grand family. But he had not entirely renounced his original design upon Spain, and was, on the contrary, of opinion that, in case he placed himself at the head of his victorious troops, he should plant his triumphant eagles upon the ramparts of Lisbon; and that thus his monarchy would become universal. He presumed that the Spaniards, filled with the new ideas which prevailed in France, were even now on the point of raising the revolutionary standard, and imagined that he might with impunity proclaim equality among the citizens, liberty to all, and the suppression of the burdens and of the corporations to which so many peculiar privileges belonged. "You labour under an illusion," I told him; "you do not know how to appreciate the character of the Spaniards; and I am afraid you will reap no other fruit from your culpable enterprise than to restore to that courageous nation its ancient energy and its profound hatred for all foreign domination. You think, by your personal presence among them, to prove that these faithful allies will long preserve the admiration they at first felt for you! Alas! the time has gone by when they beheld in you only the regenerator of the Grand Empire; you have led them into an error, and they now perceive it. A few months ago, they perhaps thought that you were going to eradicate all abuses from their government; but you have deceived them, and their native pride has revolted at it. You will witness a general rising in Spain; you will see in each citizen her zealous defender;—the love of country and of glory triumphs over Nature herself."

As was his wont, Napoleon cast ridicule on my sinister predictions. "I shall, notwithstanding," said he, "leave, and take the command of that invincible army. Will you consent to accompany me in this perilous journey, madam? Your fatigues will be well requited by the enthusiasm of which we shall be both the witnesses and the objects. I want to place Joseph again upon the throne of Spain; but should it happen that he should again descend from it, then will it become my duty to mount it, in which case I shall cause myself to be crowned at Madrid."

I confess I did not know how to answer him, for the events which were then in progress seemed to me to partake of the miraculous. All I could get from him was, that he should set out on his journey without constraining me to accompany him. My mind was so fatigued and worn out by the scenes which were constantly passing before me, that I was really in need of repose. The Emperor, therefore, started alone. He remained several weeks at Burgos, where, shortly after, the Spaniards were completely defeated in the battle of Sommo-Sierra. He thence proceeded down the mountain slopes, and arrived at Madrid on the 2nd of December.

Everything seemed to oppose an insurmountable barrier to his progress. The population of that city put itself in motion; they plucked up the pavements, and threw them together in heaps, in order to hurl them at their assailants. The streets were barricaded. To the Spanish ministers who came and begged him to spare the town, Napoleon returned an answer that he gave them only till the next morning, at six o'clock, to open to him the gates of the capital, declaring, furthermore, that unless the inhabitants submitted to that condition, there should not be left one stone upon another in the city. This menace produced its effect, although the envoy represented that the people were in a state of effervescence; so much so, that the magistrates found it extremely difficult to restrain the torrent of popular feeling. The conqueror would not, however, listen to any proposition, and his last words struck terror into all hearts. On the 4th of December, he made his solemn entry into Madrid; but, owing to secret advice, he thought it not safe to establish his head-quarters in the city, and preferred, for good reasons, to reside at Chammartin, the country-house of the Infantado, a structure justly entitled to be called a master-work of magnificence. He thought to intimidate the Spaniards by threatening to treat them as a conquered people, in case they did not repose confidence in him. "And, moreover," said he, "I will place my brother

Joseph on another throne, and use all my means to impose silence upon the malcontents. Behold the strength which God has given me. I know that I have the ability to overcome any obstacles the rebels may attempt to interpose in my path."

He had, at this time, really persuaded himself that every road to fortune was open to him, and that he might, with impunity, undertake any enterprise. He fought battles without gaining an inch of ground. But—

"Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cùm laudatur, dîs æqua potestas."

His army could not pass the line of the Tagus, and it was impossible to allow it the least repose, compelled, as it was, to restrain an enemy, always vanquished, but who seemed, like the Phœnix, to rise again from its own ashes. He used all his efforts to capture General Moore, but perceiving that they were fruitless, and that it was impossible to attain that object, he established his head-quarters at Valladolid, where he made a brief halt.

What I had foreseen took place. I was perfectly acquainted with my husband's mind; and thought, correctly, that in case he met with the least obstacle in prosecuting his design, he would, in the end, place the fate of Spain in the hands of one of the generals who afterwards subdued it. A passage in his last letter to me, intimating that I might soon expect to see him again at St. Cloud, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed.[1]

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[1] Josephine was at all times in the receipt of news from the army, brought her by a courier sent by Bonaparte. No matter at what hour of the day or night, she always received the despatches from the hands of the courier himself, of whom she made enquiries respecting all the persons she knew. She would say some obliging things to him, and make him some rich present, according to the importance of the message.

And, indeed, it was not long before he abandoned the French army in Spain. The two brothers no longer agreed, and a scandalous scene which took place at this time induced him to leave Valladolid. "Gentlemen," said he to those who possessed his confidence, "what matters it whether Joseph is a king or a general? He cannot fulfil the duties of either of those stations. He is wonderfully sparing of the blood of the people whom I have subdued. But, my brother, those generous people are no longer yours, and I am afraid you will not be so fortunate as was the second grandson of Louis XIV. That Prince had, in fact, the rights of legitimacy in his favour; but that does not always guarantee a triumph over the obstacles one meets. Philip V. showed himself a man, but you have failed to do so. Such," said he, in a violent rage, "such is a mild and moderate man! I myself have judged that he is not capable of fulfilling the duties of a post of eminence, and if the civil war continues its ravages in that unhappy country, I shall have nothing to do but to send and establish colonies there." Such were Napoleon's reasonings when he returned to Paris. He seemed to experience shame in having failed in the accomplishment of his purposes and his hopes.

It was perceived that a marked change had taken place in his manner. He became unquiet, sombre, dreamy (52). The courtiers trembled with affright.[1] I did not cease to bestow upon him my tenderest cares, and all the consolations of a benevolent friendship. I said to him,

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[1] Napoleon talked but little. When out of his own house, if he happened to say a word or two to a person he met, it was regarded as a proof of particular esteem. And if he stopped and talked with anyone for the space of two minutes, the circumstance was the theme of conversation for a whole day; so rarely did he spend his time in this manner.

"Bonaparte, the rays of your glory must grow pale in the eyes of those proud Castilians whom you have steeped in humiliation. All France presumed, from the lying speeches they heard, that Spain was nearly subdued. You have accustomed your people to victories, to the conquest of cities and kingdoms. To-day, if you undeceive them, the veil of illusion may be torn away; it has, then, become necessary to your reputation, and, in order to conceal your defeat, to resort to those mercenary authors whose pens, steeped in the colours of adulation and directed by the hand of flattery, are of no use except to minister to the depraved curiosity of credulous amateurs. Already have I caused the news to be circulated in the capital that my husband was returning victorious from Spain. I even did violence to my own sense of duty in order to conceal the truth, which had begun to appear in broad daylight. But I could not with indifference behold the laurels which adorned your brow tarnished."

But I made up my mind to say no more to him about that unlucky expedition. My duty was not to afflict him, satisfied that I could not shake his resolutions. And thus I gave up all hope of making him share my too well-founded fears, being always reluctant to fatigue him with my bitter reflections—

"Ingenium res
Adversæ nudane solent, celare secundæ."

The despatches which arrived daily from Spain announced to him that Joseph found it impossible to pass the limits of the Spanish capital. The generals themselves murmured at the countless disasters produced by the active resistance of the enemy. The whole of that kingdom presented but an immense heap of ruins. Women and children fought in the name of their God for their

King, and often died heroically on the bodies of their fathers and husbands. Even the murmurs of grief and the cries of pain ceased to resound upon those fields of carnage. Love of country was the only principle which animated their souls. The proud Castilians, the noble descendants of Rodrigo, sustained in air with an intrepid hand their cherished standards, whose tattered folds only served to attest their courage. They proudly supported themselves upon the numerous piles of arms, nearly half-broken, which victory had so often placed in their power. They seemed to have recovered their strength and their ancient character, and to cherish the beautiful sentiment of Corneille—

"Mourir pour son pays n'est pas un triste sort:
C'est immortaliser par une belle mort."

CHAPTER VII

Napoleon was now forced to leave King Joseph's affairs and attend to his own. He received secret advices that Austria had been concerting measures to attack and conquer him. The Emperor of the French had reduced her to so great a humiliation that she was ready to seize upon the slightest pretext to resume her arms. She refused officially to recognise his brother Joseph as King of Spain, or consented to do so only upon a condition. That Power complained that she had not been invited to the conferences at Erfurt, which certainly had in view an object different from a recognition of Joseph. She then protested against the destruction of the Germanic Confederation, which had been overthrown, after having been recognised and solemnly preserved by the Treaty of Pressburg.

My husband was careful to conceal from the French people the fact that a new campaign was about to open; on the contrary, the capital never presented greater magnificence. The sovereign assembled all the men who had been clothed with high dignities under the monarchy. This was, so to speak, their first appearance before arriving at place under the Imperial Government. The homage due to beauty was not lost sight of in the midst of the fêtes of Bellona. Besides the ladies who were attached to my person, and who united in themselves the most dazzling charms, others were constantly presented to me, who, in all the graces of their sex, were not inferior to those who formed the ornament of my Court. The Tuileries seemed like an enchanted palace.[1]

Napoleon's politeness was not very studied; but he never transcended the limits of decorum. During the course of his reign, he permitted himself some slight and transient inclinations, whereof I unwillingly obtained positive proof. 'Twas difficult for me to believe that another woman could possess the heart of which I claimed to be the sole ruler. His Court, however, although not exactly a school of morality, furnished a picture of that decency, those high-toned manners, and that *bon ton* which justified its comparison with that of Louis XIV. The rules of etiquette were observed, and those who had contributed to the great measures of my husband's government were made to feel, though in a delicate way, that henceforth there existed an immense interval between the Emperor of the French and General Bonaparte. When relieved from the fatigues of public display, I made ample amends to myself for the fatiguing restraint I was doomed to submit to during the public ceremonies (53).

At the moment when the public mind began to enjoy a degree of calm, and my husband seemed fond of repeating the assurance that he no longer cherished any ambitious thought, the great Powers were becoming incensed against the man whose recent conquests only tended to destroy the equilibrium established by treaties, and who was continually adding new provinces to his empire. And thus, to prevent other usurpations, Prince Charles was appointed Generalissimo of the Austrian army. He began by declaring to the French general in Bavaria that he was about to move forward, and that he should treat as enemies all who should resist him. Napoleon received this despatch in the night, and at daybreak was marching forward at the head of his army. Waking me from my sleep, he said, "You have played the part of Empress long enough; you must now become again the wife of a general. I leave at once; you will accompany me to Strassburg." I was not at all prepared for the journey; for, only a few days before, he had refused to permit me to accompany him on the campaign. A most trivial circumstance had caused him to change his resolution (54). At three o'clock in the morning we were travelling speedily on the Alsace road. My husband scarcely gave me time to throw on a night-cloak, and all my women had left the château *en déshabillé*, with nothing but their night-caps on their heads; so that, when morning came, the officers who accompanied us could scarcely preserve their gravity at seeing me in such a modest plight. Napoleon was extreme in everything, and it was never until the decisive moment came that he expressed his final resolution. I had been so long accustomed to his singular character, that I ceased to be astonished at the striking contrasts which it exhibited. Our journey was full of gaiety; we met sundry original characters on the way, who furnished us abundance of amusement.[1] We arrived at Strassburg. My husband had a secret presentiment that he should return victorious. He said to me, on leaving me, "Josephine watches over all that I love, and my guardian angel will never cease to utter her prayers for the safety and success of her husband."

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[1] Josephine displayed great taste in the selection and arrangement of all that composed her toilet, about which she occupied herself a great deal. Her clothes always fitted her well. Her morning dress, always genteel but simple, became her much better than the more costly and burdensome Court dress, which, though she wore it with ease, seemed to mar her natural gracefulness. She herself gave all orders, as well for dresses and hats as for body-linen. Every six months she repaired to her wardrobe, selected out such objects as she had resolved not to wear again, formed them into parcels, and distributed them among her women.

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[1] One of the finest routes in France is that leading to Strassburg. It is astonishing to see the agricultural wealth of the departments which are traversed by the Marne and Meuse. On leaving Meaux I

He knew me well, that mortal whose astonishing destiny had opened to him the road to the most splendid throne on earth. I cherished not a thought, I formed not a wish, which was not directed to his glory. If certain political drones have dared accuse me of levity in my conduct (55), let those unjust censors remember that it was under the mask of sincere friendship that I sought to overawe certain powerful personages. Had I regarded them with an eye of indifference, they might

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did not witness a single deserted chimney or neglected field. The pastures are admirable. The enormous quantity of fat cattle furnished by the farmers in this region proves the fertility of the soil, and the plenty which they enjoy. The people of Champagne and Lorraine are healthy, vigorous and well clothed; but their beeves and cows are of a poor sort. The Lorraine horses, however (to use the witty remarks of M. Cadet de Gassicourt), look as if they had descended from the one mentioned in the Apocalypse, or the sorry-looking courser of Don Quixote.

Until you reach St. Dizier, the vineyards of Champagne exhibit only vines of small size, all of which are cut off six inches from the ground. From Champagne to Strassburg, the appearance of the vineyards changes; the vines are strong, growing up in two branches in the form of a V, or in one only, and growing about two feet high. The last year's shoot is tied in the shape of a curve, so that each foot of vine looks like a noose for catching rabbits.

From Epernay to Strassburg there is not a village, nor a vineyard, nor a field that has not its crucifix, the most of which are carefully carved in stone. The owner of a house in the faubourg of Nancy had taken down the Virgin from over his door, and replaced it with a bust of Napoleon, with this inscription: "*To Bonaparte, Saviour of the Republic.*" "Of the Republic!" said he, with a laugh; "that association of words seems strange to me, indeed;" which pleased Josephine very much. On leaving the town, she called his attention to a very aged woman who was kneeling on the steps of a chapel. She appeared bathed in tears. On being asked what was the cause have surrounded Napoleon with perils from which no human prudence could have rescued him. Often did I, in concert with him, carry on a correspondence. I flattered all parties (56), for I love to do justice to all. When Napoleon supposed he had grounds of complaint against any of his military officers, I warmly pleaded their cause. To contradict or thwart him was to deprive myself of the means of defending the innocent and unfortunate. He would tell me, "It depends only on me whether I will be rid of that officer. I have only to pronounce his doom."—"You are right," I would reply, "you are right; but such language does not become your generous and noble nature."[1]—"And who can oppose me in it?" was his quick reply.—"Yourself, Napoleon. 'Twould arm against your person a multi-

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of her grief, she replied, "My kind friends, my poor Joseph has been included in the conscription, and for nine days have I come here regularly to make my nine days' prayer (*neuvaine*) that he may draw a good *lot;* and that which he has drawn bears the number 4. Thus I lose not only my grandson, but my prayers also. Nor is this all: my eldest son's daughter was about to marry one of our neighbours, named Michael; and Michael now refuses to marry her on account of Joseph, her brother, being in the conscription. Should my son conclude to procure a substitute for poor Joseph, why, then adieu to Julie's dowry, for he would give her nothing; and that dowry is to be six hundred francs in cash."—"There are a thousand to supply their place," said the Emperor, sending her a bank-note (which she took for an assignat) for that amount; "I want soldiers, and for that purpose I encourage marriages." Josephine charged herself with furnishing the presents for the bride, and sent them to her from Strassburg. She also sent a present to the grandfather, having learnt that he had been attached to the service of Louis XV., a circumstance which, in itself, was sufficient to stimulate her zeal.—*Note Communicated.*

[1] The following is Josephine's portrait of Bonaparte at home:—"He had a fine intellect, a sensible and grateful heart, simple tastes and the qualities of an amiable man; to the sentiments of an honest man he united a prodigious local memory."—*Note Communicated.*

tude of brave men who are necessary to you. Certainly, a great man should fear nothing; but he captivates all hearts when he pardons. The first function of kings and the firmest pillar of a throne is justice." Thus did I, little by little, succeed in influencing his mind, and persuaded him not to issue orders of removal from office or of banishment. Sometimes I forewarned the friends of the man who had excited his vengeance. I often received letters for the Emperor in which the writers solicited the favour of an audience; and, by means of some excuse, I saved the honour and the life of the first dignitaries of the state.

Every courtier that arrived announced to me that each day was marked by a combat. The princes of the Confederation served my husband with zeal; his armies were numerous; they could not but be successful. And yet I was far from being at ease. I was aware that the bombardment of Vienna had commenced; 1,800 shells were thrown into the town in less than four hours; the capital itself seemed on fire. Happily for the inhabitants, the Archduke Maximilian had the command of it; he was touched by a sense of the calamities about to befall them. On learning that the French had passed the Danube, and fearing his retreat might be cut off, he ordered General O'Reilly to capitulate, and evacuate the city; and soon afterwards he who, in thought, was grasping every sceptre in Europe, made his triumphant entry into Vienna (57).

The position of my son in Italy increased my solicitude. I knew that he had experienced some reverses by which he had been forced to retrograde to the Adige; but he soon informed me that he had, in his turn, been so successful as to assume the offensive, and had gained repeated victories over the Archduke John, one of the Generals-in-chief of the Austrian army.

As yet peace was afar off. Napoleon passed over to the island of In-der-Lobau[1] to reconnoitre the position of the left bank, and to fix upon his future field of battle. "The hour of glory" (my husband wrote me) "has again sounded for the brave; on the 21st of May, 1809, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Austrians showed themselves." The Duke of Rivoli defended Gros-Aspern, the Duke of Montebello (Lannes) protected Essling.[2] Prodigies were wrought on both sides; but the French, as was usual, remained masters of the field of battle. The courier of May 22nd brought me the news that the attack was recommenced with the same energy and obstinacy, but that the Danube had become swollen in so extraordinary a manner that it had broken up all the bridges communicating with the little island from the right bank of the river, and from the little island to the island of Lobau; that the ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that the fire of musketry had in consequence almost ceased. The Austrians saw this, and redoubled their activity. When the courier who brought me the news left, death was flying through the French ranks; many generals died with arms in their hands. The Duke of Montebello had his thigh shot off, and his life was despaired of. The loss of this illustrious general and companion of my husband's glory cost me tears of sincere sorrow. Lannes had never concealed from him the truth; he talked to him like a soldier, and his frankness was occasionally displeasing to the new sovereign. The Emperor often said, "General Lannes is a soldier."—"Yes," said I, "and, according to my opinion, he combines in himself the talents of a man of genius. The Duke of Montebello is not an orator, but he presents an example; and the day you shall lose that illustrious captain, the brightest jewel of your crown grows pale." Marshal Lannes (58) passed to immortality in the footsteps of those heroes whom the world has a right to surname *Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche.*

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[1] One of the two which divide the Danube into three channels, in front of Ebersdoff.

[2] At the battle of Essling, as all the world knows, two regiments of the Imperial Guard (the grenadiers and chasseurs) performed prodigies of valour. Towards the close of the action, at about six o'clock p.m., the Duke of Montebello (Lannes) came on foot to head-quarters, where these regiments were, followed by one of his aides-de-camp. Observing them entrenched in a ditch, and almost destitute of ammunition, he said to them with an air of sadness, "My friends, you are well off here." His aide-de-camp proposed that he should mount on horseback, but he declined, saying, "Why let it be known that there is anybody here?—'tis useless." He returned the way he came, and, in ten minutes after, received the blow which tore him from France and his friends.

I was acquainted with the wife of that general, and was sincerely attached to her. I partook of her griefs. At Court she was distinguished as well by the rank she occupied as by her personal qualities. The Duchess of Montebello had the double merit of goodness and beauty. But I was far from supposing that she would be able to fill the first place in France, near the person of the woman who, in a short time, was to reign *en souveraine* over the heart of my husband. But I will not hasten the march of events, for fear of inverting their natural order. Besides, I shall but too soon have finished writing the bright pages of my history, and its sad moments will come soon enough—soon enough—to be traced by my pen! I shall not fear to say that the wife of Marshal Lannes has, by her conduct towards me, earned the tribute of my gratitude. Till my last moment I shall be proud to count her in the number of my sincere friends.

At this time a report was circulated of the death of Generals Du Ronel and Foulers. These two distinguished officers had been made prisoners at the battle of Essling. Napoleon was enraged against M. de Chasteler for the active part he had taken in stirring up the insurrection in the Tyrol. He would not recognise him as a general in the Austrian service, and in a moment of anger had ordered him to be sent before a military commission. But the Emperor of Germany announced to my husband, formally, that he would compel the French officers who had fallen into his hands to undergo the same fate which the chief of the French army proposed to inflict upon General Count Chasteler. Whereupon Napoleon declared that he would have the Princes Callovedo and Metternich, and Counts Pergen and Hardeck sent to France as hostages. But he finally yielded to the powerful entreaties of others, and those illustrious personages did not quit the Austrian capital. Thus all his threats terminated ineffectually.

I regularly received the news from him—a thing which by no means relieved me of a perpetual inquietude, ever fearful, as I was, of hearing that the only man on earth for whom I desired to live had sunk beneath such accumulated efforts. The arm of treason is, indeed, but the arm of an obscure and guilty man, possessing the talent of attacking in the dark, rather than of defending in open day. But such a man might be found, and the Emperor might fall by his strokes (59). But I must believe that Destiny, which keeps constant watch over the fortunes of mortals, had, in its wisdom, determined that he should yet astonish the world with the most memorable of all his victories. That great action was to make him forget his most solemn promises, and to furnish an occasion for tarnishing his name with an act of perjury. In gaining the battle of Wagram (60), the ambitious Napoleon could perceive no limits to his future power. He was enabled to prescribe to Austria every condition which it pleased him to impose upon her. An alliance with the august daughter of the Cæsars did not appear to him impossible; and hence, in order to attain that end he used all his means to render the conclusion of peace difficult. He assumed to be, and became, its supreme arbiter. The Emperor of Germany was not able to propose a single article—it was Napoleon alone who dictated every one of them.

Thus did he promise himself to consolidate his great edifice. He thought it necessary to let political events proceed—and still, for a time, his compass received a right direction.

Bonaparte readily granted an armistice to the Emperor Francis, though he often threatened to take away his sceptre, as well as those of all the princes of his house. But my husband had formed still bolder designs, and, to ensure their execution, he purposed to include them in the necessary conditions of the peace he was about to grant to the House of Austria.

He, however, occupied himself in overturning the fortifications of Vienna. According to his ideas, a capital which contains a large population never ought to think of defending itself. He chose for his residence the château of Schœnbrunn (61). Here he was able to appreciate the happy qualities of the Princess Maria Louisa, one of the nieces of Maria Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI. She was not, at the time, able to follow her family, who had just left Vienna in great haste, in order to save themselves from the dominion of the conqueror. The princess preferred the residence of Schœnbrunn to all the other delightful palaces of the Emperor her father. Indeed, a serious indisposition prevented her from leaving her apartment. What must have been the feelings of the archduchess on seeing the Emperor of the French come to sit, as it were, on the throne of her ancestors? What must have been her surprise on seeing the man who had, so recently, twice threatened to wrest from her parents their diadem, who had so lately carried fire and sword through her country, and who now, perhaps, meditated possessing himself of her person? But no! to her eyes, Bonaparte seemed only an extraordinary man. On seeing him, she augured that she should be able to obtain from him a promise of safety to her family; but she did not think it her duty to descend to humiliating supplications. She told him, with a noble air, that she was fulfilling the wishes of her father in receiving him at Schœnbrunn, and in the most distinguished manner. It appeared that the conqueror was quite sensible of these marks of consideration, lavished upon him by the archduchess. "She has done well" (he wrote to me) "thus to conduct herself towards me; with me, one gains everything who possesses the skill to appreciate me."

Alas! the unfortunate princess did this with no other intention than to render my husband less unjust; perchance, even, she feared the influence of a victorious sovereign. Napoleon, however, conducted himself like a true Scipio; and the daughter of the Cæsars had occasion only to applaud herself for the generous hospitality she extended to him.

It is not difficult for me to understand the noble moderation which he exhibited on that occasion. Bonaparte, better perhaps than any other man, knew how to respect female virtue. It produced upon him such an impression, that I have often seen him carefully measure his words, and adroitly dissemble his thoughts and his character, while in the presence of a mother, or of a young lady whose heart, as he used to say, "had the virginal tint." On such occasions, that strange man could control his passions, and overawe those most perverse men who continually surrounded him.

CHAPTER VIII

When Napoleon had planted his eagles upon the ramparts of Vienna,[1] the conqueror no longer thought anything impossible for him. All the kings and other princes who had been steadfast in their friendship for him, acquired new accessions of territory. He wrote to the senate as follows:—

"The Illyrian provinces will reach beyond Venice, the frontier of my grand empire. A neighbour to the Emperor of Constantinople, I shall be enabled to control the commerce of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, provided the Porte shall avoid the mischievous influence of England; but I know how to punish it, if it suffer itself to be governed by cunning and perfidious advisers. By adding to my titles that of Mediator, I furnished to the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, and in so doing I have put an end to the inquietude which had prevailed in the midst of that faithful and generous nation.

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[1] At the famous battle of Wagram the Archduke Charles weakened his centre, in order to strengthen his wings. His object was to keep the French out of Vienna. During this time there was an extraordinary ferment in the capital, and the situation of the strangers who remained there became perilous. The Austrian right wing far outflanked our left, and the cannonade, slowly approaching Vienna, induced the citizens, who were prohibited from mounting the ramparts, to believe that the French were beaten. The report was spread that all Frenchmen within the city would be put to the sword, but there is no proof of such a threat having been made; and, however that may be, Napoleon ordered the Duke of Rivoli, afterwards Prince of Essling, who had been wounded two days before, and who was borne about, sometimes on a litter, and sometimes in his carriage, to advance with a reserve of 40,000 men, composed, in part, of the Young Guard and the Horse-Guard, and 100 pieces of artillery. The Austrian left and centre were soon broken, and the roar of the artillery died away in the distance. With it sank the hopes of the agitators in Vienna, and the Frenchmen resident there were delivered from their threats and insults.

The next morning, Bonaparte said to one of his best generals, embracing him, and making him a marshal of the empire, "'Tis to you, and the artillery of my guard, which you commanded, that I am chiefly indebted for this day's success." Then, turning to General Lauriston, he added, "Let me know the names of the brave men who have distinguished themselves in this great battle."—"'Tis impossible to name each one to Your Majesty," answered the general; "all alike have done their duty."

"Holland, situated between England and France, is generally crushed by these two great Powers; and still Holland is the very home of my commercial marine. Some changes will become indispensable. The security of my frontiers and the interest, rightly understood, of the two countries imperiously demand them.

"My jealousy is not excited by the fact that my ally, the Emperor of Russia, has embosomed in his vast estates Finland, Moldavia and Wallachia.

"When I shall again show myself beyond the Pyrenees the affrighted Leopard will seek the ocean to escape defeat, disgrace or death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of a genius from heaven over one from hell, of peace over war, of tranquillity over discord. My friendship and my protection will, I trust, restore prosperity and happiness to the people of Spain."

Thus did he firmly believe that he directed the winds of Fortune, and regulated the fate of empires. Behold how the great part of mankind suffer themselves to be blinded or dazzled by a few rays of prosperity; they slumber in the bosom of a happiness which is illusory; and their waking almost always destroys the delicious dreams which have lulled them.

Napoleon carefully concealed from me his newly-formed intentions with respect to the estates of the Church. He practised a stratagem towards the Holy Father, under the pretext of obtaining his permission to march his army through his provinces. From Vienna he wrote to the Pope, assuring him of his friendship and goodwill. Scarcely had he received the letter of Pius VII., granting his request, and assuring him protection for himself and his army, when the French made themselves masters of the Roman Campagna. They fixed their head-quarters in the suburbs of the city of the Scipios, and measured with tranquil eye the extent of the ancient Forum, where they formed a camp of observation.

It was thought that the spiritual sovereign would see his interest in joining in the offensive league against the English. "The successor of St. Peter," said Napoleon to some of his confidential friends, "has no other means of preserving his tiara." But he soon received the answer of the august head of the Church: "It is not my duty," said he, "to undertake a war against any nation. My ministry is a ministry of peace. In the ports of my dominions all civilised people must find safety, the means of subsistence, and perpetual protection." Napoleon might have expected just such an answer; indeed, he would have been greatly embarrassed had the Pope adopted his projects. He wanted to be absolute master of all the temporalities of the Church. "I am," said he, "the heir of Pepin, and, like him, I send you a decree passed in my imperial camp at Vienna, whence I direct you to take possession of the domains granted to the sovereign pontiffs through the munificence of the father of Charlemagne—to declare Rome an imperial and free city. And I grant, by way of compensation, and of my own free will, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, in order merely to sustain his spiritual dignity, 2,000,000 francs in rents, which shall be his yearly allowance."

"I am fully aware, Monsieur le General M——," said Napoleon, in a secret note to the governor of Rome, "I am fully aware that I am entering into an open war with the whole Sacred College. You have already informed me that a bull of excommunication may be hurled against me, my aiders and abettors. You, sir, are of the number; but don't play the part of the courtiers of Gregory V.[1] As it respects me, I shall never be so submissive a son as Robert the Pious—God save me from resembling that saintly King!—that will not settle our affairs. And, after all, you are one of the persons most interested in them." A few days after, he wrote to Berthier, to whom he had given the title of Prince of Wagram, that he was "not easily frightened." "The celestial thunders," said he, "will occasion fewer ravages in France, it seems to me, than the thunders terrestrial. 'Tis not for me to tremble before the first of priests; let him fear to provoke me; for in that case I may take a fatal resolution. Who knows but I might imitate Henry VIII.? Like him, I feel that I have strength and courage enough to cause myself to be declared the protector of a new Church; and in regard to the Romish clergy, God knows what might be the result."[1] Thus spake he to one whom he honoured with his particular friendship. But the secret order was already given to seize the Holy Father at his capital, and hold him as a prisoner of war.

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[1] Pope Gregory V., at a grand council held at Rome, excommunicated Robert, the 36th King of France, as well as the bishops who had counselled him to espouse Bertha, his cousin-german, sister of Raoul the Lazy, King of Burgundy, one of whose children he had held at the baptismal font. He enjoined it upon Robert to quit the wife whom he loved, and to consent to see his marriage dissolved, without making the least opposition to it, threatening that in case he did not separate from her immediately, his kingdom should be placed under an interdict. The King refusing to submit to a decree which seemed to him contrary to the interests of the state, witnessed an immediate cessation of divine service. The sacrament was no longer allowed to the living, nor burial to the dead. The people, overwhelmed by this terrible blow, humbly submitted to the Pope's orders. All the King's domestics abandoned him except two or three, who carefully passed through the fire whatever the King touched, in order to purify it, throwing to the dogs whatever was left at his meals, as nobody dared eat the meats he had touched. 'Twas these rigours, and not, as Mezaray says, his wife giving birth to a monster with neck and feet like a gosling (which certain miracle-mongers pretended was the fact), which finally constrained the King to separate from her. Nothing could conciliate the Pope's favour; the unhappy Bertha was legally divorced, without, however, giving up her title of Queen.

The cardinals who were the most faithful to Chiara-

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[1] And yet Napoleon was very sensitive in respect to the bull fulminated against him by Pope Pius VII. In vain did he attempt to dissemble; and it is equally true that he showed his contempt for it on numerous occasions. "'Tis a small matter," said he to Josephine, "for Ali Bonaparte" (alluding to the name he bore in Egypt) "to be driven from the Church. But the descendants of the Leaguers of the sixteenth century might be able to circumvent the understandings of the Frenchmen of the nineteenth century; and, without being as credulous as their predecessors, the latter are not less superstitious. I will punish with circumspection, and not with severity, the partisans of the Holy See. I hate the propagators of new doctrines. They seem to me ever disposed to disturb the tranquillity of the states which are so unfortunate as to contain them."

In obedience to Napoleon's orders, the strictest search was made in all departments for the Pope's bull of excommunication. It is inconceivable what a number of persons were arrested in consequence of this measure. Every copy of the bull that chanced to be found was torn in pieces the moment it was seized. Napoleon affected a kind of indifference, although he was not without his secret apprehensions.

"You are accursed of God," said Josephine to him, laughing; "but I continue to pray for you: you know that when at Milan, I monti were carried off from him, and others summoned by the French Government to watch over his person; his friends were again thrown into prison, and the famous dungeon of Vincennes received many of them. As the only favour to himself, Pius VII. asked to be permitted to watch over his flock. He was denied every means of conversing with the persons who were devoted to him. His household troops were disbanded. The Vatican was besieged. An entrance was made at midnight over the palace walls; the windows escaladed; orders were given to rush into the last asylum of the sovereign, unless he should hasten to dress himself in his pontifical robes, and surrender himself into the hands of his persecutors.[1] Carriages had been prepared beforehand, into one of which the venerable old man was placed and locked up

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almost wrought miracles." (Her presence in the cathedral of that city did, in fact, restore to the Catholic worship all its pomp, and to the clergy all their dignity).* Napoleon shook his head, as if he had no confidence in what she hinted at. "But," said she, "beware how you persecute the religion of your fathers. I admit that your power is immense; and who can but tell that, like the Russian autocrat, you may become the visible head of a universal Church? Listen to me; respect the ancient usages; honour God among your people, if you wish your people to honour you. Protect His vicegerent upon earth, if you are anxious to conciliate all parties. Furnish no weapon against yourself, if you want to aid Frenchmen and make them your friends." Thus did that admirable and truly religious woman seek, by adroit means, and without wounding his pride, to bring him back to noble and sublime sentiments. But she did not always succeed.

[1] Several persons who were present at the carrying off of the Pope have assured me that they were forcibly impressed by the gentleness, the angelic resignation and the profound self-denial of the Holy Father. Like Jesus Christ, he said to his cohorts, "My kingdom is not of this world. Do with me as seemeth you good." Many of the French officers shed tears, but did not execute their orders the less strictly.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

* Madame Bonaparte presented to that metropolis costly vases and other ornaments of great magnificence.

with the utmost care. From Rome the carriage was drawn rapidly forward by post horses, without any respect for the great age of the Holy Father, so that the journey became infinitely unpleasant and fatiguing to him. During the whole of the route, the fact was carefully concealed that the Holy Father was a martyr to state policy, for fear of arousing the people, who would have viewed with profound indignation this most outrageous violation of every law, human and divine.

The head of the Church was kept as a prisoner at Savona, from which place, by one of those caprices which were so common to Napoleon, he ordered him to be conducted to Fontainebleau. During part of this campaign, I was sometimes at Mayence and sometimes at the waters of Plombières (62). I enjoyed the pleasure of having at my side my beloved daughter and my niece de Beauharnais.[1] The latter had espoused the Hereditary Prince of Baden. But the lovely Stephanie was not happy in the match, and the two cousins recounted to each other their griefs, in the most touching manner. I endeavoured to tranquillise them both, and to persuade them that the hand of Destiny was preparing for them more pleasing scenes in the bright future. Our conversations upon this subject were frequently renewed, when, one evening, feeling somewhat indisposed, I opened the windows of my chamber in order to enjoy the cool, fresh air. I confess that my imagination, like that of most women, is sometimes romantic—affected by a mere nothing, sporting with a mere nothing. But that fresh evening breeze seemed to me the very image of the peaceful and happy scenes of human life; the sweet scent of orange trees on a neighbouring terrace reminded me of the incense of Courts, the perfumed language of flatterers, and carried me back again in thought to those past painful recollections which I fondly endeavoured for the moment to banish from my mind. The rays of the moon began to enter my apartment, producing moving shadows. While absorbed in a sort of reverie, a sudden start made me sensible that two beings, very dear to me, were watching beside me. They were Hortense and Stephanie, in whom my unusual manner created some alarm. On seeing those loved objects, I pressed each of them to my heart. "Sad, sad victims of ambition!" said I; "happier would you have been, perhaps, had your days been spent in peaceful obscurity!"

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[1] She was the daughter of Senator Beauharnais, the ambassador from Spain. He emigrated during the Revolution, and the viscount, his brother, found means to save a part of his property. He himself possessed but a moderate fortune, while his elder brother enjoyed an annual income from rents of £40,000. But Madame Renaudin, Josephine's aunt, gave her, on her marriage, £150,000; and, besides this, made her costly presents every year. The consequence was that the family was in very easy circumstances. M. de Beauharnais owned lands near Orleans, which Prince Eugene gave up to the use of his uncle during the whole of his exile. Madame Bonaparte took the greatest care of Stephanie, and brought her up with her cousin Hortense.

The raising of these dear children was my work, and my deceived maternal love long depicted their future lot in the most glowing colours. But at length the scales fell from my eyes; my heart became disenchanted, and I saw, alas! the evil I had done in endeavouring to do good. Although bitterly reproaching myself, I had not even the glory of remaining steadfast in the resolution I had taken. After contributing to the unhappiness of my daughter, my firmness again forsook me in regard to my beloved niece; and nothing remained to me but deep regret for having yielded too easily to the recommendations of my husband. Alas! everything conspired to fill my mind with apprehensions, the more cruel because I could see no possibility of preventing the dreadful *dénouement* which awaited us all.

Meanwhile peace was concluded between France and Austria. The treaty was advantageous to Germany.[1] Napoleon, leaving Schœnbrunn, repaired to Munich, where I rejoined him.[2] He remained but a few days in Munich, but proceeded on, paying a visit, in passing, to the King of Würtemberg, his faithful ally. On the 29th of October, 1809, we arrived at Fontainebleau, and remained there until the 14th of November.

I had been for a considerable time separated from the Emperor; but hope had dried up my tears, and his angelic look reassured me when I came to talk with him in confidence. I had great reason to accuse him of indifference, and said to him, "Bonaparte, Fortune is waiting to make you pay dearly for the few moments of happiness you have enjoyed.[1] Cruel friend! cruel man!" I often said to him; "such forgetfulness, such injustice, is incredible![2] Hear me. When the heart is dead to every illusion — when it ceases to hope — what remains to it? What feeling can I express? Is not my fate fixed? Oh, yes; for Josephine all will, perhaps, soon be over!"

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[1] Negotiations were opened at Schœnbrunn. The result was that the Emperor Napoleon, in order to leave an heir to his crown, was to divorce the Empress Josephine, and espouse Maria Louisa of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor with whom he concluded the treaty of peace. The fatal news circulated through the army; every face was covered with gloom; everyone knew what he was to lose, but not what he was to gain, by this step. At the end of three months Napoleon returned to Paris, without visiting Holland, as he had promised to do, in order to give directions for the rebuilding of the walls which had been destroyed by the English during the war which the French had been waging in Germany.

[2] The best proof of Josephine's goodness of heart is found, in her journeys, towards those who composed her suite; and it must be recollected that these journeys were never known more than twenty-four hours before the time of departure, which seldom gave the quartermasters time to prepare lodgings. These were always fixed upon by Napoleon, who took little pains to inform himself about such localities. Whether agreeable or not, it was necessary to reside according to the order.

It was at Fontainebleau that I, for the first time, suspected my husband capable of breaking his most sacred vow.[3] At this epoch he had wounded, and even outraged, my feelings; and yet he remained, in appearance, utterly impassible. Had I been even in the convulsions of despair, a single look of kindness from him would have calmed and restored me. Far from seeming to feel, he remained unmoved, and affected to smile at me with pity. "Bonaparte," said I, in the bitterness of my heart, "'tis thus, then, that you have driven me to weep over my lot, and over yours, and to devour my own tears. But you have so distressed my heart, and uprooted my last hope, that I can now do nothing but pity you, and sigh over your future. My own future lot would trouble me but little, were I not tied to it by a duty which rivets my fetters."

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[1] This passage ought to have been re-touched by the Empress. It would seem that in April, 1814, she re-read the whole of her manuscript, and made erasures and changes in numerous places.

[2] For some time Josephine had observed that his private correspondence had ceased (at least, since the battle of Wagram). They had been in the habit of corresponding by means of certain hieroglyphics. Several couriers had succeeded each other, bringing her official despatches; but no billet in the handwriting of the Emperor was found inside the packet. Such was her mortification at this, that for some days her health, which was usually so good, became visibly affected.

[3] It was on Sunday, on returning from Mass, that Fouché, the minister of police, leading Josephine to the embrasure of a window in the château at Fontainebleau, gave her the first shock on the subject of the divorce, which did not take place till two years after.

The assemblage of nearly all the Kings of Europe now cast a lustre upon the French Court. The fêtes held in honour of the peace were brilliant, indeed, though the majority of the French people believed it would not be durable. Everybody understood the turbulent spirit of the Emperor. Wise men, who were skilled in reading the book of Destiny, only asked for a prolongation of peaceful days; but, as most of his generals had grown rich by the spoils of nations, those ambitious men persuaded their master, under vain pretexts, to break through the solemn treaties which had been entered into. They forgot that treaties are to be regarded as a dyke, whose office is at all times to oppose successfully the destroying torrent of war, which seeks to overwhelm all.

Since the 30th of June, 1808, the day on which the respected and esteemed Belloi, Archbishop of Paris, paid the debt of nature, Napoleon had appointed Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, to discharge the duties of the deceased prelate. But the brother of Madame Letitia did not accept the appointment. His nephew testified much surprise at the refusal, but the cardinal, feeling it to be his duty to persist in it, told him plainly that he would rather be Archbishop of Lyons, installed by the Pope, than Archbishop of Paris without the bulls. My husband, forced to yield, said no more about it; and, to the astonishment of all parties, the famous Cardinal Maury was called to the metropolitan see of the empire.[1] The affairs of the Church were in this sad predicament when Napoleon, the ambitious Napoleon, resolved to carry into execution the most incredible, the most remarkable piece of state policy ever attempted since the too famous separation of Henry IV. from Margaret of Valois—I mean his divorce.

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[1] All Europe has resounded with the name of the celebrated sleeping abbé, lord paramount of eight hundred manors. Elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, he ably sustained the honour of the body he represented at the tribune. He was opposed to the popular opinions of the famous Mirabeau, and contended with that great commoner in taste, knowledge and eloquence. Forced by imperative circumstances to quit France, where his life was threatened, he retired to Rome, where

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mesdames the aunts of Louis XVI. received him with marks of kindness and distinction. He became a member of the Sacred College and Archbishop of Monte-Fiascona. But the French invasion of the Roman states compelled him to choose another country for his residence, and Cardinal Maury was, for a time, the victim of the persecutions aimed at the head of the Church. Having, through the protection afforded him by Jerome Bonaparte, who appointed him his almoner, become more at ease, he again appeared upon the stage, and soon forgot that he owed everything to the Bourbon family. Having attached himself to his new masters, he made it a point to burn incense to the Cæsars who admitted him to their society. Speaking of Cardinal Maury, Bonaparte used to say, "We have each of us been great winners in the lottery of the Revolution—the one governs in temporal, the other in spiritual, affairs. The abbé, like Sextus Quintus, aspires to the tiara, but he shall never have it by my consent; and to prevent it I have caused him to fall out with the Court of Rome. The papal power is, in truth, but a vain chimera; but its religious dogmas will survive it; and the Abbé Maury, appointed Archbishop of Paris by me and for me, will aid me to sustain the redoubtable weight of an excommunication which crushes me and which strikes both alike." He made this remark in the midst of numerous clergymen, who, far from presuming to gainsay it, only shed around him the more plentifully the perfume of the basest flattery. Josephine was not fond of the Abbé Maury, to whom she attributed a Jesuitical ambition. She one day rallied him upon his lucky star. It was the day the prelate delivered a discourse upon the Passion in Notre Dame, before a numerous audience. During the sermon, a lady of high degree took it into her head, in order the better to hear the Christian orator, to go up and seat herself in the pulpit, close by his side. The spectators, scandalised at the sight, manifested their displeasure. The stranger lady, who seemed to think herself in Italy or Germany, where nothing is more common, was forced to withdraw. The archbishop was embarrassed and compelled to resort to his notes to finish his sermon. It thus became apparent that the successor of M. de Belloi was no longer that renowned deputy whose facility in extemporary speaking was once so much lauded.

From the moment he had obtained, with so much ease, the highest dignity in the Church, it was taken for granted that he had but to reach forth his hands in order to grasp the Keys of St. Peter, and that he was holding himself in readiness to chant the *Te Deum!*

CHAPTER IX

The dangers and fatigues of war did not divert Napoleon from his purpose of renouncing me. Calmly did he permit the hours and the days to flow on, which he passed in my society. But now the happy Emperor must needs see whether he was always to be the same Bonaparte for whom Fortune had wrought so many wonders. He thought himself at the apex of his glory; he could defy the universe.

It was six o'clock in the morning; the moon was directing her quiet and silent course towards the western horizon; the dawn of day had just begun to whiten the tops of the houses; the lamps suspended in the court of the Carrousel cast a pale and languid ray. The Emperor had retired into his cabinet with T—— and M——, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise in a room that led to my apartment. He endeavoured to discover what it was, but saw nothing; but a moment afterwards I presented myself before him. "Pardon me," said I, "Bonaparte; but think what a terrible blow is this to a heart as sensitive as mine! I am afraid to offend your delicacy, but my anxiety overcomes me. Believe me, I am devoted to you for ever; believe me, I would pour out my blood to see you permanently happy. But, alas! a sad presentiment teaches me that happiness is no longer ours. Deign, at least, to remember that there is still a woman in this world who lives only for you—who adores you with her whole heart, all unjust as you are to her; a woman who will be ever ready to perform your slightest wish, and who would willingly prove her attachment to you at the expense of her life!" I prepared to leave him, but my husband, left to his own reflections, manifested a simulated sorrow. What struggles took place within him! "Woe to thee, unfortunate man!" I exclaimed, overwhelmed with anguish. "Woe to thee! Thou rushest to thy ruin. Yes, I shall see thee again—I shall yet behold thee, ungrateful man! object too dear to my heart. Yes, in spite of the cruel future which thou art preparing for Josephine, I shall at some future day be able to support and succour thee by my well-weighed counsels."—"Stop, Josephine," said he, "and pity me. I regret to imitate on this occasion the conqueror of the League; but I owe all that I am to my people; I belong wholly to glory. I confess it costs me many a pang to separate from you; but so colossal has become my power, that I must rest it upon foundations whose solidity shall be in harmony with the weight they have to sustain. The Emperor Napoleon needs an heir, and the blood of kings must be proud to mingle with my own."

Such was the language employed by the Emperor on the morning of the day that he signified to me, for the last time, that he had determined to sunder for ever the ties which bound him to me.[1]

"You wish, then, still to add to your glory by means of an august alliance with a great monarch. 'Tis then that you will behold jealousy, envy and hatred arming themselves against you. You will daily exalt yourself in the hope that you are sheltered from all danger, when suddenly a new bolt, as yet hidden in the depths of the clouds of heaven, will leap forth and prostrate you in the dust."

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[1] The Emperor always dined tête-à-tête with Josephine. On the same day, after taking his coffee, he announced to her her divorce. She fainted, and remained insensible for three hours. Napoleon sent for Mademoiselle d'Alberg, who afterwards became dame of honour to Maria Louisa, and committed her to her care; sent for Corvisart; then retired to his own room in a condition difficult to be described.

I then revealed to him what had been told me relative to his design (63). He paid the greatest attention to what I said, and when I had done, he walked to and fro for some moments, in silence; then, a violent agitation was depicted upon his countenance, and finally he stopped short, and asked me particularly who the person was that had discovered his secret.

"Bonaparte,"[1] said I, "you will yet learn how to appreciate men more correctly; you will yet know the danger of asking advice of any but wise and upright persons, who govern their counsels by existing circumstances, and enable you to weigh them in a just balance."

He replied, with a grave and serious air, "All the Powers of Europe will soon cringe under my dominion; I repeat it, I want children to sustain it. Nature does not permit you to fulfil this my most cherished wish. You are wrong, madam, and your cause is lost."

Pierced to the heart by this black ingratitude, I was constrained to appeal to the future. "My friend," said I, "when men refuse to follow the counsels of friendship, it proves that they are unworthy of them; henceforth you will come to misfortune, the wisdom of experience."

Our conversation was about to close, when he pretended to convince me of my error, and vowed that no other woman should ever become his companion, and that he was only trying me.

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[1] When Josephine spoke of her husband she always said, "The Emperor says—the Emperor wishes—the Emperor orders," &c. Very rarely she called him by name in public, and in private it was always "Bonaparte." Ordinarily, when speaking of her, he would say, "Where is the Empress?" or, "I am going to see *my wife*;" but in speaking to her, he most commonly called her "Josephine." On serious occasions he called her "madam," without adding either title or name.

" No, no," said I, with emphasis, " dissimulation is now useless; my anguish will cease only with my life; the project is seriously entertained, and circumstances teach me that you have long been struggling against the desire to communicate it to me." He remained thoughtful; his countenance was clouded over with the deepest sadness; and, with a bitter sigh, I then added, " You propose to enter the august family of one of the greatest monarchs in Europe. Conqueror, ally, or the terror of the other Powers, you will then, more than ever, be persuaded that you can undertake everything with impunity. Seduced by appearances, carried away by unlimited desires, Napoleon wishes to separate from Josephine. Alas! the unwise will see, but see too late, that he sleeps upon the brink of a volcano; his errors will one day produce a terrible eruption. 'Tis true, the blood of kings circulates in the veins of your future companion; you will believe yourself a demi-god, proud mortal! You aim, seconded by your countless legions, so often invincible, to overrun all the countries in the world; but the north wind will blow upon you, and, like an atom, you will disappear from the face of the earth. You wish to enslave nations and sovereigns; alas! beware they do not arouse from their slumbers! They will unite to combat you, and though unconquered, you will be pursued to the very walls of your capital. There, a desire for the peace of Europe and a sense of their own power will dictate a treaty which, while it precipitates this Colossus from a throne which he fondly imagined to be unassailable, will banish him beyond the seas, and proscribe even his name; this, this is the arrow which most keenly pierces my afflicted heart! This is the deep wound which will give me unceasing agony!"

I was in despair. Bonaparte, becoming at length touched by what I said, repeated his vow that no human power should ever sunder a bond which was so sacred; that he had sworn it before God and man. "Ah!" said I, on leaving him, "fear to perjure yourself, and remember that Josephine, at all times and in all places, will be your truest friend" (64).

I passed some days in sorrowful apprehension. I observed that he seemed to take particular pains to avoid me, fearing, as he told Fouché and other confidential friends, another tragical scene. "I tried," said he, "to trace out for myself a line of conduct from which I was not to deviate, and to maintain my resolution; but the moment I was with Josephine, I became the feeblest of men. I forgot my purpose, and thought only of the heroic attachment which that woman had evinced for me ever since we were united."

Returned from Fontainebleau, my husband could no longer dissemble his real position. I loved him too sincerely not to shudder at the idea of an eternal separation. I saw it approaching, and painfully calculated the consequences. The thought of the culpable indifference of that man, for whom I had done everything, could not fail to afflict deeply a heart as tender as my own. A stranger to Court intrigues, I knew nothing of that mental torment, that unquiet activity, which leads those who lust after dignities to attempt any enterprise, however perilous. Alas! tears of sorrow, and not of repentance alone, moistened my eyelids. Let me, if I must, be miserable; but I shall for ever remain united in thought to the fortunes of my husband. 'Tis true, the too great elevation to which his pride hath raised us, and which it was certainly difficult to maintain, testifies in favour of the maxim, "that ambition must ever advance with the same ardour." But, alas, filled with deep humility, I sometimes pray the Eternal to cast upon Napoleon a look of mercy!

CHAPTER X

What tumultuous dreams, chasing each other like boisterous waves, have dashed against my senses during my sleep! How did I wander from woe to woe! The horrors of despair filled me with imaginary misfortunes. And what gained I by waking from that trance of sorrow, and recovering my reason? Alas! I only exchanged ills for ills, and found the reality still more terrible than the fiction. The days were too short for the utterance of my griefs; the night, yes, the darkest night, even when enveloped by its profoundest shadows, was less sad than my fate—less gloomy than my soul!

Such were the reflections which besieged my mind on witnessing, each morning, the renewal of my accustomed torments.

On the 11th of November, 1809, a night sadly memorable to me, my mind was oppressed with a dream[1] which, for some moments, really agitated me. But my imagination soon reverted to more agreeable recollections. I often resorted to Malmaison, to forget the Tuileries and the courtiers who thronged there.[1]

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[1] At the time of Napoleon's forsaking her, Josephine dreamed that she was surrounded by a prodigious number of serpents, which coiled themselves together, and entwined themselves around her in the manner represented in the celebrated picture of Laocoön. The serpent which coiled itself around her left hand, and bit its own tail, presaged immortality for her. The reptiles, gradually relaxing themselves, crawled away from her, and approached her husband, whom they embraced in the same way, and squeezed almost to suffocation; which foretold that the memory of the wife would be cherished by posterity, while that of the husband, misled by the flatterers who surrounded and advised him, would fall a victim to his own ingratitude.—"*Prophetic Souvenirs*," page 501.

'Twas here (I thought to myself) that, for the first time in my life, I tasted the pleasures of a tranquil and solitary life—'twas here that the hand of Good Fortune at times presented me her enchanted cup—here that my husband appeared, like a star from the banks of the Nile, upon the borders of the Seine! He came, as it now seems to me, to carry me off from the asylum my heart had chosen, where, during his long absence, I had strayed, followed by his image; and where, absorbed in perusing the annals of the glory of France, I found everywhere upon its brilliant page the name of him who was its chief and most illustrious architect. "Happy, happy illusions!" was all that my sighing accents could repeat.

At other times I could see before me nothing but a long series of ills and sorrows. The path I was now to tread was beset with thorns; I felt their deadly points at every step. It seemed to me that the earth was but my place of punishment; everything reminded me of my happy days, and I felt that my soul would soon leap and fly away into other realms than this. My imprisoned spirit strove to relieve itself from its painful confinement and be free. I asked Madame Rochefoucauld, who was my friend, whether it was a crime for a wife who had done all in her power for her husband, and who was about to be forsaken in so dastardly a way, to recover her liberty. God is just, for he is God! He calls me to Himself. I see, He opens His arms to receive me; He offers me an asylum in His bosom.[1] Will He punish me for my weakness? Does His law require me to support a burden which crushes me? Why does He will that I should live a few moments longer? Must I not die? Josephine, forsaken by him who was her all, cares not for life. My life is of no more account in my Creator's eyes than that of the organised atoms which we crush beneath our feet. Though it is certain that He has placed man in the highest rank of His creatures, yet can I be so foolish as to suppose myself of more importance than the thousands whom war has cut off? Were those victims to the ambition of princes born to be the cannon's exclusive prey? In making this last reflection, I was, I confess, tortured to madness by the memory of the past. I tried to call Reason to my aid, but she fled from my sight. I had lost all energy, and was a prey to hopeless discouragement. "Ah!" cried I, "pity him, O ye his friends! Tremble at the fate of him who has so long astonished the world—him whose wonderful fame and continued prosperity——" In the midst of these reflections, M. de B—— brought me a note from the Emperor enjoining me to repair immediately to the palace.

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[1] However apparent may be the intimacy of two courtiers, do not believe in it. The more each one comes into favour, the more they fear and hate each other.

Nothing is so embarrassing to a woman of sensibility as to find herself in the presence of a man who is a dissembler, to whom she cannot freely communicate the indignation which she feels.

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[1] It is quite probable that Josephine had a gloomy presentiment that her separation from her husband would be followed by the worst consequences to them both; and she said, confidentially, to some of her friends, that unknown causes would one day hurl him from the throne, that his fall would be terrible, and that she would that she could then say, with the daughter of the Desert, "Happy they who have not seen the smoke of the stranger's feasts, and who sit not at the banquet of their fathers!"

I could not remain longer in this cruel state of uncertainty, and said to my beloved daughter, who sought in vain to dry my tears, "I must now for the last time have an explanation with my husband; this same Bonaparte, who once honoured me with his confidence, must show me that esteem and that attachment which a woman like me must never lose."

I requested Maréchal Duroc to inform his master that I asked the favour of a private conversation with him.

While waiting to obtain it, I went into the saloon, where the company was numerous and conversation animated.

I conversed successively with the *maréchaux* and the chief dignitaries of the empire. The wives of several officers of the Emperor's guard were presented to me, and I also gave the prefects of the departments a friendly and flattering reception. I noticed that the grand chamberlain, who was at my side, wore a distracted and constrained look, which led me to suppose that he was already apprised of the kind of reception I should meet with from Napoleon.

I had been informed that perfidious reports had been made to the Emperor respecting the Viceroy of Italy, and that his father-in-law had become sombre, and suspicious that he might encounter in Eugene a William III.

On this occasion I presented myself before my husband with a calm air, and, with restrained indignation, addressed him thus:—"If, in your eyes, my crime is that I have spoken to you the language of truth, I have resolved, firmly, to render myself still more guilty on this occasion. I will prove to you, Bonaparte, with the boldness and force which belong to your own character, that I am your best friend. I do not reproach you for the injustice with which you have treated me for some time past, I only ask of you the favour to give me the names of the poltroons who have permitted themselves to cast upon the Prince, my son, the poison of their calumny. They must have little honour, indeed, to dare asperse his character in the dark! I defy them all, here, in your presence. But no! a calumniator can never endure the presence of a brave man. I flatter myself that you will be the first to name his accuser. Ah! learn better to appreciate the soul of Eugene—that respectful son who will ever be mindful of your august protection! While Heaven shall preserve his being, it will be his pleasure to make known to the world that you have been a father to him, and that it is to your kindness that he is indebted for his rapid advancement and for his prosperity. And if he has become the husband of an illustrious princess, that is also your work. Then enjoy, peaceably, the fruits of the favours you have heaped upon him. Never imagine that ingratitude can get possession of his heart; believe that he shares the sentiments of his mother; and believe, also, that both of them give you the highest proof of their devotion by daring to speak to you the language of truth."

Bonaparte gazed at me with a look impossible to describe. His head was resting in his two hands—he seemed almost dying.

After remaining some time without speaking, he commenced reading a despatch which R. de S. J. d'A—— had placed in his hands. But the sudden revolution which his feelings had undergone could not be concealed. He made a sign signifying that he was going to read the document, and, with a motion as quick as thought, broke the seal and commenced the perusal.

"Shall I wait for an answer?" asked R. de S. J. d'A——.

"No," said the hesitating monarch; "I intend to give an answer in person, but not just now." He finished reading it, rose, and made a gesture dismissing me.

I no longer doubted that his resolution was taken. That document related to me; everything showed me that measures were being taken to consummate my ruin. Bonaparte's family had long since prepared the way, and Murat, the perfidious Murat, was constantly exulting over it.

Alas, it was now time for me to come to a firm resolution! Fouché came and informed me that my separation was definitively decreed by the Council of State. I was aware that Cambacérès had proposed to elevate Lucien's eldest daughter to the rank of Empress. But such a marriage would not have accomplished the ambitious views of Napoleon. He told the arch-chancellor on the spot, "Prince, your proposition is inadmissible; I want a Princess; the only business before you is to designate her to me. Alexander has a young sister who would suit me perfectly. But I cannot conceal the fact that the ladies at his Court do not regard me with much favour; everything proves that I should there be rejected.[1] I might form an alliance with Spain, were it not that, situated as we now are, it would do me more hurt than good. Let us direct our researches to another quarter." Maréchal Berthier proposed an alliance with Germany; the master seemed to relish this project. Fouché opposed it on the ground that it was both dangerous and impolitic. "You are right," Monsieur le Duc," interrupted Napoleon, with vehemence, "you are right, provided the lady I propose to marry shall, in regard to me, bear any title but that of my wife. I listen cheerfully to the advice of the Empress Josephine, because she is my best friend, and because she has, like me, known how to travel, with courage, the rugged road to fortune; and I think that the woman who shall occupy her post at my Court will have some difficulty in replacing her in my affections. She will act her part—I reserve my own to myself. Gentlemen, I am going to ask for an archduchess. Her father is not in a condition to refuse me, and his subjects will, by means of this alliance, be less unhappy. Josephine, it gives me pleasure to repeat, is worthy of my attachment and my gratitude. Her son, a model of talent and virtue, became my son by the most solemn engagement. I admit that Eugene is worthy to succeed me. France and Europe would applaud the adoption. But my present policy demands, imperatively, that the bonds which unite me to his mother should be severed, and that I should ally myself to the blood of monarchs. My will shall encounter no obstacle—I must lead to the altar a new wife, in the midst of a cortège

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[1] It appears from the most correct and authentic documents that the two Empresses of Russia (the Empress Dowager and the Empress Regent) were decidedly opposed to the ambitious plans of Napoleon, and that, in the name of their family, they refused any alliance with him. The Grand Duchess Catherine of Würtemberg was then proposed to him, but Anne, the wife of His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, had flattered her quite too much; he was refused. On the 9th of December, 1809, the Empress Josephine confidentially informed some of her friends that Napoleon's marriage was decreed by the two

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Courts, and that it would take place. On some one observing that such a union seemed impossible, she replied, "Well, then, he can only turn his eyes towards Germany; but that would only be to place arms in the hands of Austria. During the minority of Louis XIV., she showed too well her skill in using them."

of kings; and who knows but the next year will witness the birth of an heir to my power and my name?"

Thus did he reason—that man who, without a guide, was about to set out upon a new career. He still sought to aggrandise himself; and, henceforth, everyone would take pleasure in caressing and corrupting him, and in lavishing upon him their flatteries, in order to ruin him. I could not, of course, but feel the deepest anxiety respecting his future fortunes. Time should have taught him to regard me as his indulgent judge and his true Mentor. And I fondly cherished the chimerical hope that my husband would, finally, listen to the inspirations of wisdom and the counsels of prudence. But no! In a moment of enthusiasm, occasioned by his approaching marriage, he dared to say to me, and on the eve of our separation, that he now "believed himself led on by Fortune; that she was about to place his authority between two hearts which a natural sympathy attracted towards each other; that this newly-formed attachment had inspired him with the resolution to exile me to Italy; that it was important to his repose that no one should penetrate the mystery of his destiny; that he should be continually tormented by my reflections should I remain in France; that he regretted my loss sincerely, but that he had sworn to sacrifice all that he held most dear (65). "Ah! my friend," continued he, "the curse attached to my destiny, should I not keep that fatal oath, has frozen or destroyed all the flattering chimeras which enticed me to mount the throne. I now perceive the dangers which await me. You have judged rightly respecting the defects of my character. Ruled by a burning imagination, whose promptings I find it glorious to obey, I have spent my life in continual activities, which have left me not one moment of time to fulfil my duties as an initiate of the sect of the Egyptians.[1]

"Thirsting for renown, persuading myself that the eulogies of men lift to immortality him who is their object, I have only aimed to acquire glory. I have obtained great successes, and pursued, without relaxation, the phantom of felicity. I have sacrificed everything to my ambition. What have I gained by so many efforts, so much toil and suffering? I have inspired envy and provoked ingratitude. I have overturned a portion of Europe, without being able to seize happiness, which, I find, still outstrips me. Many have been the conquests I have made; but that conquest still eludes me. My ministers and my generals I have enriched, without having the luck to find a true friend; and, deceived by almost every one of those who owe to me their fortunes and the high rank they occupy, I am not even able to preserve to myself the companion who has ever inspired me with love. You must admit that my situation is, indeed, unhappy!"

I comprehended nothing of all this. How did it happen that he was bound by a solemn promise to leave me? He had not, he said, that sweet consolation which always remains to a feeling heart. It was then in vain for me to solicit his confidence, which I had ever ardently done. It was easy for me to see that he was unhappy; that he was the victim of treacherous advice. So far my own sagacity carried me; but, as to the motive which provoked his divorce, it was a mystery which my most attentive observation could not fathom. "Bonaparte," said I, "is the time to pass away thus without bringing any change to my painful state? And is your brazen sceptre to smite down, without pity, all the flowers of my existence?"

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[1] Bonaparte was initiated, at Grand Cairo, in the mysteries of which Egypt was the cradle, and whereof a small number of adepts have preserved the memory.

My husband was in tears; his anguish burst forth. But withdrawing himself from my arms, for fear of disclosing his secret, he exclaimed, "I have made fruitless efforts, Josephine, to forget what I owe to you. I feel a secret instinct which I cannot prevent; my heart feels a keener pang than yours. I would, by far, that you should submit to no sway but that of my benefits; for I know that, in return for them, I should have your care, your love and your respect." In uttering these words, he laid his hands upon the one he was about to sacrifice in an attitude of sorrowful resignation to his fate; and one would have said that he was already mourning for a guardian angel, about to be exiled from the palace by his orders. I stood mute; silence and grief spoke for me. A deep sob escaped him. I scarcely heard it; a new perplexity, mingled with hope and pleasure, got complete possession of him. His mind was filled with uncertainty, his heart with anguish. It was possible that I might have been the victim of a fatal secret; but I could no longer keep silence. Agitated by indescribable emotions, I exclaimed:

"Ah! who shall now dare separate us? Pardon my presumption. What earthly power shall, so long as I live, so long as I breathe, so long as I shall have the least sentiment of existence, force me to abandon the rights with which, from this decisive moment, I feel myself invested? No! our destinies are indissolubly linked together. All temporising, all delays, all disguise must now be renounced.—Why this sudden fright? Why that terrified look? Can you repent of having shown a little sensibility, a symptom of compassion? Oh, Bonaparte, put an end to this unexampled mystery! I am your own; I am yours to my latest breath—yours by the most sacred engagements, even beyond this life! You weep, Bonaparte![1] 'tis not with grief. Tell me your situation; lay open your heart to me. Here, on this sacred spot, hereafter the happier for it, where, for the first time, you have caused a ray of hope to flash upon my eyes—here let our faith, our vows, be pledged for eternity."

Bonaparte, with a downcast, haggard look, and a hollow voice, was lying upon a sofa, where he had thrown himself, to calm his agitation and enjoy a moment's rest. Raising my hands to heaven, I said to my husband, "Let me not be a subject of discord between you and your family because I cannot fulfil a wish implanted by Nature! Oh, let those who wish to precipitate me into this abyss but be acquainted with my heart! Let them know that I have no other desire than to see peace reigning in France!" and I passed out of the Emperor's cabinet to conceal my tears. "Loved victim of the inconstancy of men," said I, in placing my foot upon the threshold, "if thou forsakest, what friend will pity me?" My grief was so profound that I was afraid the lamp of reason would go out—my husband's was perfectly heartrending, for it was the expression of remorse.[2]

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[1] This conversation was once related to me by a man who heard it. Josephine further said to him, "Should you be seen in such a condition, what would your courtiers say? And you, moreover, who pretend to awe the world—you are the weakest of men. You have, at this moment, lost the power of willing. My courage greatly surpasses yours, for I know how to restrain myself."

[2] The Emperor, that man so taciturn, so cold, who at all times seemed incapable of emotion, did not know how to resist the supplications of a woman. And that was his sole motive for carefully sending away on grave occasions all those ladies who had claims on account of their husbands. It was the only weakness to be detected in his character.

CHAPTER XI

THERE is upon this earth a being whom I love with all the faculties of my soul, whose life is to me a hundred times dearer than my own; a being for whom alone I live and breathe in this world; a being to whom I am united by a most sacred bond, which I have a thousand times blessed; a being whom I love still as in the most blissful moments of our union! Happy to be near him, happy to keep a constant watch over his fortunes, I lulled myself with the pleasing dream, a dream which for me had all the charms of reality, that I should never leave him; and the thought was, indeed, consoling that I should die at his side, and consecrate my last breath to him.

But, alas! he fixed the day of our separation.[1] He was capable of naming a time when I should see him no more! and that fatal day had already begun to dawn; its morn was advancing with the lightning's speed. Yes, that cruel day, which should never have dawned upon me, approached as rapidly as the days of my felicity had departed! and those, alas, Heaven knows how soon they were eclipsed! An ingrate never more quickly let go the hand which had conferred favours upon him.

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[1] The arch-chancellor Cambacérès was charged to announce to Josephine the fact of her divorce. That afflicted woman replied to him in these brief terms: "Since it is out of my power to make France happy, I desire that another woman, more fortunate than I, may do so." Cambacérès retired, and made his report to the Emperor.

In receiving his visits, the Empress concealed the mortification which devoured her, and endeavoured to console those who sorrowed over her lot. After a painful interview with the Emperor, which lasted more than three hours, the husband and wife separated; both were in tears. But the Empress, on that trying occasion, displayed the native grandeur of her character; she seemed even to encourage the man who, weaker than Antiochus, surnamed the Divine, in the presence of Queen Laodicea, seeking, through pride, the support of another Ptolemy Philadelphus, feared, and had good ground to fear, to separate himself, not from another Berenice, but from a faithful wife and a generous friend.—*Note Communicated.*

I have said that Bonaparte's habitual distrust of me had caused him carefully to avoid me. For some hours I remained alone, absolutely alone. A great noise was heard in the palace; persons were coming and going; they seemed to talk to each other in a hurried manner; and at length I learned that the Emperor had sent sealed letters to all the great dignitaries of the empire, as well as to his principal officers, and that the members of the imperial family were invited to assemble, after dinner, in the palace of the Tuileries. At this I felt indignant, and rose to go to him. Like a light whose last ray is expiring, but still preserves a feeble radiance, I saw that my last hope was nearly extinguished; and yet I was seeking to reanimate its dying spark, when, alas! my son suddenly entered, and undeceived me.

He told me that Napoleon required him to carry to the senate the decree that was to dissolve my marriage (66). "Think, madam," said the prince, "what must be my feelings! On the one hand, the ambition of the Emperor, as unjust as it is daring, will plunge us into an abyss of misfortunes—for by repudiating a wife who smoothed his way to the throne, he is preparing himself to lose it, perhaps for ever. On the other, I cannot forget what I owe to him as my benefactor and my guide; as the man who has been to me a father. 'Tis not as a sovereign that my affections cling to him, but as the husband of my mother; and I owe him, as such, respect and obedience;

and yet I am required to present to the world the spectacle of a son whose deep afflictions cannot make him forget the duty of submission to the sovereign who has deigned to befriend him." Never having learned the art of lying, Eugene was not at all versed in the tactics of the world. He sought to conceal neither his thoughts, his desires, nor his actions; and he therefore trod a thorny path when he found himself placed in the cruel alternative of either breaking a solemn promise to the Emperor, or deceiving a beloved mother. Anxious, hesitating, and unhappy, he knew not how to rescue himself from this fatal labyrinth. He determined not to answer the expectation of his Mentor; and, by a resolution with which nothing but his critical position could have inspired him, he became the defender of an oppressed woman.

"Nothing," said I, "can be compared to the firmness of soul and the resignation which your duty requires you to exhibit to the senate on this trying occasion (67). But, after performing that rigorous duty, you will come and mingle your tears with mine—come, and upon my bosom reiterate the sentiments of inviolable attachment to the man of whom I have never as yet spoken to you but as another father. May he be happy! and I here dare make the pledge that Napoleon will never find in my son aught but one of his most devoted commanders."

"Ah!" said the prince, dropping some tears which he had tried to restrain, "I feel that my heart repels every sentiment with which the protector of my infancy inspired me; I shall no longer count him among my friends; I shall see in him nothing but your persecutor."

For some moments the Viceroy was absolutely overwhelmed by grief, and could scarcely recover his calmness. I employed my authority to constrain him to fulfil, in a manner worthy of himself, the part which Napoleon had assigned him; and made him feel that both his and my future situation depended wholly upon his firmness in this memorable scene; and that I was still willing to submit to the greatest sacrifices for the good of France. "Besides, my son," said I, "who will ever believe that Bonaparte would have had the temerity to make you sanction such an act, when Europe shall discover in it only a last means of precipitating his ruin? *My husband is either very improvident or very culpable.* He has no right to occasion me this deep affliction. Alas! other wives, were they victims of such inconstancy, were they borne down by such a load of grief as I am, would, perhaps, invoke the Almighty to put an end to their woes. But I, on the contrary, still utter prayers for his good; nay, I could wish to live long enough to be his faithful companion at every step. I should then see the danger that may menace him, and, perhaps, be able to shield him from it. But my son will ever be worthy of his adopted father and of me; and, whatever may befall, Eugene will be ready to defend the man whom, for sixteen years, I have called my husband."

"I will," replied the prince, with emphasis, "yet have the glory of making him sensible of his fault, but only by means of the weapon which alone is worthy of a French chevalier—generosity. I shall have a great advantage over my mother's husband, for I shall be actuated by the hope that he will yet owe something to the son of that woman whom he is about to sacrifice. For, depend upon it, humbled pride sees nothing but shame in a reverse of fortune; and that of Napoleon is singularly irritable. Yes, I could wish with one hand to repel the enemies of the great man, and to present to him the other at the moment when, proscribed and abandoned by all, he can have in my eyes no higher claim to my favour and friendship than that of his deep misfortunes. Would he not then be sufficiently punished? Oh, my mother, my unfortunate mother! 'Tis one of the greatest sovereigns in Europe, conqueror of so many valiant nations, who now compels me to perform an act for which posterity will blame me; he wishes me to deceive an *unfortunate wife!* He begs you not to interpose any obstacle to his wishes; they are formal. He is determined to be obeyed. Alas! Bonaparte," exclaimed Eugene, "demand my life—every drop of my blood belongs to you—I would, without a murmur, see it flow in sustaining thy cause; but do not oblige me to give the last blow to her who has shed so much lustre upon the most brilliant part of thy reign—her who bears thine image in her heart! Permit me, at least, thou too unjust man, to descend to the grave with honour; do not compel us to become ungrateful to thee. This would cost the Empress and myself too much; our hearts are not formed for hatred. There are enough of others who will charge themselves with the debt of vengeance. Never shall the beings who have loved you so well exercise vengeance towards you."

About one hour after my son left me Murat entered my apartment. I spoke to him on subjects upon which I wished my husband[1] to be informed. "Alas!" said the brother-in-law to the Emperor, with a air of feigned sadness, "in order to fulfil towards him your duty as a true friend, you are about to renounce the happiness of life; and, as the price of your generous devotion, he will, perhaps, send you away into some city where you will be guarded with the utmost severity. But you are now free, madam; you can tell the Emperor, your husband, formally, that from this moment his power ceases, and that henceforth he has no other rights in respect to you than those of friendship. You must show firmness; 'tis for you to dictate the conditions, and your husband will be but too happy in obtaining from you the sacrifices which he exacts for the concessions which he finds himself forced to make to you."

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[1] Josephine was satisfied that Murat was one of the principal promoters of the divorce, and showed him, on several occasions, that she was by no means duped by his many protestations of affection. The Empress had long perceived his designs, for which he could never pardon her.

I knew the man that held this language to me, and took care not to seem to adopt his advice; it would have tended still more to irritate Bonaparte. On the contrary, I told him that my whole intentions were wholly conformed to those of the Emperor. "Let him," said I, "seek an heir to his name, since his family does not afford him sufficient guarantees. Yet I could have wished him to confirm the adoption of my son, according to his former purpose. But, as his policy has otherwise determined, it is the duty of Eugene and myself to submit. Admirers of his wonderful fortunes, he will ever find us sincerely anxious for his happiness. As to myself, I am, from this evening, wholly prepared to give him this last proof of my perfect submission to his will."

Murat was silent for some moments; he was afraid I should show an open opposition to the will of the Emperor, and could not dissemble his surprise at what I said. "Well," said he, "the Archduchess Maria Louisa will, perhaps, be the pledge of happiness to France. Her father has given that assurance—(laying stress upon the last word). To what a man does he present his daughter's hand!—a man governed by a passion which disregards even love, and does not concern itself with affairs of the heart—a man whose feelings are never melted by the bitter tears he witnseses. A princess who yields herself up wholly to a husband who receives her in his high character of monarch, becomes the guarantee of great political projects, and binds more firmly the ties of ambition.

"Besides, the Emperor has waged war in order to attain supreme power. He knows how to continue it in order to strengthen and confirm his diadem. For him no treaty will be sacred. Be assured, he is not more afraid of broils within than coalitions without. His enemies conspire against his life and his crown only during the reign of peace; and I foresee that a new storm is about to burst upon us. My beloved brother-in-law is the god of thunder; but he who now has so many nations under his command may not, perhaps, always be able to avert the tempest; the proud Germans will not forget that the invulnerable Napoleon has twice taken their capital, and that the conqueror showed himself generous."

I listened to this speech of Murat without permitting myself to let fall the least observation, well knowing what were his real feelings towards me; and kept carefully on my guard against uttering any reproaches in his presence.

At ten o'clock in the evening of that sad day, the great dignitaries of state repaired to the palace of the Tuileries; the Emperor's family arrived soon after. The stupor which paralysed me seemed to have seized upon the whole assembly; no person dared utter a word.

The author of this cruel scene appeared to take no part in what was passing around him, though his efforts to appear calm were manifest to all. I expected at any moment to receive an order for ever exiling me from France; and I was ready to consummate that fatal sacrifice. I presented myself to the Emperor, and found myself alone with him in his private cabinet. The lamps were lighted, but emitted a sombre ray. The whole Court now advanced in mournful silence. The Emperor stood directly before me, and Cambacérès was placed in front of him. I know not whether the lights, or my deeply-affected imagination, were the cause, but a deathly paleness seemed to cover every face present when Regnaud de St. Jean d'A—— presented to me for my signature the *acte* which severed for ever the bonds by which I had been united to Bonaparte. All the persons present uttered an involuntary sigh. I myself started. "Ah! in the name of Heaven," said I, "Napoleon, and is it thus you repay the tenderest affection? What! all I can hope, then, for signing this decree, is to preserve the vain title of 'Empress-Queen-crowned'?[1] Take back your gifts, and be pleased to remember your oaths. I abandon, it is true, all hope of touching your feelings. What you have said to me leaves no possibility of my moving you, although I did hope to remain your wife, certain that your own renown would suffice to make you respect your obligations; and 'tis only at that price that you can hope to continue to reign. By contracting an alliance with the House of Austria, you awaken the jealousy of other sovereigns. They will see in it only another motive to gratify your ambition, and a thirst to enlarge and consolidate your victories. You will arouse them from their slumber; they will league themselves against you, and the unconquerable Bonaparte will at length, in his turn, be conquered" (68).

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[1] 16th Dec., 1809.

Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine is dissolved.

Art. II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of "Empress-Queen-crowned."

Art. III. Her allowance is fixed at an annual payment out of the public treasury.

Art. IV. Whatever provisions the Emperor shall make in favour of the Empress Josephine out of the funds belonging to the civil list, shall be obligatory upon his successors.

Art. V. The present *senatus consultum* shall be transmitted by a message to Her Imperial and Royal Majesty.

Motionless, absorbed in thought, he stood, and cast an unquiet and troubled look upon me. He tried to speak, but broke off in the middle of a word. All ye who pity me, oh, had you witnessed the distress of him whom people were pleased to call a great man, how would you have pitied him! Such, in that decisive moment, was his weakness, that he could not help stammering out, "The future appears before my eyes—I am frightened!" I cannot describe what were his feelings when, a moment afterwards, he heard a voice exclaim:

"Alas, in recalling the error, I lose the charm of my life!" Ah, Frenchmen! this exclamation penetrated his heart like a poisoned arrow, and never will the memory of it be effaced. In the midst of the most noisy gaiety he will for ever hear that cry of grief. It was the shriek of a wronged and outraged wife.

I left this scene as soon as possible, and remained for some time pensive and sorrowful. I was now forsaken by the man who ought, from gratitude, to have proclaimed me his protecting divinity. He had put my heart to a terrible proof, and that heart still rebelled against my will; for when this fatal blow had put an end to the little happiness I had derived from my second marriage, I felt my love increase towards my faithless husband. Oppressed by this double load of sorrow, I passed rapidly towards the apartment which contained the object of my affections, supported by my women. The light of the numerous lamps which were burning in my apartment fell upon my troubled vision; it seemed to me like the light of the tomb, which was yawning to receive the author of my distress. I happened to glance at the portrait of Henry IV., and, to my bewildered fancy, it seemed to frown upon me. The first sound that struck my ears was the low and mournful chanting of these plaintive words:—

"Weep, weep, beloved mothers; weep for your children, *for thy second mother is no more*." And a deep silence then reigned around me.

I rested my brow upon my hand; my knees grew weak, and refused to support me. When I had, in some degree, recovered my strength, I endeavoured to convince myself that what I had witnessed was only an illusion, arising from a momentary delirium. I was still deeply agitated, and my arms fell powerless at my side. Nearly all those who had been with Napoleon had disappeared, and, as if seized with sudden fright, had hastened down the stairs. So weak was I that I found it necessary to lean against a column. An officer of the guard soon entered, for whom the few persons who remained gave way. He approached with a haughty air, and bowing respectfully before me, said, in an icy tone, "Madam, I have orders to conduct you to Malmaison."—"Who gave you the order?"—"The Emperor himself," he replied, coldly, but with apparent sadness. I restrained myself, and carelessly commenced taking down some pictures; that of M. de Beauharnais was among them. As to Napoleon's, I affected to forget it. Methought it should be preserved for his future bride. In gazing upon it, she cannot but remember that another woman had, before her, received the oath of a perjurer, who, to gratify his ambition, would just as soon sacrifice her few remaining moments of happiness.

Hardly had I left my apartment when I met Bonaparte. For an instant I experienced inexpressible agony. The mute play of his features showed me what was passing within him. He was a prey to the most cutting remorse. He affected to shun me, but nevertheless kept close by my side. "Yes," said he, with a troubled air, "Josephine, it is ambition which has separated me from you, which has forced me to abandon the companion who, for sixteen years, has delighted my existence. 'Tis ambition which, with iron hand, has driven me to associate with my throne the granddaughter of Maria Theresa.[1]

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[1] It seems to be an established fact that, on the 16th of December, 1809, the day of the separation between Josephine and Napoleon, the latter had received an assurance that he should receive the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Germany. This princess was a niece of Maria Antoinette of Austria, the wife of Louis XVI. In taking her seat upon the same throne which had been occupied by her unfortunate aunt, and finding herself in the same Château of the Tuileries, in the Pavilion of Flora, whence, in 1792, the victims of our Revolution never departed but to be transferred to the prison of the Temple, and thence to the scaffold, what must have been the reflections of that daughter of the Cæsars! What sad thoughts must have haunted her when she set her foot upon the threshold of that palace where, eighteen years before, a frightful act of regicide was about to be committed upon a talented and courageous woman, who displayed such a sublime heroism on the 20th of June, and who, on the 10th of August, dared to present to the King, then abandoned by his friends and

Believe me, the great changes which I foresee must take place in my country make a deep impression upon me. My only desire is for my country; I entertain none for myself. With my ardent heart, what am I, too, among the multitude of men by whom I am surrounded, whose souls are petrified, who want to rise merely from the possibility of crushing their adversaries, and who think nothing about their country's welfare?

"When I shall be no more, my contemporaries shall be able to say of me, 'He was the only man capable of doing good, because he had no further wishes to gratify; others employ themselves only for their own benefit, never thinking that they are children of the same country.'

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delivered up to faction, his *sword*, for the purpose of overawing the rebels who besieged him in his palace. She besought him to recollect that he was the grandson of Henry IV., and told him that he ought, for the good of his people and the honour of his crown, to repulse the "Leaguers" of the eighteenth century. Louis XVI. listened to her; but, while pressing his wife to his bosom, he uttered these words, full of truth and good sense, and which ought to be engraved on monuments of brass and read by the generations that are to come after us, both sovereigns and people:—

"A monarch is undone the moment he temporises with his subjects. Scarcely does he make one concession before they demand another. A federative compact, sworn to in the midst of bayonets, can never be advantageous to the people nor lasting. The reign of faction decides its duration. I have never thought it best to repel force by force, because I have a horror of bloodshed, and because my hands are clear of the blood of Frenchmen. Madam, you must be resigned to perish with me. 'Tis not here, upon a maddened rabble, that it becomes me to make a last effort; 'twas at that memorable sitting at the Tenniscourt, held at Versailles, in 1789, under my own eyes, that I could and should have made a decisive display of the royal power. I should thus have averted great evils and prevented enormous crimes. But I believed in the pure intentions of the most of those who sat in that illegal assembly. Unhappily, I consented to temporise, and took counsel when I should have employed vigorous measures. I wanted to impede the evil, and occasioned a still greater one by not extirpating it at its birth And

"Yes, Josephine, this unquiet activity which here reigns, this ever-watchful hatred, jealousy and envy, ever repining at the good fortune of others ; these gnawing desires, which are depicted in frightful traits on every face, are enough to disgust me for ever with sovereignty."

"You will no longer follow my counsels," said I ; "they are no longer in harmony with your views. How can I persuade you that a new marriage alliance will hasten your ruin ? "

I had long been apprised that a secret conspiracy was on foot against him ; that one of his ministers was at the bottom of the plot. The courtiers were exerting them-

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yet," added the good King, with tears, "I know that the French people love me ; and not without reason, for I should have endeavoured, like my illustrious ancestor, Henry IV., to render them the first people in Europe, and the most prosperous. To this end I assembled the estates of the kingdom. The clergy, on account of their cupidity ; the nobility, in order to preserve their prerogatives ; refused to accord to their sovereign concessions honourable and light, indeed, in comparison to those which have now been forced from them. The commons, tired of sustaining alone the burden of the public debts, were ready to dare anything ; they soon understood the nothingness of the other two orders, who refused to admit them into their ranks ; and hence it was easy for a wise man to foresee that the schism among the orders would necessarily bring about the overthrow of the ancient monarchy, based upon centuries of glory, and in the end sap the foundations of every throne in Europe."

Such were the thoughts of Louis XVI. at the moment when Rœderer counselled him to repair to the National Assembly—which he did. To restore the balance of power and transform a kingdom distracted by factions into a flourishing government, needed an iron hand. In this the wisest politicians are agreed. Should a stranger have seen the France of 1793 and 1794, could he have guessed what it had been formerly ? And could he, at that epoch, have believed in the possibility of that which afterwards took place, but which ought not to have taken place ? Truly it needed a miracle from the Most High to restore the descendants of so many kings, the past generations of whom were not able to preserve at Saint-Denis a tomb to receive them. Napoleon undertook to restore honour to their memory, and succeeded in it ; but, for their precious ashes, they are scattered. Time destroys everything ; it effaces even sorrow ; sovereigns only survive it.

selves to bring about his disgrace—an event which was about to happen. The Emperor's pride was increasing. His alliance was courted—a circumstance which tended to incense other sovereigns against him and might furnish materials for calumny. Everybody desired and expected his downfall with concentrated exultation. Reflecting upon all this, the great politician saw, or pretended to see, ground to hope that the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa would strike fear into the enemies of his master, and that he would become more powerful than ever.

I soon left the Tuileries; the officer cast his keen glance around the château, and called my attention to the courtiers who were still there and those who were arriving. Others, who had been in the habit of coming later to occupy my ante-chambers, came also; but, on learning what had taken place, they likewise retired.

While entering the carriage to go to Malmaison, in compliance with the Emperor's orders, I cast a last look at the place I was leaving. "Alas!" thought I; "the unfortunate Maria Antoinette also inhabited that dismal abode, and left it only to go to the Temple, and thence to the scaffold. I, more fortunate than she, am only sacrificed to the ambition of one man. That august prisoner was a victim to the madness of an enraged and seditious populace, who displayed before her eyes the standard of rebellion and crime, while I am cruelly punished for having presumed to take my place in the palace of kings."

Having collected my thoughts, I found myself on the road to Malmaison. The horses, more fleet than usual, had already nearly accomplished the journey.[1]

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[1] The Emperor left immediately for St. Cloud, where he remained for forty-eight hours, almost invisible to his courtiers. The third day,

I arrived at Rueil at midnight. All around me were in a profound slumber. I knelt, and raising my hands and my heart to Heaven, prayed for him. . . . . One of my women hastened to rescue me from this situation, the most painful I had ever yet experienced. I opposed her and redoubled my fervour. Soon I became more tranquil; I shed tears, but the consolation which prayer brought with it, soon dried them up. I persuaded myself that Napoleon was but a creature of destiny, and that he was more miserable than his victim; and this made me pity him as much as myself.

This first night of my exile was painful indeed. I was agitated by convulsions, during which the persons who were watching with me were afraid to express either their hopes or their fears. I was for some hours in this critical state, and it was only towards morning that the weeping and exhaustion permitted me to close my eyelids. I slept but a short time, and yet my waking was like that of one who is aroused from a long lethargy. Sometimes it seemed to me that the events which had so affected my feelings were far, far behind me, in the bygone time;

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he went a-hunting in the plain of Galli, near the Grand Trianon. Dismounting from his carriage, he asked Duroc for a footman. He then wrote a letter to Josephine, and sent it by the footman, urging him to be diligent. A moment afterwards, Napoleon himself was on the footman's traces, and reached Malmaison before his envoy. The Empress uttered a cry of surprise at seeing him. She threw herself into his arms, and was for some moments completely deprived of the power of utterance. Having come to herself, her tears betrayed her. But she was solaced by the solemn assurance he gave her, that, at all times, and under all circumstances, he would be her best and most constant friend. He gave her permission to go and reside at Elysée-Bourbon, at which place she remained until near the time of his marriage with Maria Louisa. He paid her frequent visits up to that time which was so decisive of her fortune. The unfortunate woman! She still loved to flatter herself that . . . .

sometimes the recollection of my terrible catastrophe struck my imagination only like the fleeting shadows of a dream. Again, roused to a perfect sense of my condition, the shadowy mists of sorrow and anguish rolled away from me, and I saw everything as in broad daylight, without disguise, or emblem, or image which could at all hide from my eyes the cruel arrows with which the naked truth pierced my heart.

I arose and dressed without forming any plan, any desire, any object, without even pausing to contemplate an idea. I went and came without knowing where. Chance alone guided all my actions; and though very far from being inclined to read, I happened to lay my hand on the poem, "Tombeaux de St. Denis." Without knowing what I was doing, I opened the book, and should doubtless have shut it again had I not been struck with the truth of the following lines, which have never since escaped from my memory:—

"Ciel! à quels grands revers les grandes destinées,
Sous un perfide éclat, demeurent condemnées!"

CHAPTER XII

There comes a moment when we become, as it were, familiar with the cause of our affliction. After having broken our heart, its weight presses heavily upon our other faculties. We cannot speak, because we can utter nothing but sterile complaints and useless reflections; we weep no more, because we have exhausted the sources of tears; and our eyes become dry and arid, like the heart of him who had caused our tears to flow. Such was my situation towards the middle of my journey, when I fell asleep. Slumber, till then, had been a stranger to me, and I had counted the hours of the night as well as of the day.

Madame de C—— (Princess of Ch——) came unexpectedly into my room. She gazed at me for a long time with a look of deep concern, but at length, finding I had become more composed, she said, "'Tis you—'tis you, indeed, my tender and faithful friend! Oh, thanks be to Heaven! I now begin to breathe. The sight of you restores peace and hope to my afflicted heart." Looking at one of my women, I said, "That lady possesses my entire confidence. We can speak." With eyes suffused with tears, I pressed the hand of my former friend, and said:

"Yes, the fatal blow is struck. I have no longer a husband. All my friends have abandoned me; pale, anxious, agitated, they move about at each other's side, without even the courage to turn their looks upon me.[1]

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[1] Bonaparte, it is said, was displeased with Madame de la R——, because, having been attached to Josephine's service, she proposed to fufil the same duties towards the Empress Maria Louisa. "No," said he, in an angry tone, "she shall not. Although I am charged with

"What afflicts me most in my misfortunes, is the position of my children. My only anxiety is for them. As to myself, I quit the Court without a regret; but my heart still cleaves to those who need my guardian care, and I feel prepared to aid and protect all those who have a right to complain of the disgrace brought upon them by their master. The change of my fortune does not pain me. A grassy seat, a garden, will make me happy enough. You know well, my friend, that I can appreciate the charms of a modest and peaceful mode of life—you have witnessed it; but the deep ingratitude of that man has inflicted a wound upon my heart, a wound which still bleeds. Among the throng of false friends who seemed particularly devoted to me, there was not one to whom I would not have rendered the highest service; and yet, within a few short days, their conduct has destroyed all my confidence, all my esteem. Once I would, with a feeling of perfect safety, have placed my hand in that of M—— or ——; now, the poison of hatred, I regret to say, affects the purity of my intentions towards them.[1] Such," continued I, "is my present situation; what is to follow is but the distant thunder rumbling on the horizon. As yet I have only seen the flash of the lightning, and peace is for ever banished from my breast. I feel that I am, in fact, on the brink of a volcano, or on a land agitated by frightful earthquakes. Bonaparte has throngs of flatterers and numerous foes. Should he be compelled to descend from his throne, their

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ingratitude towards my wife, I will have no imitators—especially among the persons whom she has honoured with her confidence and loaded with her favours."—*Note Communicated.*

[1] This change of fortune was not so terrible to her as it would have been to many others in her situation. She felt the privation of a few real advantages, but she was not tormented by imaginary wants, nor by a feeling of wounded vani

treatment of him will be pitiless, because they know that they have made him dizzy and misled him. Often have I told him that men always avenge themselves upon a dethroned sovereign for the humiliation and terror they felt in approaching him when at the height of his power. A courtier is the most irreconcilable of foes, because his hatred arises from his sense of the abasement to which he was compelled to submit.

"Alas! his present triumph is that of pride, ambition and vanity. I am flying from the scene, to conceal my grief and my fright.

"No, no, 'tis not for the throne, on which I was once seated by his side, that I mourn, nor for the loss of my own happiness; no, 'tis the destruction of his own. My first prayer has ever been to know that he was happy; and to that prayer I joined another, that he might owe his good fortune to Josephine alone. This latter being now nugatory, the first shall be the only one my lips shall repeat, even upon my dying bed. I will speak to him only in behalf of my children.

"There are some humiliations of which the most wretched cannot become the object without being heartbroken; and yet there are some things which transpire in the world which it is impossible to understand, because they pertain to private interest, to arrangements which are concealed with an impenetrable veil." Thus did I express myself, reposing my griefs on the bosom of friendship.

I had the consolation (if such it was), of knowing that every one pitied me, even men who were the coldest and most insensible. Could I have been affected by anything but my own anguish, it would have been by the flattering consciousness that my dismission from Court had caused regrets even there.

Bonaparte sought to stifle the painful memory of what he had done by a journey to Rambouillet.[1] During his stay there, his faithful advisers accelerated his divorce, and, at the end of three months, the marriage contract between Bonaparte and Josephine was declared annulled.

In spite of all that was odious in this catastrophe, by which my reason was tortured, my other faculties were not utterly destroyed. I received, but without any sign of emotion, the intelligence that my husband was about to give his hand to the niece of the unfortunate Queen of France, Maria Antoinette. Outraged though I had been by the treatment I had received, I felt in my heart no resentment whatever at this. A sudden transport, mingled with a thousand apprehensions, seized me, and changed the anxiety which had hitherto oppressed me into one of another kind, which seemed to animate and revive me. "Oh," exclaimed I, in my heart's fulness, "may his felicity be eternal! May his new companion be to him an angel of peace! May that young and interesting princess, while in France, pursue no path but that of prosperity!"

This illustrious alliance certainly flattered his vanity; so much so, even, as to make him overstep the bounds of prudence. But no reliance could be placed upon conditions imposed by necessity, and exacted by the force of circumstances.

At length, however, that imposing solemnity took place![1] Bonaparte required my children to occupy the front rank in the ceremony, and my daughter was, as it were, forced to applaud, externally, her who had, by indissoluble vows, consecrated perjury and the violation of the most sacred legal rite.

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[1] After the separation, the Court of the Tuileries became almost deserted. People resorted thither only to please the sovereign. But she who had so lately inspired respect and admiration, was no longer there to be met with; and the Emperor once remarked to his marshals, who were standing around him, "Gentlemen, we must indeed admit" (alluding to Josephine) "that a *Court without ladies is a spring without roses.*"

Whatever may have been my attachment to Bonaparte, I can never recall the memory of it without reproaching him for his unfeeling conduct towards Hortense. I confess that, though my thoughts were sufficiently filled with bitterness, it was increased when I saw my daughter constrained to subscribe to the new plan of life which he marked out for her. I could not, with indifference, witness the persecution of my children; they were not guilty of the faults it had pleased him to impute to me—and yet they were, equally with myself, the victims of his policy!

As soon as it was possible for me to do so, I began to cause my thoughts and reflections to be presented to him, to assure him that a superior power, which I could not resist, had united my destiny to his; that, attracted by an irresistible charm which had once led me to fortune, I could never think of combating his new sentiments and opinions; that I should hold it to be my rigorous duty to respect the ties he had recently formed, although I could not help pitying the new Empress. "Henceforth," continued I, "my duty will limit me to entertain the sole desire that a wiser genius may guide your steps, and force you to pause. No! 'tis only with myself that I can now talk of you, and my prayer is that you may be brought back, if it be still possible, to a more correct idea of true greatness. Your own, I admit, still inspires your people with profound admiration. But, alas! it but inspires me with pity, for I look upon it only as a snare, laid by the hand of Providence, to render your fall from power the more signal and striking, and to render more impressive the lesson which it will furnish to kings."

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[1] I am assured that Josephine had the curiosity to witness the entry of Maria Louisa into Paris, and that she was close by the Triumphal Arch at the moment her fortunate rival was receiving the congratulations of the constituted bodies. If the fact was so, what must have been her sufferings!

A continual reverie absorbed me during the first year of my divorce. I saw my health every day failing, and it became manifest to all that I was wretched indeed. And yet the tender and prudent sympathy of some faithful friends,[1] and their fidelity in keeping my secrets, concurred, in some degree, to assuage my afflictions; and at length more tranquil reflections succeeded to the impulses of despair. Then I was unable to conceal from myself that all was lost, even the hope of ever seeing Bonaparte again.

I was one day wandering among the flowery shrubs and under the trees which suspended their sweet-smelling garlands above my head, whose leaves were falling like light snowflakes around me. I was resting myself on a grassy mound, surrounded by a hillock, on whose summits were waving the tops of the majestic poplars that shaded the avenue to Malmaison. The ground was clothed with the verdure of early summer; the sun was shining in the cloudless sky, and the air was loaded with perfume. The scene was vivifying, and the joy of the animate creation was everywhere visible—in the flower, in the flitting of birds, in the gentle breathings of the zephyr; all tended to recall to my heart the memory of my past felicity, of the more fortunate period of my life. Ravished at the enchanting and consoling spectacle, my spirit seemed to leap from its worldly woes, and enjoy in full fruition the magnificence of the scene. But, alas! the picture, fresh and seductive as it was, was to me as if it had not been. My soul and my eyes were wandering along the route which led to St. Cloud. "In the days of my felicity," said I to myself, sighing and weeping at the thought, "in my days of bliss, these trees were clothed with verdure, as at present; these groves were filled with flowers, these fields breathed perfume." I could not finish the thought, but, with bitterness of spirit, compared that smiling epoch of my life to the present painful moment. Again I cast my tear-brimming eyes towards the St. Cloud road, and perceived the brilliant cortège of the Empress, on her return to Paris. She was alone in the midst of the pomp that surrounded her.[1] Napoleon was not with her. I hoped that he might then be able to escape one moment from the eyes of his courtiers, and come and visit his forsaken wife. My heart throbbed at the thought; a secret presentiment told me I should certainly then see him, though for some months I had been comparatively quiet in my mind, having firmly resolved to forget him for ever, feeling an utter indifference to fortune and the schemes of ambition. If we are only able to control properly the love of fame and the impulses of ambition, we may enjoy the advantages which they bring; otherwise they become the source of mental tortures which are continually renewed and multiplied, and finally accompany us to the tomb.

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[1] Of this number was the Countess of Montesquieu, that excellent lady who did not abandon Josephine in her misfortunes. As she had ceased altogether to appear at the Tuileries, the Emperor had almost forgotten her. She passed her days chiefly at and about Malmaison, leaving early in the morning, and not returning to Paris till quite late. She thought, however, she might accept an invitation to a ball given by the minister D——. Napoleon, distinguishing her among a crowd of courtiers, presented her to the Empress Maria Louisa, and proposed to pay for the education of her son. She dared not refuse. By accepting the place of governess of the King of Rome, she lost all opportunity of seeing Josephine, at which she was deeply afflicted; and often did this woman, who was as good a mother as she was an excellent wife, though under the gilded vaults of the Tuileries, recall with a sigh the pleasant hours she had spent with the ex-Empress at Malmaison.

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[1] The Emperor would often send word to the grand *écuyer* to detain the Empress Maria Louisa at the riding-school; and would take advantage of this moment of liberty to go and surprise his *old friend* at Malmaison. They walked together in the garden. Their intercourse was easy, and they were often seen, arm in arm, engaged in familiar conversation. He one day related to her an incident that had occurred to Madame Montesquieu, on the canal in the garden of Versailles. She was in a small boat, which was nearly upset, and her Court dress was badly stained. "I laughed a good deal," said Napoleon, "at the accident, and the more because I knew that she had accepted my

I was occupied by these reflections when the rapid ringing of a small bell notified me that I was about to receive an unaccustomed visit. A secret and extraordinary feeling within me bade me hope, hope!

But what became of that philosophy which I was indulging a moment before? I can never attain that high perfection to which my soul aspires. Human weakness will, in spite of me, steal into the humility of my resignation; and when I reflect upon the flattering and brilliant prospect which my son has lost, it is impossible for me not to break out into reproaches. While I was painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, one of my women ran towards me and made

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favour against her own inclinations. The etiquette of my present Court displeases her. She would like much better, madam, to be with you; but that charming and intelligent woman cannot but adorn whatever station she is in. She does well at the Tuileries, and shall remain there."—"My little Court at Malmaison is more congenial to her tastes," replied Josephine. "She would at least find a *friend* here; and, in the perilous post where your favour has placed her, she will very rarely find among your courtiers what she would find here."

a sign by placing her finger on her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld my husband! He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh! then was I convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, "My dear Josephine, I have always loved you—I love you still."—"I endeavoured to efface you from my heart," said I, "and you again present yourself to me. All my efforts are useless; to love you and to die is all that remains to me; that is my fate! What a future awaits me!"—"Unhappy man!" he replied; "that I could abandon you—I have repaid your love only with cold indifference." I pressed his hand without answering a word. After a long absence he had again visited me. He pressed me passionately to his heart, and said, "Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have contracted and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory!"

At this moment I conceived a feeble hope that my husband's confidence in me was about to be restored; and yet, had not my doom been pronounced? could I forget it? There was a brief pause; and this relieved me. This fleeting moment of tranquillity was but the deep and foreboding calm which foretells, to the people of America, the approaching hurricane.

He took my hand and kissed it with transport.

"Sire!" said I.—"Call me Bonaparte," said he; "speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever."—"Bonaparte," I then continued, "you are brought back to me by some protecting genius, some spirit, ever ready to warn you of the danger which threatens you! Listen. You have filled the world with your glory; you have reached the summit of greatness; let this satisfy you. You think you have mounted every step of fortune's ladder, and yet there is one——"

"Yes, Josephine," he exclaimed, with eyes beaming with pleasure and hope, "yes, it still remains to me to take one more step. Your words are to me a prophetic promise, since it is thou thyself, my tender and beloved friend, who still deigns to make it a subject of reflection."

"Do we understand each other, Bonaparte?" said I. "You can accomplish that step only by giving peace to your people. For such a man as Bonaparte ought to make himself eternally glorious and beloved by closing the Temple of Janus. Then will you ensure the lasting good of the people subject to your dominion."

"That is your opinion, Josephine. There will be always time for that."

Still, urged on by an indefinable sensation, I exclaimed, "Bonaparte, has your good fortune fascinated you? You govern France; half of Europe trembles at your name; powerful monarchs buy your friendship; but, like the poorest man in the world, you are master only of the passing moment, and have no power over the future. Everything is subject to destiny, which overthrows the greatest empires and brings even worlds to an end. Do you wish, my friend, to see a striking example of it? Listen once more to Josephine.

"An author once published a book with a singular title. This book was entitled, 'Subterranean Rome,' a title full of instruction and truth, which impressed itself, even upon the external senses, that there was a *buried Rome*, the image of which the living Rome was one day to become. This picture, Bonaparte, should produce a powerful effect upon your grandeur-loving mind. It will render you, for a moment at least, a philosopher; for I perceive that you understand the force of the sublime illustration. Yes, that picture reveals another France, not the France you now behold, composed of grand dignitaries, generals, heads of families; all this is but the surface of France. But it exhibits to you the internal state of France, *subterranean France;* for there is another France under our feet. Let us descend to it—go down, pass among the tombs which are in the bosom of the earth—lift up the stones. What do we see? What inhabitants, good God! what citizens! what monarchs! what an empire! You will have time to think of this, Bonaparte! The most absolute man never yet could say that he would bring his undertakings to a close. *You* dare affirm it! *You* who depend upon everybody around you—*you* whose ruin is doomed by thousands of men, who are as cunning as they are wicked!"

"Excellent woman," said he, "that's my motive for imposing fetters upon all my foes. I am about to strike the last blow; it must decide the fate of Europe. The descendant of Peter the Great is about to submit to the laws which Napoleon shall see fit to impose upon him. You see, Josephine, I am mounting *still higher* on the ladder!"

"'Still higher,' great God!—alas, what demon inspires you!—how easy would it be for you to be happy and secure! Renounce the war with Russia."

"I cannot follow your advice."

"Bonaparte, should you trust to my affection—should you have confidence in my heart—you would certainly be more happy, and perhaps more wise. Pardon my anxiety," said I, sorrowfully; "but, remember, your misfortunes will soon be at their flood."

Alas! Reason pleads in vain when passion calculates. Those whom she directs infect everybody else; silence is guilt; calmness sedition.

Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard nothing but the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does everything take place upon earth!

I had made myself drunk, for one brief moment, with the most charming illusions; I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved. Again, reflection succeeded to these raptures, and I presumed to lift the veil of hope.[1] But my illusion soon vanished. The Empress Maria Louisa was about to become a mother, and, on the day when all France seemed to exult at this event, Josephine, alone, sad and forsaken at Malmaison, had no other consolation than tears, and no other arms but philosophy. She said to herself:

> "Here, haggard discontent still haunts my view;
> The sombre genius reigns in every place."

A profound silence reigned around me. Court comers filled the château of the Tuileries, which was too small to contain the throngs of the curious. The birth of the King of Rome completely turned Napoleon's head (69). An heir was born, and his immense empire seemed now too circumscribed for his ambition.

The conquest of Russia was now determined on.

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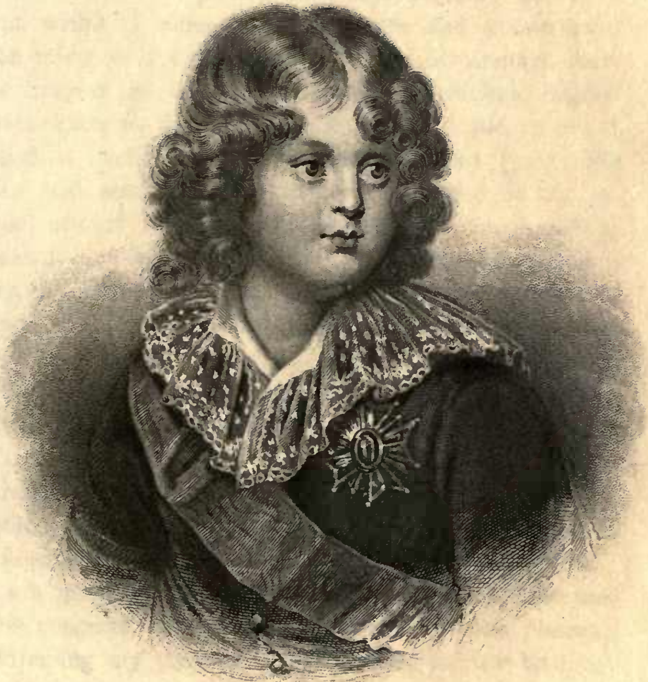
[1] Josephine, at a masked ball given at the Court, addressed Maria Louisa. She was dressed *en domino*. She deceived many persons by repeatedly changing her colours; but she was not known, save to the Emperor, who was greatly amused by the part she acted.



Great preparations were ordered. Bonaparte was no longer a man; his flatterers transformed him into a demi-god.

"All his desires are accomplished!" shouted the rabble. He wanted a son, and fate crowned his most ardent wish.[1] I alone remained mute and unconcerned in the midst of the general joy; some involuntary murmurs escaped me, it is true; but I, nevertheless, feigned to participate in the joy of that event. I did more; I testified a desire to see the heir-apparent (70). My friends had some difficulty in convincing me of the inconvenience of this request; and it was mentioned to Napoleon. "But why," said he, without reflecting, "why not show him to her?" But, perceiving the delicacy of the thing, he afterwards replied, "It will cause Josephine too great an effort; I will not suffer it. On the contrary, let the infant be kept from her. She will reflect with anguish that she is not its mother."

Time, reflection and, more than all, necessity and endurance, at length restored peace to my mind. I flattered myself, and not without good reason, that Napoleon would remain the protector of my children.

Each morning, as early as the birds, with their melodious concerts, hailed the rising sun, I took pleasure in addressing my prayers to the Eternal for my husband and those whom I loved. This sweet and consoling habit kept my mind in a disposition which constituted my joy and my bliss.

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[1] The page who brought to the Empress Josephine the news that her lucky rival had a son, received from her, as the price of such a mission, a magnificent ring, which the ex-Empress took from her own finger. This jewel was worth probably twenty thousand francs. "I am, I suppose," said she, good-humouredly, "bound to acknowledge, as a sovereign, the receipt of the news of the birth of the King of Rome. May this event, as Napoleon has flattered himself it would do, add to his happiness, and enable him, henceforth, to live in peace."

After sunrise, when the tillers of the soil commenced their labours, it was my custom to take long walks. I sometimes followed the labourer's cart, and took pleasure in conversing with him. During my residence at Malmaison, the best understanding subsisted among all the neighbours. I was the arbitress of all their differences, and conciliated the most opposite interests.

I did not wait to have my assistance implored; I searched out those who were in distress; and in pouring consolation into the bosom of want, it was easy to see, from my emotions, that I still regarded myself as the happiest of women. Then, indeed, I felicitated myself that I had been elevated to a rank and consequence which enabled me to bestow the bounties of beneficence.

Bonaparte himself often said, in speaking of me, "How guilty would be the mortal who should interrupt the tranquillity which Josephine is beginning to taste. I have taken an oath—it is my duty to see that her peace is not disturbed for the rest of her life—her solitude shall be respected."

He soon gave me a new estate, and I went to animate by my presence the ancient château of Navarre (71). My taste for country life became more and more engrossing; I sighed for the return of spring, and at length the month of March arrived to lend wings to the dreams of my imagination. The delicate violet, emblem of modesty, began to perfume the air. The sun with increasing warmth fructified the earth with his rays. "I am so happy here," wrote I to Napoleon, "that I could banish the memory of the events which have brought me to this retreat, were I able to forget that you were once my husband. But the hope of seeing you again, even in a happier life, still fills my heart and occupies my thoughts. I try to elevate myself into the region of the future. Ah, Bonaparte, you ought to realise here below that our earthly existence is of too little value to induce us to forget that another awaits us! Reflect, O my friend, reflect that the most obscure subject in your empire is far happier than you—reflect that you have never tasted true happiness. Yet you think to compass it when, with bold hand, you trace out plans of foreign war or internal policy; because then your imagination, as active as your intellect, and as fruitful as your genius, leads you forward into the boundless field of hope. There, and always under the most seductive hues, you perceive the object you wish to attain. Your self-love, the first among your courtiers, the most dangerous among your flatterers, breaks down all barriers, overthrows all obstacles, and conceals all the yawning gulfs beneath. Because, forsooth, one lucky constellation shone upon your early path, you think you are never to go astray. The execution of the rashest projects seems easy to you. The useless weeds that cling to the precipice for you transform themselves into amaranths; and beyond, you perceive nothing but laurels and palms. O Bonaparte! is this, then, happiness? No, 'tis all illustrious pain, pain which none other can share with you. Yes, you are the architect of the errors which have destroyed you; and when, more modest in my desires, more simple in my tastes, possessing better inspirations in my idea of happiness, I took pleasure in planting some flowers along your path, 'twas yourself, 'twas your own hand, that caused them to perish beneath the ice of social conventions."

My heart was long a stranger both to the sentiments of pleasure and of pain. Joy was for ever banished from my mind; and tears, which I never ceased to shed, at length relieved me.

Bonaparte prepared to visit Holland and the Hanseatic Towns; but the son-in-law of the Emperor of Germany dreamed only of invasion. He had united to France, under the name of the department of the Mouths of the Rhine, all the country situated on the left bank of that river, as well as that situated between the course of the Wal and that to the west of the Dogue; and he also again took possession of the Islands of Walcheren, South-Beveland, North-Beveland, Schoven and Tholen, under the name of the department of the Mouths of the Scheldt. The King of Holland had, on his part, done all in his power to render prosperous and happy a nation so deserving as the Dutch. It appeared that the *hornets* of the Court had caused his brother, the Emperor, to take umbrage at the King's conduct. That unhappy kingdom soon became but a bloody and mangled body. Secret and ambitious agents fanned the fires of revolt; and Louis, unable to do the good he would, preferred to descend voluntarily from the throne of Holland.

The ex-monarch could have wished to abdicate in favour of his son, but he foresaw that Napoleon would not sanction such an act on the part of a government which he despised.

Louis had long vindicated with firmness, at the Court of France, the independence of his estates, and the Emperor had promised to respect it; and yet he sacrificed it to lying, perfidious insinuations.

His first act of sovereignty over the United Provinces was to order a report to be made to him which should make him acquainted with their true condition. Among other things, the report contained the following: "The present King has, during his reign, protected the lives of all persons without exception. In Holland there hath been perfect security for every individual who sought only tranquillity. He has ever been opposed to the law of circumstances. Such laws, he hath often said, do nothing but establish evils without remedying them, because their execution, necessarily arbitrary, is always entrusted to the passions."

R. de St. Jean d'A—— argued in this wise to his master, the Emperor, that small states which have had their own laws, their own distinct living and active principle, are perpetually chafing and struggling against the laws of all the states by which they are surrounded. In politics they realise the ingenious chimera of Descartes respecting whirlwinds. They react with all their force against the bodies that press upon them. Their strength increases in proportion as that of others is diminished. When they cease to be violently compressed, they expand themselves with great rapidity. In a short time, one becomes at a loss to account for, or to limit, their progress.

"This," said the Emperor, "must be prevented by erecting dykes. To this end 'tis necessary to unite Holland to France; it will be the necessary consequence of the reunion of Belgium to France. And besides, 'tis the heaviest blow that I could give England.

"As to the son of Louis,[1] he shall enjoy my kind protection. He shall keep the Grand Duchy of Berg until I am pleased to make some other provision for him." Thus spake the Sovereign to his ministers, surrounded by a group of senators,[1] who, all attentive to his slightest gesture, applauded in advance his marvellous conceptions.

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[1] On receiving the young Prince at St. Cloud, Napoleon said to him, "Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. My brother's conduct afflicts my heart, but his sickness may explain it. When you shall become great you will pay his debt as well as your own. In whatever position my policy or the interests of my empire may place you, never forget that your first duty is to me, your second towards France. All your other duties, even to the people I entrust to you, must be postponed to these."

But at length this astonishing man, whose genius grasped, sometimes, all the different means which tend to build up or destroy empires, yielding to high and powerful considerations, decided to fulfil his vow to the clergy. A national council was opened. The old bishops of France and Italy, with mitre on head and cross in hand, were by turns to plead the cause of the people against the great, and that of the sovereign against those prelates who were called factious. "The majority of the clergy," said Bonaparte, "in appearance live in peace. They are like enemies forced to unite together by the superior strength of the common antagonist, and wait an opportunity to deal secret but deadly blows. At present, all I want is to have them adopt the four propositions of Bossuet. For the rest, I shall not depart from that maxim of the Gospel, which commands men to 'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

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[1] Napoleon in 1807 was informed that the senators had on hand the sum of 1,550,000 francs *en caisse*. The senate, having come to him in a body to present their respects, he called the pursers and asked them how much money they had on hand. "Sire," they replied, "we have a certain amount, to be sure, but cannot now state exactly what it is."—"Ah, well," said he, "state about how much."—"We must repeat to Your Majesty that it is impossible."—"*Hé bien!*" said he; "I am better informed than you, for I know that you have now at your disposal 1,550,000 francs, and presume your intention is to make good use of it." "Sire," they replied, "we had intended that sum to erect a monument to the glory of Your Majesty."—"There is no need of that," said he "The inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Germain ask for the re-establishment of the Odéon. You will make yourselves agreeable to the Empress by giving her name to that theatre." The deputation retired, obtained Josephine's consent, and the senate re-established the hall.

Several high dignitaries of the Church, victims to their zeal on behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff, were languishing in prison at Vincennes; others were under accusation for having circulated clandestinely the Pope's bull, placing the French Empire under an interdict, and denouncing pains and penalties against its head. The Abbé d'Astros, Grand Vicar of Notre Dame, was thrown into confinement; the Minister of Public Worship, Portalis, was exiled; and the missionaries of Mont-Valérien dispersed. A regiment of the guard was ordered to carry the place by assault, unless it should surrender at discretion; and it was forbidden, in any event, to grant the least symptom of a capitulation to the good fathers.

I felt a special interest in the Abbé de Boulogne, who had been commended to my favour by an old nun of Panthemont. I spoke to Bonaparte about him, and told him the abbé's conscience would not permit him to submit to his wishes. "I am sorry for it," said he, "both on his account and my own. I might have made him an archbishop; he would have preached the Lent sermon to my Court without imitating the intolerable dryness of the Bishop of Senez, but with that becoming moderation and pious zeal which ought ever to characterise a Catholic minister and make him respected." Such was the answer which he transmitted to me by a page.

He quitted the capital[1] for the purpose of visiting his new possessions. Everything around him seemed to take new life; a concert of benedictions accompanied him; Maria Louisa graced his triumph — for was it not a triumph, indeed, to have at his side the daughter of so many Kings, and to know that she had borne him an heir to his throne.

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[1] He left Compiègne on the 19th of September, and returned the beginning of November.

During Bonaparte's absence, Malmaison became again what it had once been. It was thronged with courtiers from the Tuileries, who hurried thither to lavish their incense upon me. They compared my own brilliant days with those of the princess who succeeded me. The men of my husband's time and tastes found it difficult to endure the German gravity and fatiguing etiquette which reigned around the new Empress. It is true she was in the habit of receiving them with an air of goodness, but never forgot the respect that belonged to her great name. The ladies, moreover, who had never ceased to shine at my Court, saw themselves thrown into the shade at hers. Hence, secret murmurs arose, which the echoes from the saloons did not fail to repeat. Next, scandal took up the sound, and certain personages, whose names I could here mention, particularly M. de B——, made perfidious reports upon the subject to their master, on his return, and drew down upon me unjust censure.

The Sovereign's arrival at Paris was hailed with enthusiasm. The people thought the peace permanent, and began to be sensible of its salutary influence. Paris, that unique city, a city which contains such discordant elements, enjoyed a degree of tranquillity and abundance, which were due to her own luxury, and to the foreign visitors who then crowded thither to admire and give activity to her manufactures; the progress of which was carefully watched by the Emperor in person.[1] My situation was the same as during the first year of his union with the archduchess. St. Cloud wore again the aspect of a palace of enchantment, and my own modest solitude seemed to be forgotten. My daughter was in a manner compelled to appear at Court. The manners and demeanour of the Empress were not such as to make Hortense ashamed of her mother; this is probable—but, alas! how painful must have been the recollections of her heart—she often came to see me, and seemed surprised at my peaceful resignation. Alas! I had at last forgotten what I had been, and thought only of what I wished to be. The persons composing my household seemed well assorted, and I enjoyed domestic peace without stint. My friends came and enlivened my long winter evenings, and the pleasure I received from their society was some compensation for the loss of what I had enjoyed in the splendid soirées in which I had once moved. My son kept up a regular correspondence with me, and I was gratified, indeed, to know that he was in the enjoyment of his highest wishes. The good Eugene!—he was adored in Italy. Hereafter, thought I, he will be regretted there; but I shall be there to comfort those who may sorrow for

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[1] The Emperor returned from Holland enchanted; but what charmed him most was the idea that the Dutch had adopted his

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notions upon domestic economy. "They know," I had heard him say a thousand times, both then and on other occasions, "they know that I have not fully furnished my château at Fontainebleau." I know not what simpleton presented such a blandishment to his self-love; but I do know, from the most veracious men, that nothing ever equalled the ridicule and laughter produced among the Dutch by the promulgation of the commercial heresies and economies which Napoleon undertook to put forth in a magisterial tone, endeavouring to puff into importance his youthful speculations, in opposition to the notions of those ancient patriarchs of commerce. On a certain occasion, one of his auditors replied to Napoleon, who was saying that he should have 200 ships of war with which to oppose England, that England would have 600. This reply was answered by a look of contempt.—*De Pradt.*

him;[1] perhaps, even, it is reserved for me to afford him consolation. And thus the time passed on. My mode of life was quite uniform; I was never alone, though I knew well how to shun the gilded bees who were constantly buzzing and swarming on the road from Paris to St. Cloud, and who often made their appearance at the gates of my château. 'Twas necessary to please the master.

The minister of war, Clarke (72), visited me regularly. He said to me one day, with an air of deep concern, "Madam, the Emperor has powerful foes; the conduct of M. de Czernicheff, whose intentions I do not comprehend, explains to us a great problem. That foreigner has left Paris stealthily; he has acquired a knowledge of the strength and situation of the different corps of the army; in short, all your husband's plans have reached Russia. The senate will but act wisely on this occasion by granting supplies of men and money; the time is past when a new war was but a new field of triumph opened to our warriors. Now, 'tis necessary to save France; for, notwithstanding the treaty of the 24th of February, 1812, the King of Prussia will remain true only so long as your husband is able to keep him in awe. As for Germany, she will play at even or odd." The conversation stopped here. I seldom saw Bonaparte, and thought it not my duty to write him anything upon this subject.

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[1] The Empress's mind was really impressed with the thought that her husband's power would prove ephemeral. "He goes too far," she often said; "he will, sooner or later, upon the thorny road of politics, meet with some traveller who is more adroit and lucky than he, who, in the end will lead him into a slippery path and occasion his fall, a fall which will draw after it the whole scaffolding of his power. Thus will Bonaparte meet his end. Bonaparte, whose intentions are to make France formidable and unconquerable, will not, perhaps, have the consolation of descending from the throne and seeing his last wish even respected."

He, however, came to take leave of me. The moment he came within hearing, he said, "Madam, I am going to frighten the North.[1] I have just learned that Russia has protested against the reunion of the Duchy of Oldenburg to France; that's enough to fight her and conquer her. My brother Alexander will be but too happy should I be pleased to grant him peace."[2]

"Ah!" said I, "you are at the apex of your glory, and still thirst to add brightness to it. Fortune, thus far your faithful friend, may abandon you the day you march upon Moscow. Do not, I pray you, imitate other sovereigns, who, like the common herd of men, forget the future while they are occupied with the present. In circumstances of difficulty the irresolute man acts a mixed part, which leads him to his ruin. Concentrate your forces in Germany, but go no farther. I would re-establish the kingdom of Poland—provided, always, you are allowed time and power to do so."

But of what use is advice in such a case? How will you straighten a shrub that has acquired the strength of years in taking a false direction? At most, all that can be done is to prevent or retard its fall by artificial supports. I made no effort—or, at least, did but little—to divert him from his grand purpose, foreseeing that my attempts would be vain. Besides, he was afraid his generals or his ministers might have some share of his glory. I was profoundly afflicted by this thirst for dominion, which he could never satisfy; and judged unfavourably of his new enterprise. That noble Pole and celebrated man, Kosciuszko, as much distinguished for the simplicity of his manners as for the purity of his principles and the sublimity of his patriotism, dared not hope for success (73). On taking leave of Bonaparte, I said, "You used willingly to listen to your friend."—"Advice to me—advice, madam?" said he, with an air of haughtiness; "do you think of giving me advice? I am the son-in-law of an Emperor; I am able, by my nod, to set all Germany in motion, and Prussia cannot remain neutral in the midst of the coming events. On the contrary, madam, congratulate me on the accomplishment of my sublime conceptions. I shall write to you from the ancient capital of Russia, and intend yet to make you an eye-witness of the brilliant destinies which await me." I stood confounded. "You are," said I (under the impulse of a feeling which was certainly pardonable in a woman who loved him), "you are playing for your crown, for the existence of your dynasty and the lives of my children!"[1]

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[1] In the winter of 1811, large bodies of troops were marched into Germany. They were evidently directed against Russia. At the opening of the legislative body, in 1811, Napoleon declared that the preparations for war against Russia had increased the expenses of that department one hundred millions of francs. It was at the same session that he announced that the Peninsular War would end with a thunder-clap; that a priest (that is to say, the Pope) could not act as a sovereign, though a few years before he had created the primacy of Ratisbonne. He did not then much expect that it was *he* who was to be struck by the thunder-bolt; and that, despite his new principles, a Sovereign Pontiff would yet be found in that kingdom which was nominally his son's.—*De Pradt.*

[2] Possibly Napoleon thought it would be as easy for him to possess himself of the person of the Emperor Alexander as it had been to seize the Spanish Princes. But the Cabinet at St. Petersburg was not directed by a Don Godoy—the great monarch numbered as many friends as subjects. Flatterers only entered his palace and roamed about it; they were not admitted to his confidence.

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[1] He seemed determined to banish from around him everything which could suggest the idea of an aggression against Russia; and so far did he carry this, that only two or three days before he set out, and while 400,000 men were already in Poland, and his whole

Soon, however, the Emperor repaired to Dresden, surrounded by a brilliant Court. A cortège of Kings attended him, who daily mingled with his courtiers at his levees. He commanded them like a master. Napoleon was now the sovereign of ancient Germany.

He thought it best to leave the Empress Maria Louisa at Mayence. The archduchess expected there to receive a visit from her father; but Fate watched over them both. She returned to Paris, and the Autocrat of the West directed his steps towards the banks of the Niemen.[1]

In the midst of the alarms with which this new war inspired Europe, France alone remained unconcerned. She was accustomed to conquer. In Paris, especially, the feeling and hope of security were general. Our first success at Wilna, the spontaneous rising of the Poles, who declared in favour of the re-establishment of their ancient monarchy, the occupation of Gloubokoë, whither Napoleon transferred his head-quarters—all this electrified the capital. The inhabitants saw already, in fancy, the Emperor of the French crowned at Moscow.

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military family had long since left on the expedition, he burst into a great rage at the minister of the interior, who, because his departure was so near at hand, had countermanded his order requiring the attendance of several deputations of the electoral colleges. "What!" said he; "who dares state that I am about to leave? Who is to judge of that? I am not going to leave. I am doing what I please with my men and my horses."

He took leave of the council of ministers with these words:—"*I am going to review my army.*" And the *Moniteur* assigned no other reason for his departure for Dresden.—"*Hist. de l'Ambass. de Varsovie.*"

[1] Disguised as a Polish soldier, Napoleon reconnoitred the heights that overlook Kovno, and had some of the water of the Niemen brought to him in a helmet, which he tasted in order to inhale a lucky inspiration.—"*Hist. de Bonaparte.*"

Numerous were the felicitations I received upon these auspicious beginnings, to which I only replied that, "For kings, there is no permanent peace except that which arises from mutual esteem firmly established between them and their subjects. Happy the sovereign who, to secure the love of his people, neglects nothing which can merit it!"

The commencement of this campaign was utterly unproductive of glory. The Russians retrograded as fast as the French advanced. No battle was fought. Several skirmishes took place with the Cossacks, which were the prelude to the attack upon the town situated between the hills and the banks of the Dwina. The people of the North seemed terrified at our approach, and fled in disorder towards Smolensk. The whole French army followed in pursuit. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, remained some days at Witepsk.

The army now began to be in want of everything; but still "it rushed onward in this enterprise with an assurance of success and with appetite whetted by the hope of profit and advancements; and every soldier who failed of them accused his evil star or the justice of the Emperor."

At length, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, our unfortunate soldiers passed the Dnieper and reached the heights of Smolensk. Every redoubt was in our power; but at the moment of mounting the breach they beheld the mountains of fire and mighty columns of smoke in the distance. Davoust had attacked the right suburb of the town, and Morand the left; and when the French were ready to carry the place by assault, the Russians evacuated it by night, and Napoleon made his entry into a city which presented him nothing but ruins. His march was over mangled and bleeding corpses, accompanied by martial music, whose wild strains could alone prevent him from seriously reflecting upon this scene of desolation (74).

Had he seen fit to stop there, and publicly proclaim the re-establishment of Poland, the French army would have been saved; but the projects of Jerome, his brother, were in opposition to his own. The latter was then begging a crown, and the Emperor had already discovered that he had one too many. "I do not forget," said he, "that the Queen of Westphalia was born in Russia; I should not want to have the two states too near to each other. In politics, family ties are held for nought; for myself, always the first, I would make war upon my father-in-law, should my father-in-law cavil with me about the possession of the meanest village. For a pupil of the family I have treated you well. As to the king I may see fit to give the Poles, I will make them acquainted with him when the proper time shall come." Jerome stood corrected; Napoleon was not inclined to disclose to him his thoughts. He had, in my last interview with him, pledged himself that the kingdom of Poland was destined to my son. I could, however, have wished him to reign in Italy, or return and live in France. I enjoyed at a distance and in fancy the felicity of our reunion, and caressed the idea that Prince Eugene would one day fulfil the duties of an important post in his own country. But the mind is ingenious in creating for itself chimeras, and imagination is often pleased to lead our desires into a wild abyss of thought. That beloved son was still far from me, sharing the fatigues and dangers of an invincible army, and perhaps possessing the ability to render my husband some service. Eugene's sensibility must have been severely tried, and his heart sadly wrung, at witnessing the destitution of the corps he commanded—without ammunition, without provisions, without magazines—the soldiers wandering along on the road to Moscow. On every side, villages were laid waste, bridges destroyed, and magazines laid in ashes by the Russians.

Napoleon established himself at Ghiat; there he learnt that Prince Kutusoff, the glorious conqueror of the Ottoman power, had the command-in-chief of the Russian army, and that he had issued an order to stop a further retreat.[1] The Emperor immediately ordered an attack upon a Russian redoubt; it could not resist French bravery, but its capture cost the blood of more than a thousand men.[2]

These were the last details sent me by private and confidential letters. I trembled for my son, for my husband. I wept over the fate of the thousands of brave men who had fallen ; but I was far, alas ! from foreseeing the new disasters which awaited us.

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[1] A decisive battle took place under the walls of Moscow. The bright sun arose, and, by degrees, dissipated the thick fog which overhung the city and prevented a thorough reconnoissance. Napoleon gazed at it, and said, several times, to his officers, "Gentlemen, 'tis the sun of Austerlitz." But towards evening the soldiers began to lose courage. They were reanimated by their chief. "Soldiers," said he, "Kutusoff is flying before you; pursue and overtake him!" Impatient to be master of the ancient city of the Czars, Bonaparte marched forward in three columns. He soon entered Moscow by the lurid light of an immense conflagration, whose dreadful radiance was reflected from the heavens. Vain were all attempts to arrest its progress; everything became a prey to the flames, and the zeal of the French army, in endeavouring to extinguish them, was fruitless. The pumps had been pulled up; immense magazines of combustibles fed the flames. The Governor of Moscow, Rostopchin, sacrificed Moscow—to save Russia.

[2] They belonged to the 61st Regiment. Bonaparte asked the colonel of that regiment what he had done with one of his battalions, to which he replied, "*They are in the redoubt!*"—"*Honour to the brave!*" was Napoleon's sole reply.

The situation of France became critical in the extreme. The greater and more rapid had been her prosperity, the more startling was the signal of her approaching calamities. Could I alone remain indifferent, unconcerned ? —I who had been the companion of the monarch whom France still adored—I who had been his first wife, at a time when he was only one of her leading captains—I who had followed him from the simple, unostentatious habitation of a general into the palace of the consuls, and thence to the imperial throne ? I, in short, who, seated by his side, had reigned over the French by some modest virtues, as he had subdued them by high feats of arms, by achievements, the glory of which no reverses can ever efface ?

But, although the danger was apparent, there was nothing which could reasonably justify my fears. Alas ! it was my destiny never to taste pure felicity in this world.

A report of Bonaparte's death obtained a momentary currency. I was inconsolable. To think only of the mortifying contradictions to which I had been subjected, one would have been surprised, perhaps, at the real feeling I manifested. What do I say ? I found the sentiment of gratitude too sweet to my heart to permit me to dispense with its obligation. What a moment was that when I was undeceived in regard to Malet's rash and audacious attempt ! (75.) I had fondly imagined that Bonaparte would, perhaps, always remain invulnerable; but my grief was at its height when I read the bulletins containing the news of so many disasters. I trembled for the lives of those who were most dear to me;[1] and, when I reflected that the *élite* of France had fallen in that fatal expedition, my tears again flowed. Then, indeed, did I sigh over the mad ambition of one man. But I could not pardon those who had led him into that abyss. My situation became the more painful from the fact that I was under an imperious necessity to confine within my own bosom all the pangs I experienced.

I pause for a moment over these sad narratives to deplore the fate of so many brave men, who, in the midst of frightful Scythian deserts, on the frozen banks of the Beresina, proved to the nations of the North that they were worthy, indeed, to sustain the honour of France, especially when such a general as Ney protected their retreat. Bonaparte was ignorant that another Arminius had destroyed a portion of his army by fire and sword. He ought to have followed the example of Augustus, who, when he had lost three legions in Germany, became so affected at the disaster, that he shut himself up in his palace, and permitted his beard and hair to grow. Smiting his brow in transports of grief, he exclaimed, "Varrus, give me back my legions!" Napoleon, on returning to the Tuileries, had the hardihood to say to his courtiers, rubbing his hands with an air of gaiety, "'Tis warmer here than on the banks of the Beresina." Such was the man—but he was my husband.

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[1] Prince Eugene incurred great dangers in this fatal campaign. The Empress Josephine exhibited the most violent agitation whenever a courier arrived. While breaking the seal of the despatches, her face would rapidly change colour. Sometimes signs of joy were visible in her countenance; and at others, after perusing the contents, she would remain in a state of depression and silent anguish, impossible to be described. It was painful in the extreme to witness her sufferings. Speaking of her husband and son, she would say, "They were alive when the courier left, but, perhaps, by this time nothing remains to me but to lament their loss." Thus did the unfortunate woman suffer from imaginary ills. To her, every moment was a punishment, the more cruel that she already foresaw the sad reverses which awaited him for whom she did not cease to put forth her most ardent prayers!

What were my feelings on learning the particulars of that horrible catastrophe! (76)—a catastrophe which put France in mourning. After having poured my grief into the bosom of friendship, and dropped a tear to the memory of those of the Emperor's companions in arms who had, by their love for him, been drawn into the abyss, I became collected for an instant, and exclaimed aloud, "What a fearful precipice has Napoleon opened beneath his feet!"

At this cry of woe my blood froze within my veins; it was a thunderbolt to Napoleon; it resounded even beneath the vaults of the Louvre. Sundry officious persons, whom he kept in his pay, made daily reports to him of all that was done or said by his former wife, and Malmaison was by no means exempted from the minute and secret police of Savary.[1] And yet I must do justice to that minister, charged with the execution of the orders of a mighty man. Never did he make a report unfavourable to me; and, although certain courtiers (for there were some at Malmaison) permitted themselves to make a private revelation to the Emperor, Savary took care to show him that it was of little or no importance. Moreover, he warned me to be on my guard.

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[1] Josephine was frequently visited at Malmaison by M. de ——, who had become suspected by her husband in consequence of the most false and perfidious reports. On hearing that that person had obtained a situation at the château, he became enraged, and ordered him to leave forthwith; and also directed that henceforth no stranger should be admitted into her service without his (Napoleon's) sanction. Thus, from the 16th of December, 1809, to the 25th of March, 1814, the Empress Josephine was under perpetual surveillance. Towards the close of her life, she used to answer those who affected to pity her, "I desire nothing but Napoleon's prosperity, and I feel doubly happy in being able, by means of this last sacrifice which he has exacted from me, to contribute to it. He wanted an heir, and France seemed to concur in that wish. May they both be happy; the father now, and the son hereafter. As to myself, my prayer is that the Emperor may not see occasion to repent himself of his new alliance."

Thus my time was passing away in the enjoyment of a peaceful independence; days ever memorable, days of comfort and tranquillity, which I was afterwards forced to regret, when I saw them sacrificed anew to that thirst for glory which was fated to pursue me even into my retreat—even into the arms of my children!

The unshaken hope of durable prosperity never abandoned my husband. He received with pride the felicitations of his flatterers upon his happy return from Moscow (77)—he was made dizzy by the least grain of incense. Had he but possessed the talent to look into the future!

By forming a double line [of fortresses] Napoleon then became inexpugnable on the frontier; he might still have strengthened himself there, and defended himself successfully. Further, had he desired it, he might still have enjoyed an enviable degree of felicity, and by his internal administration enabled the French people to taste the sweets of a repose purchased by unheard-of sacrifices, and himself have taken part in enjoyments wholly unknown to his heart.

One day—and that day will for ever be present to my memory—my surprise was at its height. I saw Napoleon approaching—Napoleon, who had so lately awed the world—sad, humbled by his sudden defeat; though he endeavoured to dissemble his chagrin in the presence of her whom it pleased him once to denominate his clear-sighted friend. I had already divined a part of his ills; his most secret thoughts seemed to be my own. I listened to him, I pitied him, and my pity enabled me to find a sort of charm in sharing the burden of his woe. His aspect shocked me; my imagination transported me to those fields of battle where the most frightful death had swept down so many illustrious warriors. I could not help feeling a kind of shudder; but, though Napoleon was no longer anything to me, personally, still my heart, naturally feeling and compassionate, experienced the sentiment of pity succeeding to that of consternation. The love which I had never ceased to bear him, and the most tender compassion, were aroused to the utmost when my husband told me that he had begun to drink of the cup of woe.

My anguish almost conquered my reason. How much should I have been obliged to him had he omitted to turn his eyes upon my pale and discomposed visage! But the conqueror of so many nations, who was now approaching the moment of his downfall, paid much less attention to this scene than he would have done under different circumstances; he attributed my grief to the coldness with which he had received the prayers I had addressed to him at the time of his undertaking that rash expedition. I had blamed him openly. I knew myself to be his better in matters of policy, because he was always erratic, and I always calm. And had he more frequently followed the impulses of his own heart, when he was surrounded by all the evidences of his greatness, that generous, that ambitious Napoleon would not at that moment have been obliged to tremble before a woman.

Far from uttering any complaint, he told me that henceforward he would repose in me his whole confidence; that he would listen to my advice. "It must be," said I, "that you have a very powerful foe; I know that profound politician, and I tell you now, you will not be able to escape from his blows. Your gigantic enterprise in the North is but the result of a secret combination. How can you guard against a man [Talleyrand] who, in every Cabinet in Europe, counts ministers who are subject to his control (78). You have rushed to your ruin by all the means in your power; by humiliating, and exposing to shame, a man who would probably soon have become humbled in his own estimation——" Here my voice failed me; I paused and shed tears. Then, suddenly recovering myself, I proceeded: "What you will lose, Bonaparte, is not merely a vain title, which you must one day renounce. But to see the French people, through your fault, ravished of their conquests, and those glorious spoils of war with which your valour, directing their arm, has enriched them—this will form the climax of your misfortunes! Oh, Napoleon, excuse the expression of my regrets!" I again shed tears. In vain did I attempt to proceed; I had no longer the power. As to what concerned me personally, I had long since learnt that affliction was the lot of humanity. I submitted with confidence to the invisible ways of Providence. "Whether I live or die," said I to Bonaparte, "your destiny will not the less be accomplished. The guilty plots of the authors of our ills will bring every kind of calamity upon our country. They will commit many crimes, but will gather no fruit from them, nor obtain any permanent success."

"These are precisely the reasons which determine me to continue the war," said my husband. "In this will I follow the example of Augustus. Besides, is not the effect of great misfortunes to communicate greater energy to the mind, to furnish to the intellect more solid and manly reflections?[1] Such is my new position, that I must resume my communications with what there is most useful in the past. Of what use were it to me to utter sterile regrets, and admit the imprudence of my recent projects? Josephine, you would extinguish in me the noble desire to conquer. You, like the wisest of my ministers, want time to dissipate the dream which their imagination has a hundred times renewed since my first misfortune. In my own opinion, and in theirs, Napoleon must now surpass himself. Men do not think him so great, so formidable as he really is; he will not display all his strength until the stranger shall dare invade the soil of France. Then will he be on his feet; and woe to those whom he shall compel to account for a war in which France shall pour out her blood and treasures!"

It is but too true that Bonaparte thus deceived himself at the very moment when the united Powers of Europe were ready to burst upon him. Besides his external enemies, he had against him those men who, since the Revolution, had never ceased to whisper among themselves: "If we can only succeed in dividing this mass, so irresistible when it is united; or, at least, in directing one portion of it against another; we shall, at least, save ourselves in the squabble, and may afterwards appear on the political stage with characters and habits which will fit us to enjoy the confidence of the new rulers, who will then hasten to appoint us to the most important and difficult posts in the government. These we will drive to the commission of gross acts of injustice, and in the end hurl them into the abyss."

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[1] Whoever was so unlucky as to tell Napoleon that a thing was impossible, was sure to receive from him an angry or a contemptuous look. Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, had occasion one day to know how much his master was offended by such a remark. It was in 1804. A negotiation with Russia, both difficult and important, was on foot. Fouché, then minister of the police, being opposed to the opening of the negotiation, remarked that its success was *impossible*. Napoleon, who viewed the matter differently, turned quickly towards the minister, and said, "What! is it a veteran of great revolutionary catastrophes that dares borrow that pusillanimous expression? Ah! sir, is it for you to say that anything is impossible? You who for fifteen years have seen realised events which might once have been reasonably thought impossible? A man who has seen such a Prince as Louis XVI. bow his head beneath the executioner's steel; who has seen an Archduchess of Austria, the Queen of France, mending her own gown and her own shoes while waiting to be taken to the scaffold; a man who finds himself a minister while I am the Emperor of the French—such a man, I say, ought never to have the word *impossible* in his mouth."

Thus reasoned, and thus will ever reason, the bad citizens, more numerous than is supposed, who made the Revolution an object of speculation. They are the serpents which we warmed into life, but never can strangle. Woe to the states which have such vampires in their bosom! Sooner or later they become hydras with a hundred heads, and will, in the end, devour the governments that nourish them. Flatterers and courtiers go hand in hand with them; the former, with their pestilential breath, are to us tigers in sheep's clothing; the latter are but awkward monkeys, vile slaves, muffled up in their master's cloak in order to escape the strappado; and both classes are the ruin of their country (79).

Ye cunning men, men without character, who follow so carefully the current of events in order to profit thereby, ye shall yet be arraigned for the crimes ye have led the great to commit—the great whom ye have made drunk with your fatal incense; and the woes of nations shall fall upon your guilty heads!

And you, ye tranquil egotists, who know no interests but your own, no duty save your own preservation, no country but the inside of your own homes, tremble for your conduct; for you, too, have contributed powerfully to the enslavement of your unhappy country. All, all of you, who, fully aware of the dangers arising from Bonaparte's imprudences, had unceasingly on your lips the name of a family as beloved as it was respected, oh, repeat now, in your lowest whisper, and from the bottom of your shame-stricken hearts: "*The republic for ever!*"—"May the days reappear when other Brutuses shall kiss their sons while condemning them to death,"—and "when others shall weep upon the bosom of a father before piercing it with a poniard!"

Such were the sorrowful reflections which continually beset me. Alas! I now saw that the part my husband had acted was fast drawing to a close, and that he was about to withdraw from the scene of his illusions—what did I say?—about to be hurled from the stage; and that his fall would be frightful indeed. Whenever one of my women opened the door of my apartment, I was under the continual apprehension that it was to announce his overthrow. Did an unusual noise arise in the street, I felt afraid it was the tumult of an insurrection; and I said to myself in the bitterness of my spirit, "If Napoleon is not asleep on the bosom of a fatal security, he may still avert the storm which hastens to burst upon him." And yet, in spite of the kind of apathy to which I abandoned myself in order to lessen, in some degree, my sufferings, I could not help experiencing a shock when I reflected that this modern Porus might soon be without a country or an asylum; that I myself, shut up in this cavern of Polyphemus, might in vain cast my wandering eyes around me to find some opening, some concealed passage, by which to make my escape.

For I was perfectly convinced in my own mind that the Emperor would follow the wretched advice of rejecting terms of peace, and especially those which should look to any contingent movement upon the capital. "He will," I told my friends, "feel bound to sustain, at all hazards and with arms in his hands, his military reputation; and the monuments and works of art which are in Paris, will prevent him from ever making the slightest concession to foreign invaders." I knew well he would chafe with impatience, and with loud cries awaken the nation to vengeance; or, rather, that he would be glad to find a pretext for renewing a war which he burned to recommence.

His orders were now in course of execution; the surrounding country hastened forward the young conscripts, who soon became soldiers. He found himself impelled, in some measure by necessity, for it was now in vain to think of averting the tempest that menaced him; he could no longer remain deaf to the thunder that rolled above his head; he saw that the bolt was coming; its first rumble shook the confidence of the hero in that Destiny which had so often smiled upon him; and the lightnings of this new storm were the first rays to which he consented to open his eyes. His desires and his views were bounded by his own projects, without any anxiety respecting that public opinion which was to pass judgment upon them. Once, it was not enough for him to plan great undertakings; they must have the seal of the national approbation; the most brilliant successes would have been to him incomplete unless crowned by the approval of the French people. But, even then, he believed *their* god Terminus, like that of the Romans, ought never to recede, and that their first retrograde step would be the signal of the fall of the empire.

Alas! how were times changed. To him the pride of commanding was now of little account; it was sufficient to see his own desires satisfied. Strange concession of an ambition which lately towered to the clouds, but which now saw itself brought down to the level of the events of the earth![1]

The most disastrous news was not slow to obtain circulation, and for once Fame was not a liar. She related, in all its details, the fearful catastrophe which had befallen the French army. She spoke of the defection of the four regiments of Würtemberg and Saxon cavalry, and added that seven battalions of infantry had abandoned the French ranks during the combat under the walls of Leipsic, and joined the allied troops. I likewise learned that my husband had passed the only bridge by which he could make good his retreat; but that, in order to prevent pursuit by the foreign army, he had ordered it to be blown up at the very moment it was covered with thousands of Frenchmen who were endeavouring to fly. By means of this murderous manœuvre, he abandoned a part of his army on the bank of the stream![1]

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[1] A few days before the battle of Dresden, Moreau and Bernadotte were present at a conference of the Allied Sovereigns; a conference whose object was to settle the plan of the battle which was about to be delivered, and the ulterior operations of the campaign. Moreau was the author of the plan under discussion, which he sustained by arguments in every particular. Bernadotte, however, succeeded in effecting some modifications in it. After the conference had broken up, Bernadotte and Moreau had a conversation, which is thus reported:

Bernadotte.—A fine plan, general, but whither will it lead us?

Moreau.—To the overthrow of Napoleon.

B.—Very well; but, Napoleon being overthrown, what then?

M.—Oh, we will then see what is to be done!

B.—Take care; don't yield yourself to a chimerical hope. 'Tis not under the garb of an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander that the French will recognise the hero of Hohenlinden.

M.—But the coalition——

B.—Holds together only by a single thread. Is not Napoleon the son-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, and is not his son the grandson of that Sovereign?

M.—I know that; I know, also, that the children of Gustavus IV. are nephews of the Emperor Alexander. Political interests are everything. Family ties are nothing. But, Prince, what is your object?

B.—To contribute to the deliverance of the great European family from the yoke which the Emperor has imposed upon them; to drive the French behind the Rhine, their *natural boundary*, and to make Napoleon reckon as something worth, the rights of the French nation, for which you and I have fought so long. This is my object. I believe myself still serving the French in fighting their chief. Did I imagine myself promoting other ends, or serving other ambition, I would instantly break the sword I wear!

C—— de S. D——.

My heart bled at hearing this terrible narrative. I pitied the multitude of men of all grades in the army, and of all ranks, who there perished, either by the enemy's fire or drowning; and I shed tears over the sad fate of the Polish general, Poniatowski, whose heroic courage, it had been long predicted, would bring him to a premature end.

I received a letter from Bonaparte; he informed me that he had effected his retreat through Erfurt and Gotha, and had entered Mayence. The latter town became the point for the reassembling of the army; but the great numbers of sick and wounded who arrived there produced an epidemic which occasioned frightful ravages.

It was at Mayence that the Emperor and the King of Naples (Murat) saw each other for the last time, and separated. They were still friends and allies; but fifteen days after, Murat had separated his own cause from that of his brother-in-law.

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[1] The language would seem to impute to Napoleon a design to bring about the disaster at the bridge over the Elster. Nothing can be more unfounded. The explosion was an accident, occasioned by the corporal, who was charged with the duty, mistaking the French for the allied troops, and supposing the latter were hurrying upon the bridge. This is admitted even by Mr. Alison, the writer who makes the greatest efforts, and goes farthest out of his way, to belie history in reference to France and Napoleon.—TRANSLATOR.

I was promptly informed of the return of the man who was ever dear to me. The third day after his arrival he held an extraordinary council of state. The object of the sitting was a decree for augmenting the contributions. Some days afterwards the senate placed at the disposition of the minister of war 300,000 men of the conscription of 1806 and the following years. The same act provided that armies of reserve should be stationed at Bordeaux, Metz, Turin and Utrecht. But these resources were insufficient to check the invasion of the territory of France. The conqueror of so many nations had never found himself in so critical a situation. "It costs me a horrible struggle," said he to B—— and M——, "to avow my distress; and yet it is only by making known the dangers which menace the country that I can hope to obtain new supplies and to identify the cause of the nation with my own; for I am constrained by the imperious laws of necessity.

"I shall convoke the legislative body, but I intend to direct its deliberations and to obtain a *senatus consultum*, in virtue of which I shall be enabled to give to that body an extraordinary president who does not sit in that assembly;—'tis my grand judge, the Duke de Massa, whom I intend to select."

But I did not dissemble to myself the extreme difficulty Napoleon now had longer to impose upon the representatives of the nation. As long as the deputies were but the witnesses of his success and prosperity, those docile manditaries caressed his power; they had aided him with all their influence to attain his ends. But now, when he sought to connect them with his cause, and make them adopt all his plans of defence, they sought to humble his pride, and presumed to compare themselves to that proud Roman senate who arrogated to itself the right to prescribe laws to the Emperors.

The opening of the famous session of the legislative body took place on the 19th of December, 1813; the senate, the council of state, and the great dignitaries of the empire attended the sitting. The speech which Napoleon delivered to them contained some confessions; he announced to them that all the Powers of Europe had turned against him, and that, without the energy and union of the French people, France herself was in danger, and then added these remarkable words: "*I have never been seduced by prosperity;* adversity will, I trust, find me above her reach." He concluded by declaring that he had given his adhesion to the preliminary basis presented by the coalesced Powers, and that the original documents contained in the portfolio of the minister for foreign affairs, should, by his order, be communicated to the deputies. He then nominated a committee of five members to receive the communication.

All oppression must be odious to a sovereign who loves his people. The Emperor was fully convinced that a bloody struggle was about to open. He made, in concert with his ministers, some efforts to disguise the truth, which now began to spread abroad its terrific rays. Every means of seduction was tried upon several of the deputies, but miscarried. The committee, through M. Laini, made its report, in which it showed the insignificance of the documents communicated, and manifested a desire that the Government should return to sentiments of justice and moderation, in order to obtain a durable peace from the European Powers.

This was too much for the sovereign; habituated to command, he could not suffer the representatives to penetrate the secrets of his policy. He, on the spot, ordered the hall of the sittings of the legislative body to be closed, and the arbitrary order was instantly executed.

The deputies having presented themselves at the Palace du Roi des Rois, on the 1st of January, 1814, Bonaparte thought it his duty to declare to them that he had caused their report to be suppressed as being incendiary. He reproached them sharply, and told them that he could not be troubled by their useless observations. Yet he did not conceal from them how difficult it would be for him to work out, alone, the result which he expected from the legislative body. He despatched couriers into all the military divisions, in order to hasten forward the levies *en masse*, and the collection of the contributions. He appointed extraordinary commissioners, taken from among the members of the conservative senate and the council of state. Instead of arousing the patriotism of the citizens, these measures all inspired terror; people were not persuaded—they were terrified.

Oh, what were *my* sufferings at this critical moment! And yet I exulted in the thought that my husband, laying aside the purple, and shunning his courtiers for a brief moment, had come *alone* to Malmaison, reposed upon me the burden of his troubles, and conversed with me upon his chimerical plans. But though in former times I had dissuaded him from the ill-advised projects he had confided to me, in which he flattered himself he should succeed, I was now almost afraid to undeceive him! Alas, that a man upon the brink of ruin should repel the hand which Hope would lay upon his heart!

As for me, I could not be so blind as not to see the utter uselessness of all the means he thought fit to employ in order to save France. I saw that the fulfilment of a kind of prophecy, made respecting me at the time of my divorce, was advancing with rapid strides. The prediction was that, from the moment Napoleon should forsake me, he would cease to prosper.[1] After taking new courage to perform the task of undeceiving him; after presenting to him grounds of hope, much more substantial than any which he entertained, I again employed all the influence that still remained to me over him, to open his eyes to the results of his present embarrassing position. I had strength to rend away, without pity, the veil which still concealed from him the real character of certain courtiers. "The most of them," said I, "are combined together to precipitate your ruin. They only await the fall of Bonaparte to make their peace with the Bourbons. 'Tis not, however, the princes of that house that they cherish, but rather the fortunes and honours you have lavished upon them, and which they are anxious to preserve, no matter in whose service provided he be powerful. Ah! of what consequence is another perjury to them? Our political troubles have taught them that in revolutions it is not best to attach one's self to a single master; that it is necessary to have a far-seeing eye, a glance quick enough to discover, promptly, upon what sea the unstable vessel of Fortune is about to launch, so as to embark in her the moment a prosperous gale fills her sails.[1]

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[1] On Saturday, the 9th of December, 1809, at eight o'clock in the evening, I went to the *hôtel* of Queen Hortense, in the Rue Cerutti. There I saw the good Josephine; she was with her lovely daughter. Both were sad. Left alone with this sensible and feeling woman, I spent nearly two hours in a private and affecting conversation with her. In this conversation I learned to appreciate both the oppressor and his noble victim; during the interview, Josephine revealed to me important things. I judged, however, that the anguish she experienced was nothing in comparison with what she foresaw, and which her unfaithful husband was one day to experience. I did not conceal from her that the visit I had the honour to pay her might, at any moment, cost me my liberty; but added that I was happy, indeed, in her confidence, and especially to be able to calm her afflicted spirit. I remarked to her that I should deem myself culpable, indeed, had I, from any purely personal apprehensions, neglected to accept the invitation she had that day sent me. She replied, in a feeling tone, "Should you be arrested on my account, I shall then forget all my personal sorrows, and do all in my power to save you." This excellent woman religiously kept her word. She used, effectually, the most persuasive means in my favour, though she did not obtain my liberty till I had been twelve days under arrest.—"*Souv. Proph.*," p. 400.

"If you will believe me, Napoleon," said I to him on one occasion, "you might secure yourself an asylum in Italy; there you would, I think, be sheltered from the factions. The people love you; the Viceroy has neglected nothing to prepare the minds of men there in your favour; while in France you must in the end sink beneath the united efforts of a formidable coalition. Then will flight be impossible for you. Yet there is one means still remaining in your power" (80).

He shook his head with an air of incredulity. I kept silence. He broke it first and said, "The entry of the enemy upon the sacred soil of France marks out my duties? I know how to fulfil them. This occasion, it seems to me, will be serviceable to me beyond my expectations; I know how to profit by it as a man of genius should; and I shall throw around my projects of future vengeance all the colours which true greatness of soul displays."

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[1] "From the step he takes," said one of Napoleon's old favourites, "I should be afraid he would resemble those ambitious dancers who, after having astonished us by the boldness of their movements, much above their real strength, finally breathe their last behind the scenes."

But the brilliant hopes which he then conceived began to grow dim; and yet, to Maria Louisa, he feigned to be filled with illusions. Every time he paid me a visit he would say, "Josephine, when my soul is filled with pain, I feel the need of a true friend into whose bosom I may pour my sorrows. What astonishes me is that men should study every other science except that of happiness. 'Tis only in retirement that I have found it, and that I may, perhaps, hereafter meet with it!"

The allies had now penetrated into the heart of our provinces. "The Grand Austro-Russian army, under the command of Prince Schwartzenberg, had traversed Switzerland without the least resistance on the part of the troops which formed the 'Cordon of Helvetic Neutrality.' General Wrede had hemmed in Belfort, and his advance posts extended beyond the Department of Doubs. On the 30th of December, 1813, an Austrian advance guard took possession of Geneva without the slightest resistance. The capture of the city opened to the allies the road to Lyons and the way to Italy. From this time there was no longer any direct communication between France and Piedmont. During the night of the 1st of January, the Russian corps, under General Wittgenstein, effected the passage of the Rhine, near Fort Louis. The whole of Alsace was inundated with Cossacks. On the same day the Prussian army passed the river between Coblenz and Mannheim, and the Russian corps, under the command of General Sacken, crossed it in front of the latter town. Coblenz fell into the hands of the allies. Mayence was invested by a considerable force. Marshals Victor and Marmont, the former of whom occupied the interior line of the Rhine from Colmar to Weissenburg, and the latter Landau, Durckheim, Grunstadt, Mayence and Coblenz, both found themselves compelled to effect a retreat. General Wrede soon penetrated to Colmar. Vesoul was not slow to fall into the power of the enemy. They forced their way through the defiles of the Vosges mountains, and torrents of Cossacks spread themselves over the country. The Prince Royal of Würtemberg, seconded by the *hettman* of the Cossacks, Platow, advanced upon Epinal, and took possession of it. The Austrian general, Budna, after leaving Geneva, penetrated into the Departments of the Jura, Ain and Doubs; Prince Lichtenstein directed his course towards Besançon, and the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, approaching from Dôle, joined him, in order to complete the investment of that important stronghold. General Zeichmeisel possessed himself of the fort at L'Ecluse and marched to Nantua, on the road to Lyons. The city of Bourg in vain opposed some resistance ; it was taken and delivered up to pillage. The allied Sovereigns made their entry into Bâle at the head of the Russian and Prussian guards and some regiments of reserve."

It appeared to me very extraordinary that Bonaparte, in the midst of these alarms of war, should remain peaceable in his palace. His flatterers said he was preparing extraordinary measures; but I knew better than anyone else how dangerous it was for him to put himself at the head of an army compelled to retreat. And, besides, he could not now be ignorant that it was against him alone that banded Europe was advancing and prosecuting the war. The French nation coldly awaited the issue of a quarrel which seemed to interest them not at all; while others secretly wished success to the foreign armies. I was, perhaps, the only one who could really pity Bonaparte, and excuse the profound apathy in which he was plunged, since entire France demanded to be freed from the despotic power which had so long bowed her beneath a sceptre of iron.

Each day brought news of new disasters. The allies were advancing at the East and South; the Prussians, English and Dutch were marching rapidly upon Belgium. The French were forced to retire into the city of Antwerp. This place, then in a condition of defence, was commanded by General Carnôt. Marshal Macdonald had been compelled to abandon the line he occupied along the left bank of the Rhine from Gueldres to Cologne. General Wintzingerode effected a crossing of the river at Düsseldorf at the head of an army of 30,000 men.

The Austrians under the command of Giulay threatened Langres[1] and the Department of the Upper Marne.

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[1] It was in the neighbourhood of Langres that the Austrian cavalry first showed themselves. A reconnoitring party being immediately driven in by the enemy, the inhabitants of Langres ran to arms. The gates were shut and entrusted to a guard; patrols were passing all night. The next morning at daybreak, the bearer of a flag of truce, escorted by a party of hussars, presented himself at the Dijon gate. He insisted upon entering and having a conference with the mayor. Having summoned him in vain to retire, the guard fired upon him. The flag-bearer was not hit, but ran off. During the whole day hussars were seen caracoling along the road. The National Guard of the town extended a reconnoissance to the Faubourg des Anges, a quarter of a league from the city. Towards five o'clock in the evening another flag-bearer presented himself, in the name of Count de Thorn, with two hussars, while thirty hussars remained at a short distance behind them. A lieutenant of grenadiers of the National Guard fired upon the flag, and one hussar and two chasseurs fell on the spot. The inhabitants in consternation retired to the rear of the town, and were there awaiting the result, when suddenly the heads of some columns of the Imperial Guard showed themselves at the Chaumont gate. At the sight of these old soldiers, covered with scars and decorations, the rewards of their

Bonaparte sent forward several battalions of his guard, but they were not able to hold their ground against the masses opposed to them. The French effected their retreat upon Chaumont on the 16th of January. Langres la Pucelle opened its gates to the enemy, which conquest was soon followed by the overrunning of the whole of Champagne by the Prussians. The Austrian corps under Count Budna advanced towards the Saône and towards Lyons. Macon capitulated to that general. The city of Chalons at first resisted, but was soon compelled to receive the enemy within its ramparts. Lyons was also on the point of being taken, being then but feebly garrisoned; but General Budna not taking a prompt resolution, Marshal Augereau had time to arrive and succour it, and, in his turn, took the offensive, in the hope of marching straight to Geneva and manœuvring in the rear of the allied army in Franche-Comte. On the 19th of January Prince Hesse-Homburg made himself master of Dijon, whence he marched towards Auxonne, a detachment taking possession of the road to Auxonne. On the 24th the combat at Bar-sur-Aube took place, where the French troops under Marshal Mortier performed prodigies of valour; but seeing themselves about to be surrounded, they retreated precipitately into the suburbs of Troyes.

Such was the position of the foreign armies when Bonaparte decided to quit Paris. He conferred upon his second wife the title and functions of Regent during his absence.

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valour, joy succeeded to consternation. These brave men—the *élite* of the veterans of the army—after making a long and tiresome march, presented themselves, exclaiming, "We come to preserve to the city of Langres its name of La Pucelle."

The consequence was that neither hostile Sovereign nor general entered the town.

Before leaving he assembled the officers of the National Guard, presented to them his wife and son, stating that he trusted them to their fidelity, and that he was going to put himself at the head of the army. "Heaven," said he, "has united us; we will never be separated. Stern Duty!" he exclaimed, "which calls me into the midst of combats; to thee have I too long sacrificed the pleasures of a husband and a father. Behold, now," he added with deep emotion, and again showing to the National Guard of Paris the young prince and the archduchess, "behold the throne which it is my duty for ever to defend."

Their last farewells were pronounced; but before leaving the capital far behind him, he resolved to revisit the place which had witnessed his hours of happiness in days gone by, and to pay a last visit to his former wife.

He arrived suddenly at Malmaison at sunset. After having tenderly embraced me, he said, "How many afflicting thoughts assail me on this sad occasion. My friend," continued he, in an accent of the deepest despair—hopelessness that spares no one—and did he deserve to be spared? "Ah!" continued he, while tears flowed in torrents down his pale cheeks, "I have been as fortunate as was ever man on the face of the earth; but to-day, now, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, O Josephine, in the wide world, anyone but you upon whom I can repose!"

The life of a republic, like that of a man, presents moments of dizziness and blindness which it is impossible to explain; at least, the finger of Providence cannot be recognised in them—Providence that leaves us to our own weakness, the better to accomplish its designs.[1] I could now coolly contemplate his misfortunes. I beheld nothing in Napoleon's transports of regret and disappointment but the proof of a great character. While, on the one hand, violent passion is but an abandonment of reason, and no degree of moral strength is ever found in mere rage; on the other, heroic fortitude in extraordinary circumstances is wholly founded upon patience, calmness and moderation.

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[1] Bonaparte was not the only conqueror who experienced such troubles and the force of such reminiscences. Cromwell was all his lifetime darkly occupied in his mind about his astonishing metamor-

As to Bonaparte, nothing could assuage his feelings of despair. His intellect, clouded by mental suffering, had, for some months past, cast but a feeble ray. But when he finally saw himself ready to fall into the power of the enemy, it seemed to be utterly extinguished. He roared like the lion of the desert, and the words which fell from his lips expressed his regrets upon his past lot, and perpetual threats towards the formidable coalition of his enemies.

Such was the painful scene which took place between the son-in-law of Francis II. and myself. I still cherished the hope that I should see him again; and although it wrung my heart, I encouraged him to go and drive the foreigners out of France. But at this terrible moment, to separate my fate from his when he was a prey to such cruel apprehensions, to quit him perchance for ever—"No, no," I exclaimed, "were I still your wife, nothing on earth should make me consent to this last sacrifice!"

"Vengeance is natural," said Napoleon; "it is permitted us to repel an insult in order to guard ourselves against its repetition and to maintain our rights in cases

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phosis. Lord Pembroke said to him one day, "Protector, I know of no palace which unites so much magnificence with so much commodiousness, as the one you now inhabit."—"That would be true," replied Cromwell, "were there not one defect which spoils the whole plan."—"And what is that?"—"It is that it was not built for me," replied the Protector.—*M.*

where the law is silent. Yes, when thus considered, vengeance is a sort of justice; and I intend to exercise it against my enemies. Besides, is not contempt the foremost of offences? I know how to nourish in my heart eternal hatred. Such is that which I reserve for those men who have forgotten my favours and the obligations of that gratitude which they swore to observe towards me."[1]

At length he departed, without the utmost confidence in his plans, but convinced that it was his duty to hazard their execution. "*Should I fall, O my friend, my fall must necessarily astonish the world.*" Such were the last words the Emperor uttered on leaving her whom he was to behold no more.[2]

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[1] Though flattery at times obtains unjust success, it is true that, in the end, it loses more than it gains, by the degradation and contempt into which it falls whenever the eye of the prince unmasks its baseness.

[2] Several days before Napoleon's departure, he assembled the council of state. While the council was waiting, M—— and T—— took upon themselves to go to the Tuileries and inform him that all the members had arrived, and only awaited his presence to commence their deliberations. They found him in a retired cabinet, surrounded by maps of the theatre of war, and compasses in hand. He was combining and adjusting, in a profound study, all the parts of the vast plan of campaign which, in his view, was to save his crown and preserve the empire. On seeing those gentlemen, he gazed at them for a moment with an air of surprise; but recovering a little from his astonishment, he said to them, in a tone that struck them as extraordinary, "I've found it, I have them—not one will escape!" "Never," said the courtiers to one another, "never was the Emperor inspired with such lofty conceptions; the enemy is ruined and the country is saved."—*A. de B.*

CHAPTER XIII

"Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall; there, see the buskined chief
Unshod, behind his momentary scene,
Reduced to his own stature, low or high,
As vice or virtue sinks him or sublimes,
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
When dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A bitterness of soul by worlds o'errun,
And nations laid in blood——
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness and true renown;
Then like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp and sink in infamy."[1]

THUNDERSTRUCK by these many calamities, Bonaparte was compelled to witness the advance of the enemy. He now heard the thunder which was to overturn his throne. The most of the generals who possessed his confidence believed he would never yield an inch of ground. "Such a man as he," said they, "cannot and must not be conquered. But while, with them, he was meditating upon all these things and forming plans to expel the stranger, his troops were in the greatest disorder. But they soon rallied themselves at his call; he marched at the head of 60,000 men towards St. Dizier, of which he took possession after two battles, the last of which took place in the suburbs of that town. His design was to penetrate thence to Nancy, in order to cut off the enemy's communications with the Rhine and Germany. But becoming apprised of the rapid march of Maréchal Blücher towards the capital, he moved towards the Aube, and encountered him at Brienne. Here a sanguinary battle was fought. By bombarding the town, which was of wood, Bonaparte soon produced an immense conflagration. He, however, made his entry into the place which was the cradle of his infancy, but which now presented to him nothing but a heap of ashes.[1]

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[1] "Young's Night Thoughts"—*Night VI.*

Scarcely had this action ended, when my husband discovered that it was but the prelude to one of still greater importance. Maréchal Blücher, reinforced by several regiments commanded by the Prince Royal of Würtemberg, the Austrian general Giulay, and General Wrede, was in his turn able to take the offensive. On the 1st of February, at one o'clock, p.m., the Prince Royal attacked the hamlet of Gibrie, and carried that important position, an advantage which secured the right of the foreign army, which now deployed in the plains of Rothière. These troops, animated by the presence of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, fought with the utmost enthusiasm; but the French repulsed them, and did not lose an inch of ground. At length, the enemy's cavalry having turned the left flank of the French, the infantry remained exposed to the enemy's fire. General Sacken advanced with impetuosity, and made himself master of La Rothière.[1] Thrice, at the head of his guard, did Bonaparte renew his attack upon the village, but was obliged, at midnight, to abandon that important position. Victory now declared for the allies.[2]

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[1] Brienne-le-Château, situated at the foot of a high hill near the Aube, is an open, unfortified village, made entirely of wood. It consists of only two streets, one of which runs down to the château and enters the road to Joinville; the other leads from Arcis to Bar-sur-Aube. Back of the town stands the château, built upon the hill, which, by a gentle descent, slopes off until it is lost in the forest which overhangs both banks of the Aube, in the direction of Esmont, while, from the other side of Brienne towards Montiérender, vast plains extend themselves to Ivannes, in the direction of Bar-sur-Aube.

It was at the military school, formerly established at the Château of Brienne, that Napoleon pursued his studies. Here he acquired the first rudiments of the art of war; here he first lighted the torch of that genius which was to astonish the world; and it was here that, in the end, he came in quest of the combined armies of Europe, now united against him, and in order to deliver a battle which was for ever to decide his fate.—"*Campagne de* 1814."

Brienne is on the Aube, a branch of the Seine, about 150 miles east of Paris, in the Department of Aube, of which Troyes is the principal town. The department contains about 150,000 inhabitants, and Troyes about 25,000.—TRANSLATOR.

After the battle of Brienne, he retreated, fighting, towards Troyes; and learning that General Sacken was directing his march towards Montmirail, he abandoned the former town and retired towards Nogent, on the 6th of February.

The congress opened at Chatillon-sur-Seine on the 4th of the same month. Bonaparte proposed an armistice; the allied Sovereigns refused, although they offered to sign preliminaries of peace. It was resolved not to accept the conditions which the foreigners offered, but Napoleon delayed giving them an answer in order to gain time.[1] He immediately ordered the army to march towards Champ-Aubert, where the Russian division, under Alsufeiff, had taken up its position. By his order, the Duke of Ragusa, at the head of the cavalry of the guard, attacked the enemy, who were in a moment utterly routed. The general, several colonels, and more than 2,000 men were made prisoners; the remainder of them were buried in a lake or massacred with arms in their hands. The defeat of the corps which formed the rear guard of the army under Sacken compromised the safety of his whole division. Bonaparte fell upon it on the road to Montmirail, near Ferté-sous-Jouarre, at the moment it was uniting itself with the brigades under d'Yorck. A violent battle took place, and after each side had for more than sixteen hours hung in an even scale, the cavalry of the guard under Marshal Mortier decided it in favour of the French. Sacken retired in the greatest disorder towards Château-Thierry. In passing through that city, his soldiers gave themselves up to pillage and the most wanton excesses, and fled behind the Marne. This victory reanimated the French troops. On being informed of the defeat of Sacken, Maréchal Blücher advanced towards Montmirail, and, collecting together the wrecks of Kleist's and Langeron's corps, pursued the Duke of Ragusa to the village of Vauchamp. Bonaparte gave up the pursuit of the fugitives he was chasing before him, and returned in great haste with his victorious troops, in the hope of being able to

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[1] General Duhesne defended La Rothière.

[2] Such was the battle of Brienne, or rather that of La Rothière, where, for the first time, Napoleon in person combated the allies upon the soil of France. The courage displayed by his troops, the heroic efforts, the danger to which he exposed himself, all go to show how important he deemed it to achieve a victory in this first encounter. Hence it was that the allies were obliged to carry by assault every village, every height, every wood, purchasing with their blood every foot of ground they gained. Their ardour, their constancy, and, more than all, their numbers, triumphed, it is true, over all obstacles.—"*Campagne de* 1814."

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[1] "In reality" (says Alphonse de Beauchamp), "the Austrian Cabinet did not wish for peace without humbling Napoleon, and the Emperor Alexander yielded, out of mere respect to the suggestions made for peace. That powerful monarch exhibited the most noble frankness in all his transactions, and, like the Emperor of Austria, flattered himself that Napoleon would yield to the wishes of all the world and bow to the law of necessity. Russia and England showed no desire but that of a Continental peace conformable to the general interests of Europe. The conferences at Chatillon-sur-Seine commenced on the 4th of February, and a circuit of country of four leagues broad, surrounding that city, was declared to be neutral ground. Lord Castlereagh, principal secretary for foreign affairs to the British Government, at the request of Russia, arrived there. His name alone, his reputation for amenity of manners and for moderation, furnished ground to hope that the general desire for peace in Europe would be realised. The proposition for an armistice was made to the congress by the French plenipotentiary (Caulaincourt); but the allies substituted for it a proposition to sign, on the spot, preliminaries of peace, with the exception that the principal fortresses already invested, such as Anvers, Wesel, Mayence, Strassburg and Besançon, should be immediately delivered up as pledges. The signing of these preliminaries would have given to France all the advantages of an armistice, at this terrible crisis, without any danger to the allied Courts which might have arisen from a suspension of arms. But Napoleon's real object was neither an armistice nor prelimi-

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naries of peace. He only wished to suspend the progress of the confederates by embarrassing their political movements. He had no other view than to avail himself of the advantage afforded him by his union, formed contrary to all expectation, with the Austrian Princess; and he judged correctly that it would be painful indeed for his father-in-law to co-operate in a war waged against an empire whose throne was occupied by the archduchess his daughter Would not this singular circumstance occasion imprudent delays and false measures? Josephine, and Josephine alone, seemed to see through the designs of the plenipotentiaries. She wrote a secret letter to her husband, urging him to make certain concessions demanded by the critical state in which France then was. "If you will try my plan," she wrote to him, "you will, perhaps, in a few days, be convinced of the truth of that maxim of Terence, in which he says, 'He who knows how to submit to a slight loss often gains more than he loses.'" The Emperor seemed undecided. At one moment he was upon the point of signing the treaty, and had already approved several of the articles, when Marshal D—— asked him, with vehemence, "*And what, then, becomes of French honour?*" This single expression produced such an impression upon his mind that he instantly tore up the memorandum, and again committed himself to that destiny which had thus far smiled upon him.

envelop the field-marshal, and thus annihilating the army of Silesia. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 14th he appeared upon the heights that overlook the village of Vauchamp, and immediately took possession of six pieces of cannon. Assailed on all sides by a superior force, Blücher ordered a retrograde movement, and retired, fighting, from Janvillers to a point beyond Champ-Aubert; there, Bonaparte in vain attempted to cut off his retreat. The Prussian troops, animated by the presence of the Prince Royal of Prussia, cut their way through, and at length reached the village of Troyes, where Bonaparte left them to pursue their way towards Chalons, without following up his advantage. Their loss was 5,000 men. The French cavalry lost about 1,000 horses and as many riders.

But Napoleon's army was wasting itself away by means of its numerous victories.

Scarcely had the alarms caused at the capital by the presence of the Silesian army been dissipated, when suddenly new perils excited new terrors. The grand Russian army was advancing by forced marches upon the banks of the Seine and the Yonne. The Cossacks were overrunning Gatinais; they had taken possession of Courtenay, Montargis and Nemours. The city of Sens was carried by the Prince of Würtemberg; Nogent, burnt and almost in ruins, fell into the power of the enemy, as well as the cities of Bray and Montereau, whose bridges in the meantime were blown up by the Dukes of Reggio and Belluno. A part of the corps under General Wittgenstein had crossed the Seine on the 13th, and advanced upon Nangis. The country people retired to Paris, taking with them their most precious effects, and spreading alarm by means of the frightful stories they related about the outrages committed by the Cossacks, the Baskirs, the Kalmucks, and all the undisciplined hordes composing a large part of the Russian army.

On the 15th, towards the break of day, Bonaparte gave up Blücher, and with the utmost speed moved towards Meaux, where his troops arrived without having rested during a march of near fifteen hours. On the 16th, he moved his head-quarters from Meaux to Guignes, and united his forces with those under the Dukes of Reggio and Belluno. The next day he advanced upon Nangis. An engagement took place; but the Russians feebly sustained the shock of an army full of ardour, and fled towards Montereau and Provins. At sunrise, on the 18th, General Château attacked the city of Montereau. Hardly had he shown himself upon the bridge when he was slain. General Girard came up with fresh battalions, and the enemy was driven in disorder through the town. Meanwhile, the allied army reorganised, and retired precipitately towards Troyes.

This bloody encounter had shaken the courage of the allied Sovereigns, who, the next day, despatched a general officer to Napoleon to ask for an armistice. In the evening of the same day a *projet* of a treaty of peace was brought him from the Congress of Chatillon. One of the first conditions was that the armies of Europe should momentarily occupy Paris. Enfeebled by his victories, Napoleon foresaw that the hatred which reigned on both sides would soon rekindle the flames of war, although an armistice should be granted for a few days; and the manner in which the conferences were conducted showed that it was all for mere form's sake. A moment afterwards, the balls again whistled, and the cannon uttered the signal of battle. "Then *farewell peace!*" exclaimed Bonaparte. He took the paper containing the *projet* of a pacification, and tore it in pieces, saying, "I am this day nearer to Vienna than they are to my capital." On the 20th, the army was on the march; on the 21st, it halted at Nogent. Great movements of troops were discovered at Mery-sur-Seine; it was the army of Silesia, under Blücher, rallying.

During the affairs of Montereau and Nangis, Bonaparte had caused Mery to be attacked. The city was reduced to ashes, and the bridge having been burnt, the French and the foreign troops continued fighting, though separated from each other by the Seine. Without losing any time the French advanced to Troyes. The allies asked for time to evacuate the town, promising to surrender it at six o'clock a.m. on the next day. Bonaparte paid no regard to these solicitations, but directed his cannonade upon the suburbs, a part of which was immediately burnt, and cut his way through the place sword in hand.

The Austro-Russian army, hotly pursued by the French divisions, now retired towards Chaumont, in Bassigny, and Langres. Maréchal Blücher having thrown three bridges across the Aube near Baudmont, pushed forward all his troops in a very few hours, menaced Meaux, and passed the Marne at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. His army was now united to those of Bülow and Wintzingerode, who, after having passed the barriers of the North of France, had taken possession of Lille, Laon, Soissons and Epernay. General Sacken transferred his head-quarters to Triport, and some of his hussars advanced as far as the gates of Lagny. On the 27th of February Bonaparte left Troyes to make another attempt to disperse the army of Silesia. On the 28th he established his head-quarters at Esternay. Blücher instantly took his resolution; he marched towards Soissons. That city was opened to him by capitulation.

The two armies met in the plains of Craonne. The Russians for a long time obstinately disputed the ground, but the French artillery forced them to retreat, and they abandoned the field of battle in disorder. Bonaparte now determined to attack Laon, where the enemy had entrenched themselves. Frequently did his troops essay to carry this post, but the Prussians, aided by their position, repulsed them with considerable loss. Bonaparte again fought upon the retreat, and the allies took the offensive. Prince Schwartzenberg at Bar-sur-Aube attacked the corps under Marshals Victor and Oudinot, whom Bonaparte had left upon the Aube in order to go and encounter Blücher. The troops under these marshals performed prodigies of valour, and only abandoned the field when overwhelmed by numbers. The Austrians passed the Aube on the 28th of February. Prince Wittgenstein carried by assault the village of Laubrecelle, which was defended by the Duke of Tarentum. This double victory opened to the allies the route to Troyes, which place they entered after a slight resistance. The Prince of Würtemberg again entered Sens, on the 6th of April; and the Hettman Platow advanced first upon Arcis and then upon Sésanne.

The Russians, under the orders of General Count St. Priest, on the 12th of March took possession of Rheims, from which they were dislodged by General Corbineau on the 13th, at six o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte now directed his march towards this position. He arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon at the gates of this city, before which the Russian army was drawn up in battle array. "Within one hour," said he, rubbing his hands, "the ladies of Rheims will be no longer at their ease." In a moment, fifty mouths of fire vomited death amidst the Russian ranks; they broke and fled pell-mell through the town, and in the utmost disorder rejoined Blücher, who occupied the plains of Laon.

Bonaparte remained at Rheims on the 14th, 15th and 16th of March, awaiting the issue of the conferences at Chatillon. His plenipotentiary at length laid before the congress his ultimatum, whereby he demanded the line of the Rhine for his northern frontier, Italy and Venice for Prince Eugene, and certain indemnities, more or less, for his brothers Joseph and Jerome, and for his nephew, the son of Louis.

Such propositions, which could have been made only by a conqueror, were revolting to the allied Powers, and Bonaparte's affairs were at that time in the most deplorable condition. They were, of course, unanimously rejected; the Congress of Chatillon broke up, and henceforth nothing opposed the return of the Bourbons. Having now no hope but in a war of extermination, Bonaparte directed even the women and children to use all means in their power to annoy the enemy. He declared that if the allies shot a single peasant whom they should take with arms in his hands, he would exercise cruel retaliations upon his prisoners; and issued a decree denouncing death against all mayors or inhabitants who should refuse to arouse the ardour of their fellow-citizens. Alas! never, in the history of war, was such desperation witnessed; the carnage was universal. Whole regiments were destroyed and filled up again during that awful campaign, and had not peace taken place to arrest the work of death, it may with truth be said that the different nations which carried on this mighty struggle would not have sufficed to recruit their armies.

While the allied Powers of the North and East were preparing to penetrate into the heart of France, the

English, Spanish and Portuguese, under the command of Lord Wellington, had already carried St. Jean-de-Luz. On the 11th of December, Bonaparte had signed a treaty with King Ferdinand, his prisoner, by which that Sovereign reascended his throne, and agreed to cause Spain to be evacuated by the British troops; but this treaty could not be executed, inasmuch as the Cortès had declared they would not recognise any act done by the King while he was in captivity.

From the time of the passage of the Nive to the 13th of December, that is, within the space of four days, the English had been engaged in continual conflicts, and had taken possession of the whole country between the Nive and the Adour. Up to the 7th of January the two armies were engaged in perpetual manœuvring. On the 8th, Bonaparte ordered a levy in mass in the southern departments. The Duke d'Angoulême arrived at St. Jean-de-Luz. His Royal Highness published a proclamation to the French people, and was soon waited upon by a deputation from Bordeaux. Marshal Soult was forced to retire, and to concentrate his strength within the city of Orthés. The Duke of Wellington pursued him; a battle took place under the walls of the city, and victory was long doubtful; but Marshal Soult, assailed on all sides, was at length compelled to retreat. He retired upon St. Sever and Aires, intending to cover Bordeaux; and unexpectedly recoiled upon Agen. Lord Beresford took Mont-de-Marsan and advanced upon Bordeaux. His Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême made his formal, solemn entry into that city on the 12th of March, 1814.

After the taking of Rheims, Bonaparte reviewed his army, and detached a strong column of it, which took possession of Chalons-sur-Marne. The army of Prince Schwartzenberg passed the Seine a second time at Montereau, Nogent and Pont. Bonaparte left Rheims on the 16th of March for the purpose of encountering him, and on the 17th arrived at Epernay. The enemy, enlightened by the counsels of the Emperor of Russia, concentrated themselves at Arcis-sur-Aube, with a view of giving battle to the French. Bonaparte did not anticipate such a movement, but supposed the Russian army was about to retire towards Troyes and Bar-sur-Aube; for, on marching towards Mery, he had said, "To-night I am going to take my father-in-law at Troyes." Arrived at Arcis-sur-Aube he learned his error. A violent engagement took place. The French battalions, and those of the allies, were by turns put to rout; night intervened, and the foreign army collected itself and withdrew through Chalons. On the next day the two armies remained in each other's presence until half-past one, ready for battle, but no battle was offered. Bonaparte now hastened his retreat towards Vitry and St. Dizier. On the 22nd Prince Schwartzenberg, placed by this manœuvre between Bonaparte and Paris, united his army with that of Maréchal Blücher.

Marshal Augereau, who commanded at Lyons, made a sortie from the town on the 11th of March with two divisions of his army, in order to attack the Austrian general, Bianchi, in the plains of Mâcan. But he was obliged to fight upon the retreat. Prince Hesse-Homburg joined Bianchi on the 14th, and at the close of an obstinate and bloody conflict on the 19th the city of Lyons received within her ramparts a portion of the Austrian army.

Marshals Mortier and Marmont, pursued by Blücher, stood a violent fire at Fêve-Champenoise. On the 27th, Blûcher fixed his head-quarters at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The passage of the Marne at Triport was disputed; but a bridge of boats was constructed as if by enchantment, and the allies found no other obstacles in their way to the capital than the corps under the command of the Dukes of Ragusa and Treviso. During this time Napoleon was dispersing the cavalry at St. Dizier. In the evening of the 27th of March he learned that the allies had penetrated into Meaux. After having lost some time in false manœuvres, he commenced his march for Vandœuvre; he passed the Aube on the Dolancourt bridge, and received despatches from Paris, which informed him of the critical state of the capital. On the 27th, Joseph Bonaparte reviewed the National Guard of Paris, and also 6,000 troops of the line. Maria Louisa, her son, the ministers and grand dignitaries of the empire, fled from the capital on the 29th, and Joseph endeavoured to make preparations for its defence. A proclamation was stuck up, in which he told the Parisians that he had fixed his residence amongst them, as if his presence were a pledge of security. On the 30th the firing commenced on the plains of Pantin. Certain seditious persons stuck up incendiary placards about the city, in order to induce the inhabitants to loop-hole the walls of their houses, to dig pitfalls, and to hurl missiles from the windows upon the enemy, in case they should dare enter the capital. Upon the heights of Montmartre and the hills of St. Chaumont the fighting was fierce and obstinate. At last a capitulation was signed, and Napoleon and his generals were utterly ignorant of what had taken place at the gates of the capital! They were tortured by the most agonising suspense. Joseph was astonished at not receiving news from his brother, and apprehensive that he might have met upon the field the death he had long coveted.

I said to those about me some days before the occupation by the allies, "It is supposed there is a movement going on in Paris." — "All will soon be dissipated," said Marshal ——; "those movements can never be dangerous to you, since you entirely possess the favour of the people." —"It is as inconstant as he," I replied; "such and such men were long the idols of the multitude who are now become their victims."—"You have nothing of that kind to fear," said he; "Nature has endowed you with the power to inspire both respect and love, and there is but one Josephine in the world."

I caught with avidity every whisper from the capital, and seemed about to receive important news from everyone who came thence. I listened; I put a thousand questions; my mind was agitated. I had received no note from Bonaparte for several days; I imagined a thousand ills had befallen him, the last worse than the first. And how was I overwhelmed with consternation when I heard that his brother Joseph had left the capital! It was, however, but the prelude to the new catastrophes which threatened us. I had already fled, and, uncertain whither to retreat, I determined to take the road to Navarre. At this sad juncture what an example did I present to the world of the utter nothingness of human vanities! I understood the capitulation was about to be signed and that the allies would be masters of the capital the next morning.[1] I was so terrified, so overwhelmed with affright and with grief, that I expected every moment to see them coming to seize my person. I could not rest in my bed, where my friends had forced me to repose for a few minutes. I was about to abridge this suffering by ordering post-horses to take me to M——, when suddenly I heard a quick rapping at the door of the château of Navarre. It was four o'clock in the morning; a courier entered and announced M. de ——.

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[1] The news reached the allies that the city had capitulated. The heir of Peter the Great and the heir of the great Frederick threw themselves into each other's arms, exclaiming, with tears in their eyes, "The cause of humanity is gained!" The two monarchs, immediately after the armistice was concluded, repaired to the heights of Belleville. There

"When," said he, "a people are happy they judge with a feeling of indulgence actions which are not wholly faultless; but such a tribunal becomes severe, unpitying, and almost always unjust when it sees itself in the jaws of adversity. Then are men guilty and their acts criminal; then are the battles in which they fell hazarded by the blackest treason!"

When it became known that the capital was to receive within its walls the different nations of Europe, everybody was loud in accusations against the general who was charged with its defence; the partisans of Napoleon were especially vehement and bitter in their reproaches. They retailed the story with that air of mystery which always awakens the attention and lends wings to rumour. On hearing it, the people would not, except upon con-

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they looked upon the capital of France and received the deputations. At four o'clock p.m., Count Nesselrode entered the city, clothed with powers to ratify the capitulation, which was upon the following basis:—

"That the allied troops should, on the next morning, occupy the arsenal and all the barriers and then enter the city; that the marshals, the Dukes of Treviso (Mortier) and Ragusa (Marmont), should march out of it at the head of their respective corps, with their arms and their artillery.

"That in no event should hostilities recommence until two hours and a half after the evacuation.

"Paris was recommended to the generosity of the allied Sovereigns."

ditions, submit to the laws which imperative necessity obliged them to accept.

If the rumour of the approach of foreign troops rang loudly through Malmaison, it did not the less resound through the castle of Navarre, where I was, mourning over the disasters of Bonaparte. Still, all hope had not left me. I calculated upon the bravery and distinguished talents of the Duke of Ragusa. I flattered myself that the command of the troops composing the garrison was safely entrusted to him; that while that personage, so respectable on every account, should feel a secret hatred of the strangers, my husband and my family might still hope.[1]

In my heart I deplored the fate of Bonaparte. I was afraid, and not groundlessly, that he might fall; for it had been intimated to me that he was to undergo a military execution at the head of the invading army. This cruel report so shocked me, that my words expired upon my lips.[2] For several hours I felt that my reason was failing. In my deep despair I exclaimed, with Montaigne: "Rely not upon the promise of Sovereigns, whether of regal or republican states: honey distils from their lips: they are never more cruel then when they forgive: never are they louder in their boasts of clemency than when they are signing sentences of death."

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[1] "I have never said that the Duke of Ragusa betrayed me; I have only said, in a moment of ill-humour, that his capitulation at Essone was ridiculous, and that it was injurious to me."—"*Max. et Pens. de Bonaparte.*"

[2] The most false and absurd reports were put in circulation at that time. Sometimes, Napoleon was returning to Paris at the head of 200,000 men; sometimes, the ex-Emperor was condemned to death. Men assured you, under the faith of an oath, that they had seen the carriage pass by which contained his remains. One would tell you he had seen it, another that he was present at his execution; and give you all the details which the benevolent people always receive with avidity, and always will receive, as long as they love whatever partakes of the marvellous. The truth is, it was long thought that Napoleon had sheltered himself in Fontainebleau, in order to place himself again at the head of his brave legions, who all swore to die in his defence.

After weeping profusely over the disasters of my husband, which I deemed inevitable, I again momentarily recovered myself, but soon relapsed into my former mood. Often, in accents of woe, did I repeat this sentiment of a great man:

"O Praise, quit Courts, where thou degradest thy noble office, and renounce the degrading task of flattering weak and wicked princes. Ascend upward towards thy source, towards that Supreme Power that hath enriched the tongue with the gift of speech, and hath given wings to thought and being to the soul. Even under the eyes of the Creator, man humbles himself before man; while thou, the sovereign owner, to whom all things belong, art deprived of all homage due to thee alone!"

No, alas! 'tis not the ruin of Napoleon that I deplore; the first wish of my heart, when I was with him, was to know that he was happy; the second, that he might be indebted to me alone for a part of his felicity. This last of my prayers can now never be accomplished; the first, 'tis my lips shall pronounce it, even upon the bed of death, if I am conscious that he survives me; for he will ever flatter himself that a new order of things will arise and replace him on the throne. Very many of his generals hated his despotism; but still continued to flatter the Sovereign in order to obtain his favour and that of his son, who might one day occupy an important position.

My situation at Navarre was becoming more and more critical; I knew not as yet what I was to hope, or to fear. My courtiers could not long conceal from me the occupation of the capital; and the trump of fame had already brought to my ears the name of the immortal Alexander. I found myself almost in the sad condition of the family of Darius. Should I await the orders of my husband's conquerors, or should I go and implore their generosity? The melancholy state to which Bonaparte was reduced, wholly engrossed my feelings and my thoughts. I was resolved to share his death, or to follow him into exile.[1] I was painfully surprised to receive from the minister, Talleyrand, a despatch inviting me to return to Malmaison to do the honours there (81), the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia having expressed a wish, as I was told, to see the queen of that palace of enchantments.

I had some difficulty in mustering firmness enough to comply, thinking I might perhaps have to receive the same Princes who had overthrown my husband and broken for ever the sceptre of his authority. I made a painful effort upon myself; and the day I was honoured with the visit from those Sovereigns, I managed to conceal my feelings surprisingly. But it could not but be manifest that my heart was sorely afflicted when I thought of my present situation, and compared it with that of the great man to whom my lot was once united. How painful were my retrospections!

I thanked those magnanimous Princes for having had the generosity to honour with their presence the forsaken wife of Bonaparte; I testified my gratitude for the love they manifested for the French people (82). I recommended to their kind consideration that brave army which had long displayed such prodigies of valour; I pleaded the cause of those brave soldiers who still formed a bulwark around the hero of Austerlitz; and I claimed—earnestly claimed—the liberty of the man whom I still loved. I forgot all his wrongs towards me, and thought only of his misfortunes. In a word, I pleaded his cause with that earnest eloquence of the heart which is ever so persuasive; and, perchance, even then did I contribute something to secure for Napoleon terms which he might, for the moment, have regarded as disadvantageous, but which it will be fortunate for him to be able to preserve for the future.

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[1] Noble-hearted woman! what a contrast does this feeling present to that which actuated his *second* wife, who abandoned him as readily, and with as little compunction or concern, as if her child had been the son of a German boor, and not of a greater than Cæsar or Alexander.—TRANSLATOR.

Could I have banished from my mind the thought that Napoleon was far from me, and of his cruel situation, I might say that Malmaison then became again what it had been in its best days. What charms did those beauteous scenes present, adorned by Nature and art, to attract a smile from the masters of the world? The concourse thither became immense, and even without the presence of the man upon whom all my recollections, all my anxieties centred, I might here have enjoyed some degree of tranquillity and happiness; for now, all the trappings of greatness, every prestige of human grandeur had vanished from me. Some private and engaging personal virtues were all that remained to me—qualities which, doubtless, spoke far more eloquently in my behalf than all those mercenary orators who used to flatter me while I enjoyed the glory which surrounded the wife of a *demi-god*. It was, then, to myself alone that I was indebted for the sincere praises which the august Sovereigns were pleased to address to me. Certainly, I was not insensible to the love which the French people testified towards the family of Louis XVI., and I mingled my accents with the voice of a faithful people who recalled their legitimate Princes (83). "It is time," said I, "that this political crisis should cease, and cease for ever; for everyone must have had his fill of revolutions. As to myself, I have never craved any other power than that of scattering blessings around me, and in this I was seconded by Bonaparte. He permitted me to co-operate with him in repairing, with more or less magnificence, the losses which the French Revolution had occasioned to all the families of the first class of society. The heart's true felicity consists in resigning all that is dear to one's self to promote the happiness of others."

CHAPTER XIV

"We are easily melted to pity when we see an unhappy being overwhelmed with sorrow, seeking to hide himself from the sight of those who would fain share it with him, but who refuses to show to others, even by a tear, that his proud heart is pierced by the shaft of adversity. The forsaken condition of such a man arouses within us the noble desire of administering to his relief, and his refusal to receive our consolations only serves to interest us the more in his behalf."

The King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander seemed to divine the cause of a part of my profound afflictions. My most secret thoughts seemed to be those of the two generous Princes. They heard and pitied me, and the pity of the conquerors was a homage paid to the wife of the conquered hero.

I could have wished to keep up a regular correspondence with Bonaparte during the whole of the time he stayed at Fontainebleau. I sought by every means in my power to console the illustrious unfortunate. I strove to convince him that his own interests required him to accept the favourable terms offered him by the Sovereigns. "The least hesitation," I wrote him, "on your part, will occasion the loss of precious time. Would that you were this day free! I am sure I should persuade you to listen to my prayers, and come to Malmaison, the place which was, as it were, the cradle of your fortunes, and which even now might become a secure asylum to him who will, perhaps, never find one, except amidst the danger of a stormy sea!

O my husband! forget for ever that you might once have ruled the world; your astonishing destiny was not your own work, but that of the Revolution; and, without the shock of people against kings,[1] you might have remained confounded with the mere officers of the army. Perhaps you might have been more lucky than others, for such a man as you could not languish in obscurity.

Thus did I give him continual proofs of my entire devotion to his cause, and, on leaving France, he could say with truth, "I leave at least one friend behind me."

Meanwhile his departure was put off from day to day, and he always found some new pretext for deferring it (84); he hoped all from time, and the multiplied efforts of his army.[2] He thought himself sure of the attachment of the old soldiers whom he had so often led to victory, and even still relied upon the fidelity of their chiefs. One day, one single day, served to undeceive him. The greater part of them were more anxious to heal than to reopen the wounds of France. They calculated the chances of a partisan war, and weighed well its results. At heart they were opposed to the discharge of that duty which their attachment to their old master exacted of them. They could not, without a shudder, contemplate the horrible spectacle of Frenchmen slain by the hands of Frenchmen in order to prolong the power of one man, whose name had, by the united efforts of the whole world, been erased from the list of Sovereigns.

The courage of these brave soldiers was not humbled by seeing Bonaparte proscribed and unfortunate. They would have dared defy the enormous mass of foes who had flocked thither from every part of Europe to battle with him; but, at the voice of their chiefs, and of the Emperor himself, who recommended to them fidelity to their legitimate Sovereign, and who, also, released them from their oath of fidelity to him, those brave men, accustomed to conquer and obey, by a unanimous consent laid down their arms. They shed tears upon their colours; such is the inborn honour of a Frenchman's heart—the sacred fire which he nourishes in his soul; and woe to those who dare criticise, or censure, the kind of religious worship which he offers upon the altar of glory!

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[1] Kings cannot all be great men; Nature does not permit it, and liberty itself has much to fear from those transcendent geniuses who feel their own strength, but do not resist the temptation to abuse it.—"*Pensées de Josephine.*"

[2] He who does not desire the esteem of his contemporaries, is unworthy of it.—"*Pensées de Bonaparte.*"

Thus passed away several days, which were to me days of anxiety and mourning. Alexander's heart was too full of generous emotions not to respect my recollections of the past, and my present situation. "How delightful," said that eminent personage to me, "how delightful must have been this spot to Napoleon! Could he but pass his life with you, madam, he would have nothing to complain of here but the too rapid flight of time." Thus did those foreign Princes know how to appreciate the feeble merits of her who was doubly happy to be able to consecrate her life to acts of beneficence, and to remain faithful to that great man.

Such was my anguish in contemplating the probable fate reserved for him I loved, that my very heart seemed crushed; I could not speak, and reason itself almost vanished. I was apprehensive that he would be put to death in case he persisted in perpetuating the war, and the sudden transition from this painful thought to the assurance which I received that he was to possess, in full sovereignty, the principality of the Island of Elba, filled me with unspeakable joy. Such were the emotions which this produced within me that I fell down senseless, and was carried to my apartment. Oh, what new impulses of gratitude and friendship then thrilled me! On coming to myself, my eyes fell upon the bust of the generous Alexander (85); an exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped me; for it was to him, to his generous protection, that Paris owed its preservation, and that I myself was indebted for the life of that man on whose account alone I still felt any interest in the affairs of this world.

And towards the nephew of the great Frederick, and his companions-in-arms, was I also forced to testify my gratitude. But, alas! Destruction, the cruel daughter of Vengeance, had descended upon our hapless towns and cities, making her wild work with their beauty and opulence, and threatening the utter overthrow of a second Carthage. One word, one single word, from the great man Alexander and his allies would have hurled both the errors of the vanquished and the resentment of vanquishers into the waves of oblivion. "Alas! Prince," said I to the valiant descendant of the immortal Catherine, "how ought mankind to admire you for thus uniting clemency to grandeur and greatness" (86).

I wrote Bonaparte a letter as he was about quitting Fontainebleau for the Isle of Elba.[1] In it I addressed him as follows:—

"What, then, have I done, my friend, or how can I have offended you? What! you reproach me; you repel all my anxious concern for you! Do you not remember that the mother and daughters of Darius threw themselves at the feet of the conqueror in order to persuade him to spare the life of a son and a father? Alas! I see it too plainly, your soul is troubled, or you would not despise my kind offices. But, Bonaparte, I have done all in my power to alleviate your ills; and, far from chiding me, you will yet acknowledge that Josephine was, to the last, your most sincere friend. You will yet regret that you ever for a moment doubted it. Alas! I have been long plunged in the depths of affliction. Death alone can deliver me from them.

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[1] The answer he gave my envoy was this:—"Tell the Empress Josephine that a true hero plays a game of chess at the close of a battle, whether lost or won. Besides, there are few men possessed of sufficient mental power to judge of me without passion and prejudice."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

"I speak to you, but you hear me not; I write to you, but know not that you will ever read my words. But I have, at least, one consolation, that of believing that if my happiness consists in thinking of you, you will not learn that fact with indifference—illusion for illusion! O my friend, you may still imitate my example; renounce a deceitful world, and, spending the remainder of your days in peace (87), cultivate the noblest feelings of your nature, those of a father to your child. Unfortunate youth, how I pity him! feeble skiff, thrown, without a pilot to guide it, upon tempestuous waves, exposed to be dashed to pieces upon hidden rocks. O my friend, how frail are this world's goods. What man, prince or peasant, happy to-day, can promise himself to be so to-morrow? Would that your son's fortunes might not be influenced by those dreadful political shocks which have contributed to establish your own power, a power which the sudden change in the government has now overthrown.[1] Happy, a thousand times happy, he who can repose himself under the roof inherited from his fathers! Who is able to say, 'My fields, my flocks, my hearth, are sufficient for me'! Such a one may, without pang or anxiety, view the approaches of old age! But, with ambitious princes, it is never thus; never, never does this sublime thought of Young penetrate their hearts—

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[1] If the reader will take the trouble to consult "*L'Histoire des Ouvrages des Savans*," year 1687, month of December, Art. iii., p. 455.

> 'We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
> Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves,
> Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
> We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
> And Death entrenched, preparing his assault;
> How few themselves in that just mirror see!
> Or, seeing, draw their inferences as strong!
> There, death is certain; doubtful here: he must,
> And soon: we may, within an age, expire;
> Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green.
> Like damaged clocks whose hand and bell dissent,
> Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve:—
> Divine, or none, henceforth our joys for ever;
> Of age, the glory is to wish to die.'"[1]

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It appears that these Memoirs of the Empress Josephine were not written beyond this period. Political events so extraordinary, so disastrous—the fall of the great man whom she had never ceased to adore as her husband, and whom his unheard-of reverses had rendered more dear to

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he will find a notice of a book entitled, "*Présages de la Décadence des Empires*," in which the author establishes the fact that empires are subject to the laws of change, and that there are none whose duration can exceed a certain number of centuries. This duration he fixes at from twelve to thirteen centuries. By a long series of arguments, he arrives at the conclusion, that "a certain empire which hath held Europe under its yoke or in terror, and which hath seen thirteen hundred years without receiving a mortal blow, is not far from some sad catastrophe"—and then proceeds to foretell to those who live within the bounds of that state, that the signs forewarn him that they will flee from it, for fear of sharing the wounds which will be inflicted upon it.

[1] *Night V.*

her than his astonishing prosperity had done—so many misfortunes, I say, afflicted her too profoundly to allow her to write out the harrowing details. I have been able to find only scattered notes and memorandums, from which I now proceed to draw the necessary facts for the completion of the history of the life of this Princess. May the public pardon me for presuming to raise my feeble voice, after hearing that of a woman so justly and universally mourned; and may they, in the following narration, equal in real interest to anything that has preceded, forget that it is traced by another pen.

To the praise of Josephine, it may be said, she heard with delight of the return of the august Prince, who was received with great acclamations. The public joy was at its height. Never did the capital see within its ramparts so brilliant a ceremony as that of the 3rd of May, 1814![1] On that glorious day, the French people formed but one family. All the factions were annihilated; every one promised sincerely to forget the past and, on this auspicious occasion, a unanimous vow was uttered in favour of the allied Sovereigns, who, in giving us peace, united with that blessing that of restoring to us the august House of Bourbon.

The Empress must have been surprised at receiving the compliments of the King's brother.[2] Could she have forgotten that she was once the wife of Napoleon, this would have been for her indeed a triumph. But this homage was addressed to her as an individual. Her eminent services in behalf of illustrious outlaws[1] were well known to a Prince capable of appreciating her true worth. It was not to the Princess who was solemnly crowned in the great temple of Notre-Dame that these flattering felicitations were addressed; but to a woman who, for fifteen years past, had been the pride and admiration of France.

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[1] The day of the entry of His Majesty Louis XVIII.

[2] "I esteem myself happy," said Josephine, "that fortune hath called me to be the wife of Bonaparte, for I have ever used the ascendency I had over him in endeavouring to save the lives of the illustrious unfortunates whom I did not believe guilty."

Prince Eugene, not being able to preserve Italy to himself,[2] was constrained by political events to renounce the viceroyalty as well as the Venetian states, and the new arrangements entered into by the great Powers of Europe annulled the act of the Prince-Primate by which Eugene was called to the sovereignty of Frankfort. So that the son of Josephine, notwithstanding his valour, was constrained to submit to necessity (88); still, he was not without hope. As to his mother, she knew no other joy than that of being reunited to her children. On the return of the Viceroy she again enjoyed a few brief moments of happiness, to be appreciated only by a mother—that of embracing, after a long separation, the being to whom she gave birth. This was, so to speak, the last delicious sensation which Josephine experienced; for soon the inexorable Fates were to sever the thread of her painful existence. She had received from august lips the assurance that her estates should be preserved to her, and had been invested with the title of Grand Duchess of Navarre (89). In a word, had she possessed a less sensitive heart she might, perhaps, in consequence of the different allowances she was to receive from the Court of France, have entirely destroyed the recollection of the past, which had had so many charms for her—especially when she cast her eyes into the future.[1] Unfortunate woman! she had seen the most brilliant illusions of this life pass away; she now dreamt of nothing but to die; and yet the most illustrious things of this world were still around her. One of the most agreeable moments in this closing scene of her existence, when her past grandeur seemed to her but a dream, was that when leave was granted her to be publicly presented to the King.[2] She was worthy of it, she who at all times, and under all circumstances, had proclaimed the virtues and innocence of Louis XVI. and his illustrious and immortal Queen! She was worthy of it, who, during the reign of anarchy, had rescued from the hands of cruel faction innumerable victims,[1] whose opinions were ever in harmony with the most generous sentiments, who had confronted more than one danger in aiding unfortunate emigrants who had so often dared to make Bonaparte tremble for his abuse of power. She often pointed out to him the traitors who finally managed to hurl him from the throne. Entirely convinced that her husband aimed only at the good of the people, she admired in him an extraordinary man; but she never flattered his power. She applauded his good deeds; but it is wrong to impute to her the excesses of his reign.

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[1] Whenever Josephine happened to observe, from her apartments, a throng about the Tuileries, or on the terrace, and discovered a petition among them, she would send for it. Thirty such petitions would sometimes be presented in a single forenoon. If they happened to contain the signatures of persons of note, her habit was to grant relief on the spot, out of respect for the position of the claimant. But her bounties were not known. She charged her secretary, M. Deschamps, and her principal *valet de chambre* to inform themselves respecting persons petitioning, and if, in case it turned out that they were victims of the Revolution, which was most frequently the fact, she would grant a pension, or some domestic relief.

[2] The Prince-Primate Charles, the Sovereign of Ratisbon, had adopted Eugene as his successor at Aschaffenburg, Frankfort, &c. That venerable archbishop bore a singular affection for Josephine. Whenever he spoke of Napoleon, he was accustomed to say, "The little good which this monarch has done is chiefly owing to his wife. So far as in her lies, she seeks to repair his faults; and so charmingly does she manage him that, to hear her, one would be almost tempted to admire even the political crimes of this scourge of Germany." This was certainly the most beautiful eulogium that could have been pronounced upon the mother of the Prince who was to inherit the estates of a man who knew so well how to discern and to recompense merit.

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[1] This reflection is unworthy of the memory of that illustrious but unfortunate woman. How could she ever have "forgotten" that she was the beloved wife of the hero of the Italian and Egyptian campaigns, of Austerlitz, Jena, Borodino, and a hundred other fields of glory—of the *elected* Sovereign of the French people, whose hands had placed the imperial diadem upon her brow, whose voice had shaken down the feudal system, and made all its tyrants tremble on their thrones?—TRANSLATOR.

[2] The Empress engaged her son to procure her a presentation to the King Prince Eugene met with the most distinguished re-

Those who have experienced pangs which they are constrained to dissemble, and for which they unexpectedly receive a balm which brings a momentary relief, may form some idea of Josephine's feelings on being informed of Bonaparte's safe arrival at the island of Elba.

She received from that man, whom all the nations of Europe had thought it their duty to humble, a letter which breathed nothing but sentiments of the utmost kindness. He began to see that it was to her constant and unvarying friendship, and to her kind interposition,

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ception. She herself was to have been publicly presented, accompanied by her daughter; but, from certain perfidious reports in circulation, she feared she should be regarded only as the wife of a man whose reign had ended; and this caused her so much chagrin as, probably, to hasten the fatal malady to which she fell a victim.

[1] For years did Josephine appear upon the vast theatre of Courts; she knew how to make friends, and sought to unite all the different parties who, before her appearance on the scene, were armed for mutual destruction.

that he was indebted for his new existence. She read the letter with the tenderest emotion. A sudden transport of delight, mixed with a thousand fears, changed her first sensation, on receiving the letter, into a sort of hope which seemed to revive her.

"You wish me absolutely to speak," wrote Bonaparte. "Ah! you will praise me for keeping silent when I shall have answered. No matter, you exact it, and you must be satisfied. Well, Josephine, all your fears, which I laboured to destroy, all your terrors, which I so long combated, are but too well justified by the event. Your husband, forsaken by his friends and his flatterers, can henceforth be saved only by Murat. Let destiny be accomplished; it will doubtless prove more potent than men. I abandon myself to its direction, and, perchance, you will soon see your husband more powerful than ever. I cannot find an eternal abode on the island of Elba; my country, my country is where I can rule."

However well prepared she might have been for the woes which he announced to her, the effect of the lightning is not more sudden or violent than that which this news produced upon her. She remained motionless as a statue. Tears streamed from her eyes; the last spark of hope went out, and the whole world vanished from before her. Alas! she could no longer correspond freely with Napoleon, and this new act of ingratitude on the part of Murat (for she was not ignorant of his projects) (90) had the effect to deprive her at once of all happiness and of life.

Two beings only could now attach her to earth and prolong her days—days devoted to mourning; and the thought of them revived in her all her former susceptibility. In vain did she attempt to conceal her feelings;

she continued to receive visits from the most illustrious personages, who hastened to honour her with their presence, though, on several occasions, she hesitated to go to her daughter at St. Leu-Taverny.[1]

The last day the Sovereigns came to pay their respects, a shade of melancholy was spread over her features; nothing but the presence of the august guests then at her daughter's could have induced her to resort to a concealment of her feelings. It was observed that she was afflicted; sorrow was imprinted on her cheek. Her languid look, the enfeebled accents of her once sweet voice, and that air of perfect goodness which always indicated her sympathy in others' sufferings, made her more interesting in the eyes of the foreign Princes than if she had been in the heyday of youth and vivacity. She seemed to have made an offering of her own existence; she found her only happiness in that of others, whenever she was able to contribute to it; all idea of her own felicity was banished from her heart; though the tears of joy shed by the unfortunate objects of her beneficence were to that heart a healing balm. Her soul was the vase, which sheds its sweetest perfume at the approach of the evening.

She continued her accustomed promenades. She loved to point out to the illustrious strangers, who came in throngs to Malmaison to admire and to pity her, all that was costly and curious about that magical retreat (91). The rarest flowers and fruits charmed the senses of the numerous soldiers who, born principally upon the frozen banks of the Neva and the Beresina, knew nothing of their smell, taste, or beauty. She carried her bounty and generosity so far as to come herself to enquire whether anything were wanting in the service of the table. In a word, this incomparable woman made herself firm friends among the most distinguished personages of all nations. And even at this epoch, Bonaparte, whom others seemed to envy even in his unheard-of adversity, was fortunate enough, at least, to possess a perfect friend, and to preserve her friendship even in exile.

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[1] It was observed as very singular that Josephine, who ordinarily took great pains in matters connected with her toilet, was absolutely *en negligé* at a dinner given by her daughter Hortense at St. Leu. This being mentioned to her by one of her women, who urged her to improve her appearance in order to attend the fête which was to be honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns, she refused; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she finally persuaded herself to attend on that occasion.

The Empress Maria Louisa twice visited Hortense in her solitude at St. Leu, and addressed to her the most flattering compliments.

CHAPTER XV

If we carefully consult our own feelings, we shall find that, when we are about to part with a dear friend, a sort of revelation tells us whether the separation is to be for ever.

On Monday, the 16th of May, 1814, it was noticed, with surprise, that Josephine's physiognomy wore a gloomy and forsaken look; her eyes were red and swollen, like a person's who has wept much; and as she was afraid her women would suspect she had been weeping, she said she had a violent headache; she became quite feeble, and her friends feigned to believe it was headache, although the most of them were greatly alarmed at so sudden a change.

Several days passed, and she began to feel the approach of the disease which was hastening her death. She observed certain precautions, prescribed by her physicians, to arrest the disease in its origin; but it had already made the most alarming progress. On the day before the one which snatched her away from France, from that lovely France which she adored, she gave at Malmaison a grand dinner to the Emperor Alexander. She was unable to do the honours, and her place was supplied by the Duchess of St. Leu. Josephine was forced to keep her room, and unable to see anyone except her children, whom she sent for.

Her first effort was to stretch her arms towards Eugene. The Prince, supposing it an invitation to embrace him, threw himself into her arms. He took one of her hands, and carried it to his lips, pronouncing the loved name of *mother*. That name so dear to Josephine, and which Eugene repeated several times, penetrated her heart. She opened her eyes, which had been closed, gazed sorrowfully upon her son, and then looked away from him. She then pushed him gently from her, and said, in a whisper, as if she foresaw the frightful misfortunes with which she was to be bowed down:

"Soon you will no longer have a mother; soon you will have no one to love you as tenderly as she!"

How shall I describe the death of Josephine? Let the reader picture to himself that lovely woman, who, by her pleasing qualities and the most perfect charms of mind and character, once ruled over the most polished and gallant nation on the globe—let him paint to himself her last moments! Let him call to mind the time when the graces of her person, and the charms of goodness which enlivened her angelic face, heightened the brilliancy even of the imperial purple which she wore, and then view her in her present situation, with a raging fever preying upon her and life nearly extinct; her head tossing upon her pillow, and almost delirious; her brow on fire, her look dull and languid; her pallid lips, from which the smile had for ever fled; the cloth which covered her dying body, and which was about to become her winding-sheet! Great God! is this, then, the Empress? Is this the Empress and Queen? What did I say? What now are her titles and her greatness? She has forgotten them all—all save one, the dearest of all, that of a *mother!* "Alas!" said she, "Nature bestows on us that endearing name to console us in life, and even at the gates of death. Who can tell but that it may even prolong for a few brief moments our transitory existence?—who knows but its empire may extend beyond the tomb? Oh, yes!" she added, "yes, my children, everything here reveals to my heart that, in the blessed abode to which I am summoned, I may still intercede for you—that privilege is reserved for me in heaven."

No longer was she that lovely and brilliant Josephine, clothed with all the graces, as with a garment, and sitting upon the most glorious throne in the world. It was Josephine breathing her last. A mother stretched upon the bed of death, surrounded by the beings who were the dearest to her, whose sighs and groans fell upon her dying ear. The disease was aggravated by the peculiar state of the blood, produced by the violence of her grief, and which contributed to hasten the fatal result. The fever, however, was intermittent, and permitted her, during her lucid intervals, to speak of her husband to the children. "My dear Eugene," said she, "the greatest good, both for people and princes, is glory, provided its object be the public happiness. 'Tis not by following the erratic courses of great men that a man raises himself to a glorious reputation, but by imitating their virtues. Imitate whatever good and usefulness others have done, and you will one day have imitators among the greatest nations of the earth." Here her respiration became difficult. Her children, who did not for a moment leave her bedside, moistened it with a flood of tears. "Ah, Napoleon," said she, with failing voice, "I have not been able to survive thy misfortunes! Thy utterly forsaken condition, the ingratitude of those who owe their all to thee, the treason of many whom thou callest thy friends—these things are the causes of my death—these are the causes which hasten me to the tomb! I am fast sinking; every hour adds to my corroding sorrows. Honoured by the attentions of my husband's conquerors, I cannot but admire their noble and generous conduct towards the French people; but I should have preferred to share Bonaparte's exile, for I should, by my presence, have soothed the days of sorrow which are reserved for him."[1]

Hortense and Eugene, standing by her bedside, held those hands which were a moment since scorched with fever, but now cold and almost inanimate. They seemed resolved to hold back the spirit of their parent, now ready to leave the body and ascend to heaven. The efforts they made to recover one of her hands which she had withdrawn from them, their increasing lamentations and prayers to God to restore her to them for a moment, aroused the dying Josephine. She seemed to regain a little of her strength; her spirits seemed less prostrated, her brain more calm, and her words, which just before expired in an inaudible whisper on her lips, began to be heard by her heart-broken children at the moment the physicians entreated them, as a matter of prudence to themselves, to withdraw from the scene of woe. "Ah," said she, grasping their hands with the little strength which nature still gave her, "leave them with me—leave them with me! I am still their mother!" She clasped each of them in turn to her bosom, and their tears mingled.

"It was for you, my children," said she, "for you only, that I desired fortune and honours. Did I need them for myself? Did not my attachment to Bonaparte displace every other attachment? Oh, my God! Thou knowest how well I loved that man, called by Thee to attain to so much greatness—the sport of Thy will—

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[1] Bonaparte, in his exile, could not, like Ovid, repose himself upon the hope that his wife would erect for him a tomb. She who would have gladly rendered him this pious office was no longer in existence. She left to stranger hands the duty of closing his eyes.

the man who seemed sent by Heaven, first as an angel of safety, and then as a scourge.[1] Thou knowest how much more I have loved him as his misfortunes increased. Would he were this day before my eyes with my children, as he is with them in my heart! Yes, my

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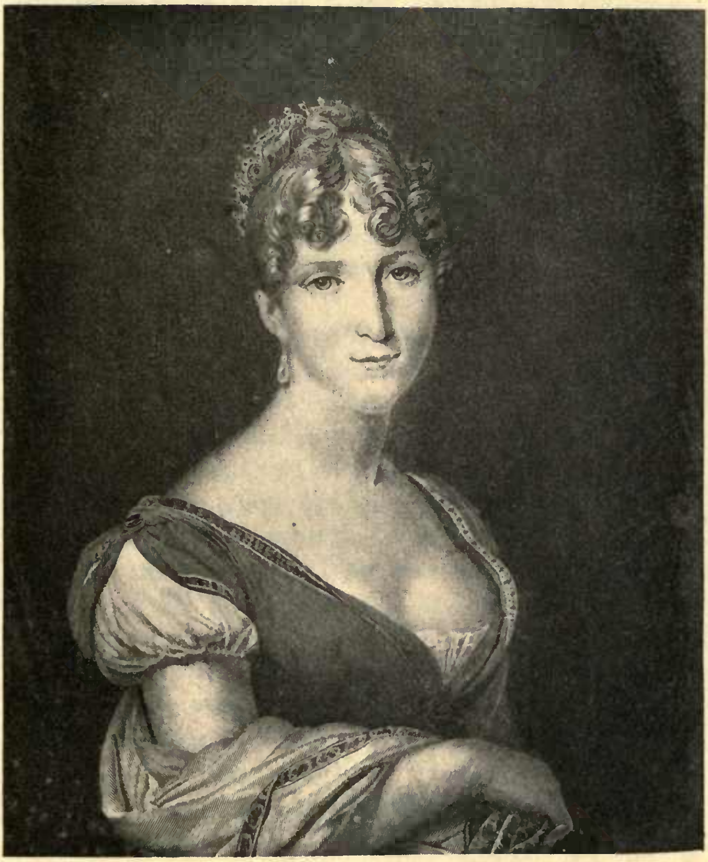
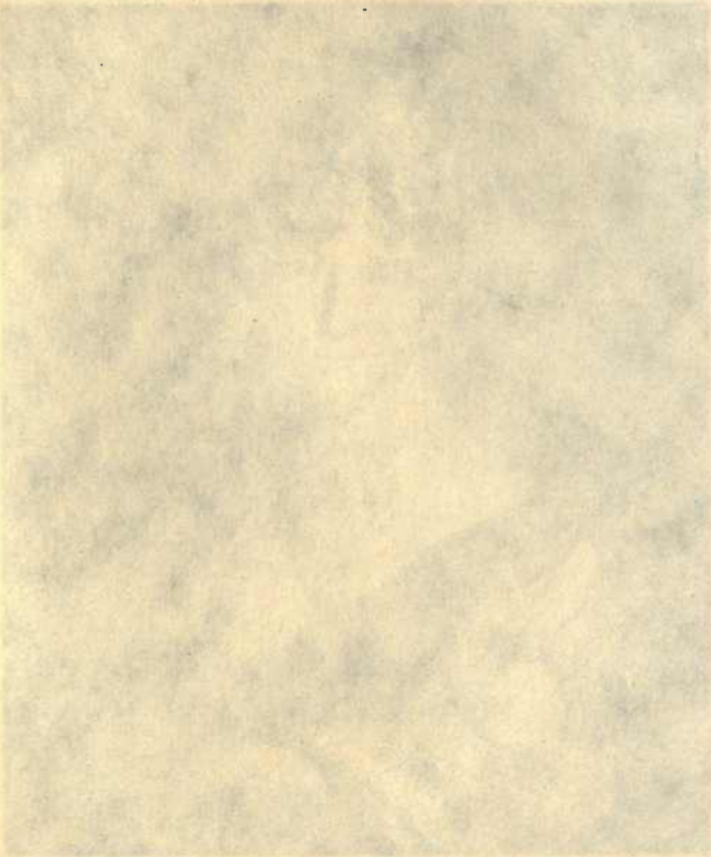
[1] I cannot enter into an examination of Madame de Staël's complaints against the man who governed France for twenty years. Such a task were too much for my strength. Rocks would beset my path on every side. I should wound cherished recollections, and open wounds not yet fully healed. The time for writing the life of Bonaparte has not yet arrived. Eulogies on the living are not in good taste; and sorrow and disappointment have rights which lay an interdict upon criticism. The author who wishes to write history must choose a subject which he can view in all its relations; and only one side in the life of Bonaparte can, at present, be examined. In order to display his faults we must wait for time to enable us to estimate his high faculties. Madame de Staël seems not to have reflected upon this. A friend of liberty, as she has proved herself to be, she should have reflected that a writer who, at the present time, arraigns Bonaparte, exercises an irregular jurisdiction, since attack is interdicted where defence is impossible. Had she thought of this she would not have approached a subject in which she could be unjust at her ease, and without contradiction; and, to borrow her own language, she would often have thought that proud spirits take pleasure in defending an unfortunate man, and satisfaction in placing themselves in contrast with those orators who were yesterday prostrate before him, but who, to-day, labour to insult him, while estimating the height of the prison walls which surround him.

How has the writer, who uttered that just and noble sentiment, herself fallen into the error she deplores; how has she been seduced, by her hatred against the Sovereign, to wield it against a whole nation; to declare that, during his reign, no kind of virtue has been respected in France; to ask what distinguished man has showed himself during that period, to pronounce a sentence of condemnation for the future, and to prophesy that, for a long time to come, no man will arise where he has ruled! When, in fine, we see the same writer parade before us a pompous list of the celebrated men which a neighbouring state has produced, and is producing, astonishment succeeds our grief—I had almost said our indignation. But, at the present time, to speak is not safe, and to be silent is a duty. We have, indeed, reached a point where silence is more eloquent, and even more audible, than words.—*Leon-Thiessé, "Letters from Normandy," 12th June, 1818.*





son, my daughter, there is but one being in the world who shares that attachment which would otherwise be exclusively yours at this trying moment—but one man who can claim any part of my love—any portion of my dying thoughts—and that man is Bonaparte! In vain has he given to another the title of his wife; in vain, satisfied in the arms of his new companion, has he more than once contemned my useless regrets; I pardon him all, all, absolutely! Would that he were here! this, my last day, would be my happiest." Her sobs checked her, and she was forced to pause and take a moment's rest.

Hortense is standing at the foot of the bed of death; her face, bathed in tears, is covered by her two hands, which she removes, from time to time, only to gaze upon her dying mother, and then reproachfully upon a picture of Napoleon which was hanging near by. Eugene is kneeling at the pillow, his arms extended, his eyes red with weeping, his countenance pale and livid; his appearance seemed not to differ from that of his mother. It seemed his fate to die with her; the grave seemed yawning to receive them both. Josephine tasted a moment's rest; her spirit, though ready to leave its tenement of clay, seemed yet to tarry for a brief space before taking its flight to Heaven—like the lamp which burns beneath a temple's vault, near the holy altar, to which a drop of oil gives a momentary brightness before its ray departs for ever.

The Empress profited by the strength which repose gave her to converse still about her unhappy husband. She made a sign to her daughter to take down the portrait of Bonaparte and to place it on her bed near to her. She gazed at it with manifest emotion, and then, raising her eyes to heaven, said, "O God, watch over his destinies; I fear he will involve new victims in his misfortunes, for I doubt not he is still seduced by the dreams of ambition. He would fain quit the retreat which the foreign Powers have granted to him; my children will again be exposed to the dangers of the struggle, and I, alas, shall no longer be here to direct them in their course! O God, avert such a catastrophe! Watch over him while he remains in the desert of this world; spare him new and additional disasters. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? If his projects of ambition have given birth to great evils, hath not his genius effected great good? Is his reign marked by nothing but the calamities of war? Just God! who hast ever looked into his heart, and seen with how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated, I ask Thee, would it be rendering *justice* to the hero on whose features I now gaze, to speak only of his wanderings without saying a word of his virtues? Justice, daughter of Heaven, I appeal to thee. Hath Bonaparte done naught but evil? I appeal to the justice of France, to the impartiality of her historians. 'Tis true that, in retracing the reign of that man, now become so famed, the pen of history must describe the disasters of the late wars; but that will only be after it hath consecrated to undying glory a multitude of glorious campaigns. Yes, history must speak of the ills of Spain, of Russia, and the invasions of France; but her sacred lips must first teach to posterity the glories of the campaigns of Italy and Germany. She must first teach them to revere the names of Marengo, Ulm, Tilsit, Jena, and Austerlitz. If she is compelled to record the devastations which followed Napoleon's rash enterprises, she must also speak of the superb monuments which arose from the earth at the bidding of his genius, of the temples he raised, the altars he rebuilt, the rivers he made to contribute to the embellishment of cities; she must point to the Apennines, the Alps, Mont Cenis, and the Simplon, once impassable, but made level, as it were, under his reign, presenting to the traveller superb roads, facilitating commerce, subservient to the arts, and opening a ready communication between France and her neighbouring nations. In short, if his ambition has had its thousands of victims, the historian must add that his bounty and munificence have made, and are to-day making, thousands of ingrates.[1] But I stop here; it does not belong to me to name them; my life is closed; I have terminated the brief years of my existence—years which have seen so many flowers spring up and perish in my path. Now the struggling breath of dissolution is upon my lips; their accents are fast failing; but the words I now utter are no less the interpreters of my last thoughts. O God, deign to approve them; and may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish, my latest prayer, were for him[2] and my children!" She still spoke: "Preserve the Bourbons for their country and their subjects. It is now in their power to restore to France both its ancient splendour and its modern prosperity. Josephine implores this blessing."

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[1] Whenever an emigrant's petition was presented to Napoleon, he would hand it to his aide-de-camp, or put it in his right pocket, a sign that the matter was to be looked into. Whenever he placed it in his left pocket (which was called the good pocket), it was a sure sign he was disposed to grant what was asked.

[2] Bonaparte ever preserved his esteem for, and was tenderly attached to her, at least during the last two years of her life. She did not abandon him in his disgrace, but continued to be his consolation and support to the last day of her life.

A short time before she breathed her last the windows of her apartment were opened for the admission of the fresh air of spring. The weather was pleasant, the trees clothed with flowers, and the west wind, laden with perfume from the neighbouring groves, wafted the odours to her bed. She was thus enabled to breathe the fragrant air of spring. "She dies," exclaimed the weeping by-standers, "at the birth-time of flowers." Alas! Josephine, from her infancy, had been acquainted with sorrow—she had learnt at an early age how much it costs one to have a feeling heart.

If, on the one hand, she felt her heart relieved by pouring the secrets of her sorrow into the bosoms of her offspring, whose souls were so congenial with her own, this long recital had, on the other, reopened all her wounds and renewed all her emotions.

In her expiring moments she said, "My sight grows dim; a cloud, a boundless cloud, rises between the world and me. I am dying; I am insensibly escaping from myself; though I feel that I have but a few moments to live, I know, also, that there are eternal years before me."

Full of hope and confidence, sure of enjoying immortal bliss, she waited for death with a feeling of security. "I might," said she, "invoke death, had not my Maker forbidden me to desire it."

No passion agitated, no interest longer guided, her thoughts. She was about to close her eyes for ever. But those of Omnipotence were upon her; at any moment she might hear the summons from her final Judge.

The Emperor Alexander, understanding that Josephine was in danger of falling a victim to the sudden and cruel disease whose symptoms he had observed in her some days before, arrived at Malmaison and asked to see the Empress. She seemed to gain a little strength on seeing him. Deeply affected by the picture which she had before her eyes, she gazed upon it with a look of gratitude. Prince Eugene, kneeling, received the blessing of his illustrious mother, as did also Queen Hortense, whose anguish it is impossible to describe.

"At least," said Josephine, with dying accent, "at least I shall carry with me some regrets. I have aimed at the good of the French people; I have done all in my power to promote it, and I may say with truth to all who attend me in my last moments, that never, no, never, did the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte cause a tear to flow." These were her last words (92).

Thus died Josephine; thus perished, in her fifty-first year, that lovely and wonderful woman, an interesting victim to her attachment to a husband whom she never ceased to love. Alas! misfortune and the passions never fail, sooner or later, to drag into the abyss of death the beings who have been marked as their victims.

Josephine expired; her face still preserved all its serenity, all its mildness—the image of a soul which had returned to its Source. It seemed as if the smile and the gracefulness which once dwelt upon her lips, were rekindled there, though death had closed them for ever. "Thou art no more our mother," exclaimed her children, pressing her cold and lifeless hands; "'tis all over with us—we have no longer a friend!" After a short silence, interrupted only by sobs and groans, Eugene added, "If there be another abode for maternal love, for benevolence, for every lovely virtue, alas! yes, Josephine, thou shalt dwell there. Sister of the angels! ascend to them, and after loving us on earth, remember us in heaven."

The Emperor Alexander burst into tears (93). That powerful Sovereign had shown the most marked personal respect towards Josephine. He esteemed and mourned her. His eyes remained fixed upon the mortal remains of the wife of a proscribed and unfortunate man. The young hero honoured with his presence the last moments of a universally regretted woman. He left the room, deeply affected; but returning after a few hours to the coffin, he raised the death cloth from the face of the corpse, and, with eyes filled with tears, uttered his last adieu in these touching words:

"This Princess is dead, and she leaves eternal regrets in the hearts of her friends, and of all who knew her."

This testimony of esteem on the part of a great monarch fills the measure of eulogy to the memory of the Empress Josephine; and I should add nothing to it, could gratitude have any bounds.

Doubtless it will require a more eloquent pen than mine to erect a literary monument worthy of her memory, and I am by no means insensible to the feebleness of my means and the smallness of my talents; but as that admirable Princess was the most modest of women during her life, I have judged that her august spirit could not reject even the humblest homage after her death.

Unite with me, then, all ye who knew Josephine: like me, ye have been witnesses of her benevolent deeds. "'Twas she who gave us work and bread," exclaimed a numerous procession of unfortunate persons who followed her towards her long resting-place. "She is no more, and in her death we have lost our mother and our support."

Scarcely had the solemn convoy (94) that conducted the remains of the Empress to Rueil, reached the threshold of the church, when her funeral oration was on every tongue.

Every one exclaimed, "Death has unexpectedly stricken down this heavenly woman, whose memory will for ever be dear to the unfortunate. Without any other strength than that of a generous patience, without any other intrigue than a knowledge of the human heart, she signalised the days of her prosperity by uncounted acts of benevolence. Her heart was the fountain of those numberless virtues which render her the model of women." The eulogy and the rehearsal of her good qualities formed the most interesting portion of her funeral pomp.

If history is forced to consecrate some of the errors of Napoleon, she will also relate that Heaven placed beside him an angel of goodness, clad in all the seducing forms of beauty and gracefulness. She will also say that, in the times of our calamities, that goodness was never implored in vain; and that, if she was not always able to prevent an abuse of power, she could always inspire the sufferer's heart with hope, that last consolation of the afflicted.

Josephine is no more! There scarcely remains of that celebrated woman enough to fill the smallest urn. Yet the sparkling flame of a funeral pyre has not devoured her remains; the celestial genius which animated her still keeps watch over them, and causes them to be respected. That monument is not covered by a pompous marble; it is not surcharged with eloquent inscriptions ordinarily the homage of flattery, or the tribute of vanity. Wreaths of roses, and crowns of amaranths and violets, replace the pompous escutcheons and the long and tiresome epitaphs in letters of gold. But her dust deserves, in my opinion, another resting-place. A few days before her death she took pleasure, more than once, in repeating the following touching and remarkable words: "I have, at least, succeeded in drying up a tear, but have not to reproach myself with ever having caused others to shed tears." Certainly, she who during her mortal life was an honour to the arts, and an ornament to the virtue of friendship, ought not to remain unknown in the vault of the church at Rueil. Plants, flowery shrubs and trees, ought to form an arbour on her tomb, and exhale their united sweets above her; and, by a diversity of fruit and flower, present to the visitor a subject of delicious contemplation. The zephyrs sporting through the foliage, and waving their branches, would seem to impart life to them, and animate the shade of Josephine. A globe, an image of the sun, should shed its light upon the darkness of the night, and keep watch at the entrance of her tomb. At day-dawn, a new star would recall to us the imperfect idea, but one which we have adopted, of the palace of the Divinity, whose vaults are formed of eternal suns. The virtues of the deceased Josephine would seem, then, to shine with new brilliancy; and, in this moment of ecstasy, the visitor should see her statue seated on a throne of gold; crowns and immortal palms should circle her brows; the earth be made to rejoice at her presence among the celestials, and her bliss in being associated with that holy band who celebrate the greatness and goodness of God with songs in which angels and archangels join with the sound of lyre and harp. She should point the way to that blest abode where repose the souls of the just, whose conduct here has been righteous and pure.

Our grandchildren, thinking there will be no more night and that an eternal day beams upon us, will sometimes contemplate the shrubs planted here and there upon the lawn of Malmaison. The amaryllis should spring up around her tomb, and bend above it like the weeping willow, giving to the place an aspect at once picturesque and gloomy. The tears of friendship should often water their roots; upon her tombstone should be read this inscription, eloquent in its simplicity:—"Here lies the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. She was universally mourned by her contemporaries. She transmitted to her children the heritage of her virtues. She was seated upon a throne whose foundations were sapped by the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI."

Josephine, Bonaparte's last friend; Josephine, the first object of his ambition, and the only woman whom, notwithstanding his inconstancy towards her, he truly loved, will live for ever. Bonaparte was fortunate while her lot was connected with his. His life was less miserable while she survived. Dying, she still wished to press his hand; his name was the last word she uttered, and her last tear fell upon his portrait (95).

If, after death, there remains of us a flitting shadow, Josephine will dwell in the Elysian Fields. Approach her, illustrious Beauharnais, Hoche, Lannes, Bessières, with brows bound with roses and laurels! Haste to her, thou august Prince (Duke d'Enghien), whom she sought to save; haste, and crown her with myrtle and amaranths! Lightly rest the earth upon her coffin! May the place, where a simple stone now covers her (96) still tell the traveller that, on the 2nd of June, 1814, the remains of the Empress Josephine were here deposited; but that her name shall pass down the stream of Time for ages to come, and be known throughout the world, when it shall, perhaps, be searched for in vain amidst the ruins of the church at Rueil. But 'tis at Malmaison, in front of the cherished abode of Josephine, that our posterity will come to visit her tomb.

Time destroys great reputations; that of Napoleon's first wife will be deathless. Envy persecutes the living only; it respects the dead, and troubles neither their glory nor their repose. Josephine shall live when the earth shall be consumed.

Life is a perishable good; Time, in its rapid flight, destroys it. The violet and the lily are not always in bloom; the rose falls to the ground, and its stock remains, armed with thorns. Thus pass our years. I have seen the faded, despoiled shrub clothed again with flowers and verdure, and its stock, though armed with thorns, hath afforded me a lover's wreath; but now, alas! its roots are dried up.[1]

The silence of contemporary historians will leave posterity for ever ignorant of the immediate causes which hastened the death of Josephine. The secret is for ever buried in her tomb, and it belongs to no one to reveal it to the French people.

Death separates her from the present. Unpitying Death gives her to the future; the future, Josephine, is thy recompense. Thy spirit, attracted towards another world, breathes a purer air above the tomb, and repels the approach of Time, which sets bounds even to Hope.

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[1] Ovid, "*Ars Amandi,*" lib. i.

NOTES TO VOL. II

(1) *Page* 6.—Pichegru.

Bonaparte did not order the murder of Pichegru, but he was guilty of great imprudence in saying, ill-humouredly, to D——, M—— and S——, "When shall I be rid of this man?—he fatigues and annoys me. It is impossible for me to send him to Synnamari, and I cannot make up my mind to sentence him. Louis XI. was not in so sad a predicament as the First Consul!" Those cowards understood him, and resolved upon the destruction of the unfortunate general. It could not be disguised that the conqueror of Holland still had some partisans. He was also feared for his unbending veracity, and was, moreover, possessed of a correspondence which might seriously have compromised the general of the army of the East. The latter knew that fact, and was anxious at any price to regain it. He had written to Pichegru, and caused others to write to him while he resided in London; but Pichegru refused him that satisfaction. The secret police had beset him with their bloodhounds. A woman who had a certain degree of influence over him, attempted more than once to get possession of the correspondence by means of artifice. All was useless. The Consul swore eternal hatred against this Frenchman, a victim to his zeal in the cause of his King.

In order to satisfy, in some sort, the resentment of Bonaparte, and hoping thereby to render themselves agreeable to him, D——, M—— and S—— agreed to send to the Temple four Albanians with orders to search Pichegru and possess themselves of his despatches. This was but a vain pretext for sacrificing him. These miserable hirelings fell upon Pichegru and struck him. The unhappy prisoner made some resistance; one of them held his hands, another his legs, a third gagged him, and the fourth, placing his feet on his throat, strangled him with his own cravat. They even insulted the body of their victim, and mutilated it in several places. The jailer was not in the secret, though those who ordered the commission of the crime were there. The hapless Pichegru had just pressed the hand of one of them in token of their ancient friendship; but the heart of S—— was as cold as marble, and he remained unmoved during the execution. The body was so placed as to raise a suspicion that the prisoner had committed suicide. But such a mistake could not be made; the lie was too glaring. Shortly before the commission of this crime the report was circulated in Paris that Pichegru had poisoned himself. "So much the better," said Napoleon; "it will spare me the disagreeable necessity of punishing him." But when he heard of the general's death he was manifestly moved; his knees trembled. Was he playing a farce? He had always assured me of the contrary. "I should," said he, "have pardoned him; I only wanted to try him." Such was his language to Madame de la Rochefoucauld, who took the liberty to speak to him on the subject. The papers which Bonaparte was anxious to reclaim were not found; they had been deposited in faithful hands. "This crime," said he, "is a useless assassination; 'tis horrible! I swear that I am innocent of it, and you ought to believe me." He often used this language to me. "I wish," continued he, "that M—— may long feel the effects of the blow he received from that unhappy man while expiring by so cruel a death." Then, tapping with his foot, he added, "Had Pichegru lived I should have been a fearful enemy to him. He has fallen by the assassin's hand; I ought to pity his fate and have the Albanians punished." They afterwards disappeared, and Bonaparte regarded it as a happy circumstance that the truth respecting this nocturnal crime remained buried within the tower of the Temple, which recalled to the minds of men such thrilling, such bitter recollections. —NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

(2) *Page* 11.

"Pardon, provided he would ask it."

Bonaparte was anxious to attach to his interests the famous Georges Cadoudal. "This Briton," said he, "is an important character to his friends. He is extreme in everything. I had much rather pardon him, but he must, in the first place, humble himself before me. Otherwise, he must fall a victim to his zeal for the wretched party he belongs to. It is true I admire his courage. There is an end to everything. After serving the Bourbons so well, he might, I should think, attach himself to my cause. Ah! what does it matter to him whether he serve under the banner of an Octavius or a Lepidus? Such a man as he is certainly valuable to the Sovereign who knows how to employ him." I boasted of his courage, his rare devotedness, and interceded in his behalf. "No, madam," said he, "you will obtain nothing for him—he is not of the same temper as the others—he is a phenomenon of the present age, a rare friend. I want to gain him over, and to do so he must owe his life to me. Use all your efforts to induce him to do this act of condescension—I give you full liberty." I promised to neglect nothing to effect that object. On the sad day of his condemnation I charged a devoted servant with this honourable mission. He visited the Vendéan general, and found him in the court of the Conciergerie prison, surrounded by a group of prisoners, who were gazing upon him in silence and admiration. My messenger wished to speak with him in private, and for that purpose persuaded him to withdraw under one of the sombre galleries which surround that pestilential pit.

Georges refused to listen to any individual communication, and said, in a loud and animated tone, "Sir, you can speak in the presence of my friends; the same oaths bind, the same sentiments animate us. My cause is their cause, and their cause is mine. What do you wish?"

"To save you," answered M. de F——. "I have come to you in the name of the Empress; write to Bonaparte and ask to be pardoned."

"Ask to be pardoned!" replied Georges, warmly, "and what is to become of my noble companions? Will they be spared?"

On being answered in the negative, and told that four of them were marked for execution, he replied, with vehemence and indignation:

"Go, tell Bonaparte that Georges Cadoudal can humble himself for his friends, but for himself never! Thank the Empress for her generosity; but tell her that my last word is, All or nothing!"

These words were reported to me, by my messenger, immediately. I flew to Bonaparte; I entreated him to respite them all. He repulsed me. I instantly sent back my messenger to the Vendean chief. He was playing at quoits when F—— arrived. The latter renewed his efforts to speak with him in private, but Georges refused. "Sign," said the benevolent man, who sought to rescue him from death, "sign this petition, and have it presented to the Emperor without delay."

Georges glanced it over, but seeing only his own name in it, refused to make the slightest concession. Charles D'Hosier besought him repeatedly to reflect before he refused to sign. Georges replied, "Life is nothing to me; honour is everything. Could I save the lives of all my friends, freely, freely would I silence my offended self-pride; but, as I can save but a part of them, I must share the fate of those who are marked for destruction. Such a man as I will know how to submit to death; until his last moment will he be worthy of himself, and of the noble cause he has espoused." This said, he turned his back on F——, and immediately retired into his prison.

These words were reported to Bonaparte; they threw him into a rage. "Ah!" said he, "thou refusest my pardon. Very well; nothing on earth can now rescue thee from thy fate!"

He instantly gave orders to transfer Georges Cadoudal to Bicetre, there to await his execution. The general was quietly dining with his friends, when several keepers of the prison came and informed him that he must go to the registry.

"I hear you," replied the intrepid Vendean; "I am with you."

He embraced his friends. Several of them had obtained pardons, or a commutation of their sentences. He seemed not to envy them their good fortune. He embraced Charles D'Hosier and others. All were in tears. The most of them were never to see him more. He was imprisoned at Bicetre until the day of his execution. Never would he subscribe to any request to postpone the execution. He died as he had lived.

The day after his execution a letter from him was left on my toilette. It was in the following words:

"I thank you for your generosity towards me. I should have violated my oath had I listened to your proposals. In two words, I could not accept them. Enjoy the good you do, and the good that remains for you to do. Do not, madam, forget him who dies for his King, and whose last sigh will be for the welfare of the protectress of unfortunate Frenchmen!"

I confess I was deeply affected by the magnanimity he displayed, and shed tears over his fate. I could not help testifying to Bonaparte my regret at the loss of so valuable a subject.

"What would you have me to do?" said he; "one or the other of us must have yielded, and, in that alternative, I must have been the one. Thus it was necessary that heroism should succumb."—**Note by Josephine.**

(3) *Page* 14.

"Secrets, which the dark future concealed from him."

On his arrival in the United States, Moreau visited the Falls of Niagara, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. He returned by land to Morristown, whence he started. He purchased a pleasant house on the banks of the Delaware. This river recalled to his mind the passage of the French across it, in 1781, under Rochambeau, and the little siege of New York, more worthy to be remembered than a hundred battles in Europe which have decided nothing. Surrounded by friends, and a wife worthy of his affection and esteem, he forgot the wrongs he had endured, and seldom alluded to the author of them. The Americans, so simple in their manners, could not reconcile so much celebrity with so much simplicity on his part. Hospitality, however, is one of their virtues, and they admired his, which was displayed in relieving misfortune. He preferred fishing and hunting to all other amusements. He might have been seen returning home in the evening, with his negro, in his little boat, filled with fish and game. 'Tis one of the singularities of the human mind that great men excite our surprise when they do what the vulgar are employed in. The respect of the Greeks for Phocion was increased when they saw him drawing water from his well.

He spent his winters in New York, and was visited by persons of different political sentiments. The French Revolution had taught him that political opinions vary according to interest, birth, education, the times, and the usual inconstancy of the human mind. The history of almost all celebrated men is but a history of their changes. How many of them are there who, after twenty years of revolution, are still like themselves? He spoke freely, but not seditiously, respecting the French Government. Unable to forget the evils which France endured, he refused to listen to the proposals made him by certain powerful Sovereigns, hoping to be able to aid in the re-establishment of the peace and glory of his own country. The consternation produced at Paris by the news of the disasters of the expedition to Moscow, will long be remembered. They surpassed those of Athens, when Pericles told the assembled Greeks, "That all their youth had fallen in battle, and that it was as if the year had been despoiled of its spring-time." At the news of these terrible reverses, Moreau's affliction was turned into rage. "This man," said he, "is covering the French name with opprobrium; he calls down upon my unhappy country the hatred and maledictions of the whole world." On other occasions, he would say, "His ignorance only equals his folly. He has never learned that there are bounds to the efforts even of the greatest commanders; that mere blind force must dash itself in pieces against the natural obstacles presented by the elements. Had he read Polybius, he would have learned that a general must study the climate of a country he proposes to conquer. Charles XII. might have taught him the danger of being cooped up in the Ukraine without magazines, or the means of retreat. And did not Frederick the Great predict that the German or French army that should pass Smolensk would find its grave in the deserts of Russia? But his flatterers had told him that Alexander the Great penetrated to the extremity of the empire of Darius, and that he must go to Moscow."

When he had given up all hope of seeing his country saved by the efforts of its citizens at home, who were all either overawed or sold to Bonaparte, he joined the Emperor Alexander, and because that monarch, not entertaining ambitious views upon France, only armed himself to repel unjust aggression. He could not be compared to Coriolanus, who sought to punish Rome because she had refused to make him consul, but rather to Dion, who resolved to deliver Syracuse from an oppressive yoke. Like him, he might have said, "I march, not against my country, but against the most despicable of tyrants. The soldiers of Denis will soon be subject to my command. I am as sure of effecting a glorious revolution as I should be happy in having led you into Sicily, should I perish on arriving there." Plutarch informs us that the people of Syracuse, when delivered from their tyrant, prostrated themselves before Dion, invoked him as a guardian-god, and cast handfuls of flowers upon his head. Moreau felt assured that the enterprise he had espoused aimed only at results the most glorious—the deliverance of nations, the avenging of kings, and the restoration of a legitimate Sovereign to his throne. His native generosity forbade him to pay any regard to the liberal offers made him by the Russian monarch through his ambassador. There was no agreement between them, such as vulgar minds rely upon, in order to assure themselves of the gratitude of kings. He shunned all resemblance to those generals, once called *condottieri* (man-drivers), who, when compared to our Turennes and Catinats, are entitled to no esteem, and who take part in foreign strifes only because they are paid. In Moreau's mind, the art of war became but a mere trade when it ceased to be ennobled by patriotism and the love of liberty.

His wife and infant son were in France, where they had been for six months. He was fearful she might not receive the letters in which he had confided to her his secret purposes; but an answer from Madame Moreau at length reached him in the month of May. She had pried into the mysterious sense of her husband's letters, and had left France. Moreau had to conceal his departure from Bonaparte's minister in the United States, who would certainly have despatched a ship to overtake and seize him. He embarked on the 21st of June, 1813, with M. Swinine, a gentleman attached to the Russian embassy. His vessel was a fast sailer; and, aided by a fog and a favourable wind, he escaped all danger. After a voyage of two months, he reached the coast of Norway, and M. Chatan, the captain of a frigate, came in his boat to meet him. From the captain he learned that Madame Moreau had arrived in England, and this news gave him inexpressible joy. "I shall never forget," says M. Swinine, who accompanied him, "I shall never forget this happy part of my life. I had the great pleasure of hearing him discourse upon all sorts of topics. His mode of expression was characterised by the frankness of a soldier and the politeness of a man of the world. He uttered his thoughts with clearness and fluency, and his reading and observation were so extensive that his conversations were exceedingly rich and interesting. The only subjects upon which it was difficult to induce him to speak were the deeds which constitute his own military renown and the persecutions he had suffered. He never could pardon Bonaparte for the ills of France, although he pardoned him for those he had inflicted on him. His angelic soul knew no hatred, and his heart rejected all idea of personal vengeance. He often spoke to me of General Pichegru, whose talents and energetic virtues he admired, and whose lamentable end he deplored. He loved also to converse about our illustrious Suwarrow, whose genius and talents he admired. He had written something, by way of correcting the errors committed by historians respecting him; but his observations were lost with his library, which was destroyed when his country residence was burnt."

Scarcely had he reached Gottenburg, when he was obliged to conceal himself from the populace, who thronged around him with acclamations of joy. He wrote to the Emperor Alexander and the Prince Royal of Sweden. Marshal Essen remarked to M. Swinine, 'You have brought us a reinforcement equal to 100,000 men. What pleasure will his arrival give the Prince Royal, who can never cease speaking of his old friend, General Moreau! How many times has the Prince told me that Moreau was born a general, and that he had the conception, the glance, the decision of a great captain." For more than a year it had been rumoured throughout Sweden that Moreau was coming, a rumour occasioned by the questions put to Marshal Essen by the Prince whenever they passed a handsome country house, and his adding that he wanted to select one worthy of General Moreau.

Moreau brought with him nothing but his geographical charts and a small quantity of linen. "Few men were more circumscribed than he in their personal wants. A domestic servant was almost a superfluity. When I expressed to him my astonishment at his independence in respect to all those conveniences which are regarded as indispensable, he replied, 'Such should be the life of a soldier; he must know how to dispense with everything, and not to be discouraged at privations. 'Tis thus that we have carried on the war. The General-in-chief scarcely had a carriage; our baggage did not impede our march; and when on the retreat, we were not encumbered with that multifarious equipage which often occasions the loss of more men than a defeat.'"

At Stralsund, an aide-de-camp delivered him a letter from the Prince Royal of Sweden. All the generals accompanied him to the palace. The Prince Royal embraced him, lavishing upon him the most enthusiastic expressions of friendship. They passed three days together in concerting the plan of operations which was to restore peace to the world. It is still more difficult to describe the general joy manifested towards him in Prussia wherever he travelled. The innkeepers refused to receive any pay from him; all eyes were turned upon him, and every heart was filled with joy at his presence. "The good people of Prussia," said he, "show how deep is their hatred of the yoke imposed upon them by Bonaparte." At the gate of a small town, an old corporal seized the general's hand, covered it with kisses, and raised his feeble voice to call three invalids, who composed the entire guard, and ranged them in line to salute the general; the latter was melted to tears by the touching spectacle.

He expressed to M. Swinine his high admiration of Charles XII., the highest which he felt, not only for a king, but for man, and of the genius of the great Frederick, and his strength of mind, which was equal to all reverses. "That King," said he, "never abandoned his army in the midst of combat; his victories were the fruits of high military combinations, of a quick perception of results, the most rare coolness, and a courage fully becoming a king. The furious tactics of Bonaparte have entirely overthrown the art of war. Battles have become mere butcheries; and it is not now, as it was formerly, in sparing the blood of the troops that a campaign is to be decided, but in causing it to flow in rivers. Napoleon has gained his victories by blows."[1]

At Berlin his reception, by the people as well as the grandees, was still more flattering. He met with deserters in every town, in every village; they were chiefly Germans and Italians. One of the veterans fell to weeping on seeing his old general, and assured him that there remained in France scarcely any portion of that army of the Rhine which he had once saved from destruction; that all of them were daily exposed to danger and death, as examples to animate the young troops, who alone now composed the body of the grand army. Moreau asked him what motive caused him to desert; the veteran replied, "*Mon général*, there is no longer any pleasure in serving in the French army; it contains nothing but children, who cannot fight until their ears are stunned by the discharge of 200 cannon." He assured the general that his memory was engraved on the hearts of the soldiers, and that Napoleon was so sensitive in reference to Moreau that he had forbidden anyone in the army to pronounce his name, on pain of death; and that he had caused the rumour of his arrival on the Continent to be contradicted.

At Prague, the first object which struck his view was a park of Russian artillery. He admired the dress of the troops, the beauty of the horses, the lightness of the gun-carriages and cannon. "Its appearance alone," said he to M. Swinine, "accounts to me for its superiority during the last campaign." When he had advanced into the midst of the Imperial Guard his name flew from mouth to mouth, and the young officers pressed around him, and in front of his carriage, to get a sight of their great model. The next morning he was informed of the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, who conversed with him for two hours. Moreau, touched by the Emperor's manner, exclaimed to M. Swinine, "What a man is your Emperor! All that has been said of him falls far short of his real, his angelic goodness." The Emperor himself presented Moreau to his sisters, the Grand Duchesses of Weimar and Oldenburg, two Princesses whose minds, possessing varied and brilliant accomplishments, were also endowed with that distinguished talent of pleasing which characterised the Court of Catherine II.; a Court as enchanting at the present time as was that of Augustus during the days of the Romans. The Emperor of Austria reminded Moreau of his old companions on the Rhine, adding that "the character of the general had contributed much to diminish the horrors of war in regard to his own subjects." A sort of equality of greatness and glory seemed to reign between those monarchs and the general. Alexander presented the King of Prussia to him, who, on approaching him, remarked that it was with pleasure that he paid a visit to a general so renowned for his talents and virtues. The Emperor Alexander loved the man whom some other Sovereigns were so unhappy as not to appreciate; his own heart taught him what alone could captivate the heart of a great man; and, in company with Moreau, he seemed to forget his supreme rank.

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[1] A certain minister asked Bonaparte what he thought of a young officer, his nephew; to which he answered, "He is a brave man, but he doesn't like blood." In one of the reports from the grand army he wrote thus:—"After the battle, I caused the dead bodies of the enemy to be counted. They were found to number 18,537."

Hearing him one day speak of the "best of Princes," "How, sir?" said he; "say rather of men." The Emperor, in the course of a few hours, related to him the incidents of the preceding campaign, and with so much clearness, precision, correctness and depth of thought, that Moreau felt he was listening to the most experienced of commanders. Moreau used to say that if anything marred the perfection of that truly noble and loyal mind, it was an excess of modesty; and, speaking of the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, that she was the "great Catherine herself, and that her genius astonished and captivated all who knew her."

His frankness and noble simplicity forbade any envy, so common at Courts, to show itself at his reception by Alexander. The monarch's unbounded confidence in the general, whom he had induced to cooperate with him in the cause of mankind, was applauded.

"The Grand Duchesses," says Swinine, "addressed me a thousand questions respecting our new general, and required me to inform them respecting his mode of life in the New World in its most minute details. They told me that they had never seen a man who merited so much renown, and who, having a right to put forward such high claims, was yet so modest, so frank, so simple. They commanded me to persuade the general immediately to send for his wife, and added that there was no woman in the world in whom they had felt such an interest."

Moreau approached Dresden in the immediate company of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. The city was attacked by the allies at four o'clock in the afternoon. Towards evening it was set on fire in a dozen places. Moreau, in company with M. Swinine, descended into the valley, where the Austrian cavalry was drawn up; he passed along the line, in the midst of balls and shells, for the purpose of reconnoitring the French batteries. Such was Swinine's confidence, inspired by the presence of a hero, that he saw none of the perils that surrounded him, although Moreau exposed himself with so much temerity that he was conjured to reflect how great would be the sorrow of the allies should they lose a man upon whom all their hopes hung. Moreau listened to the advice, and, with the flames of burning Dresden to light his path, and the explosion of bomb-shells, which were falling around him, returned to the allied Sovereigns. His safe return relieved the Emperor of a great anxiety; he gave His Majesty an account of the position of Bonaparte's army at all points. In the night he saw the Grand Duke Constantine for the first time. The latter brought the news that it was the intention of the French army to debouch upon the right. Several prisoners confirmed the fact that Bonaparte had arrived at Dresden with 60,000 men. It was on this day that two Würtemberg regiments deserted the French, and passed over to the side of the Russians.

On the 27th of August, 1813, the rain fell in torrents, and scarcely permitted the use of the artillery. Moreau was making some observations to the Emperor Alexander, when a cannon-ball, discharged from a French battery, which had been brought up for the purpose of dismounting a Russian battery, behind which they had retired, broke the right knee and leg of the general, passed through his horse, and carried away the calf of his left leg. No language can express the monarch's grief; he wept, and with his own hands rendered him all the aid in his power. Colonel Rapatel leaped from his horse to receive the general in his arms. "I am gone," said the latter, "but it is glorious to die in such a cause, and under the eye of so great a Prince." The colonel sought to inspire hope, but the general, though unwilling to discourage the hopes of friendship, showed, by his silence, that his mighty mind already contemplated death, and that without any fear.

A litter was formed of several Cossack pikes, upon which he was borne into a neighbouring house, less exposed to the French fire. M. Welly, chief surgeon to the Emperor, amputated his right leg, just below the knee, Moreau begged him to examine the other, and, on being answered that it was impossible to save it, he remarked, coldly, "Very well, then, cut it off." He consoled those who shed tears. Notwithstanding the efforts made to conceal this catastrophe, it soon became known to the army. He was removed to a greater distance, and enjoyed a brief but quiet sleep, experiencing but little fever. On the 28th of August, he was placed on a litter enclosed with curtains. He asked for water often, to moisten his mouth. The King of Prussia, on arriving at Toplitz, said to Swinine, "I regard his death as the greatest calamity which could befall me." The Emperor of Russia met him on the frontiers of Bohemia. He asked whether he had slept; and, coming near to him, enquired with the deepest interest respecting his health, carefully saying a few words respecting the position of his army, but in a manner indicating his fear to agitate him. But it is impossible to depict the grief with which all were penetrated when, towards night, he was seen stretched motionless on the litter at head-quarters. Tears ran down the scarred cheeks of the beholders; and soldiers, hardened by years of fatigue, were melted by the affecting spectacle.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the journey, the fever decreased, and Welly, the surgeon, began to entertain hope of his recovery, a hope which arose from the unusually healthy appearance of the blood, and that serenity of mind which prevented any violent agitation of the physical organisation, which might have proved fatal; though he assured his attendants that a wound as serious as that was seldom cured. Moreau endured with fortitude the journey over mountains, valleys and torrents. The Emperor again visited him, with his suite, and asked him how he did, but feared to make him speak too much. While descending into a deep valley, Moreau heard a brisk cannonade, and saw two villages and the city of Toplitz in flames. At eleven o'clock in the evening he reached Ducks, where the bandage was loosened. There was very little inflammation, and the wounds had begun to heal.

The next day, 29th, he proceeded to Laun, where, nowithstanding his weakness, he wrote a letter to Madame Moreau, giving the lie to the calumnies which Bonaparte had caused to be insinuated through the gazettes, as to the manner in which Moreau had sustained himself under the blow that had befallen him. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—At the battle of Dresden I had my two legs carried away by a cannon-ball. That rascal of a Bonaparte is always lucky.

"The amputation was performed as well as was possible. Although the army has made a retrograde movement, 'tis not owing to a reverse, but to join General Blücher. I love and embrace you with all my heart.

"V. MOREAU."

All persons were kept out of his apartment, though it was impossible to deny admittance to the Duke of Cumberland. The duke told him he was happy, indeed, to make his acquaintance, though his pleasure would have been enhanced had their acquaintance been formed on the field of battle. The general replied that it was very probable they might meet there in six weeks. But the hope which he entertained began now to abandon his friends. He remained quiet till midnight, when hiccoughing and vomiting supervened, and greatly reduced his strength. He seemed reanimated, however, by the news of one of Blücher's victories. He was engaged in looking over a map to ascertain the best route, either by land or water, to Prague, when he heard cries in the street. They proved to be the yells of the populace against General Vandamme. Moreau gathered strength enough to say, "'Tis high time that monster was put beyond the power of doing harm." He was told that General Vandamme had complained of being subjected to the insults of the populace while passing along in his carriage.[1] Duke Constantine replied to him that the severest treatment would be good enough for him, covered as he was by the blackest crimes; that he had taken away his sword, although the Emperor, from an excess of generosity, had suffered him to wear it.[1] M. Swinine witnessed the declamation of that French general against Bonaparte, whom he accused of abandoning him.

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[1] General Vandamme was made prisoner by the Prussians, at the bloody battle of Culm, August 30, 1813, in consequence of departing from Napoleon's instructions. This disaster occurred four days after Napoleon's arrival at Dresden and the defeat of the allies before that city.—TRANSLATOR.

After an unquiet night, he begged M. Swinine, who was the only person with him, to write to his dictation the following:

"SIRE,—I descend to the tomb with the same sentiments of admiration, respect and devotion with which Your Majesty has inspired me from the first moment of our acquaintance."

"He then closed his eyes," says M. Swinine. "I supposed he was about to proceed with his dictation; but he was no more. Death had impressed upon his features no trace of suffering. He seemed to be sleeping a peaceful sleep. During the last five hours, his friends were sensible that he was slowly sinking to the grave; but he consoled them. His perfect resignation was shown by these few words: 'Divine Providence has thus willed it; we must submit without murmuring.'"

The Emperor Alexander received the news of this sad event through M. Swinine, and said to him, in a tone of the deepest affliction, "He was a great man—a noble heart." He ordered the body to be carried to Prague, there to be embalmed, and taken thence to St. Petersburg, and interred in the Catholic church, with the same honours which had been paid to the remains of Prince Kutusoff. "Let us, at least," said the Emperor, "try to do honour to his memory." He then despatched M. Swinine with a letter to Madame Moreau, with these words: "'Tis a consolation which I cannot refuse, to send you to her. It will interest her to see a man who was with her husband in his last moments."

The three Sovereigns were each anxious to have the remains of General Moreau. Alexander said, "His dust is to me too precious not to be deposited in my capital."

The Emperor's letter to Madame Moreau shows at once the Sovereign who protects and the friend who consoles. He wrote thus:

"MADAM,—When the dreadful stroke which befel General Moreau, in my presence, deprived me of the enlightened counsels and experience of that great man, I cherished the hope that, by proper care and attention, he might be preserved to his family and his friends. Providence has willed it otherwise. He died as he lived, in the full energy of a firm and constant mind. There is but one remedy for the pangs of life—that of seeing them spared by friendship. In Russia, madam, you will everywhere meet with the same sentiment; and should you be pleased to fix your abode there, I shall seek every means to solace and adorn the life of a woman of whom I esteem it my sacred duty to become the consolation and support. I beg you, madam, to consider this pledge as irrevocable; to leave me in ignorance of no circumstance whatever in which I can be of service to you, and always to write directly to me. To anticipate your wishes will ever give me pleasure. The friendship which I have sworn to your husband goes beyond the tomb; and there remains to me no means of discharging the debt, at least a part of the debt which I owe to him, but to do all in my power for the welfare of his family.

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[1] It seems to have been characteristic of Duke Constantine to trample on a fallen foe. After Napoleon's defeat and banishment to St. Helena, he insulted Prince Eugene, the ex-Viceroy of Italy, at a dinner given by his brother, the Emperor Alexander, who had invited Eugene as one of the guests. The duke's toast was a brutal reflection upon Napoleon, which Eugene resented on the spot. An encounter would instantly have followed had not Alexander ordered his drunken brother to leave the table.—TRANSLATOR.

"Accept, madam, in these trying moments, this testimonial and assurance of my feelings.

"(Signed) ALEXANDER.

"*Toplitz, the 6th of September*, 1813."

M. Swinine, whom I have often quoted or translated, wrote, in English, a simple notice of the last moments of General Moreau, which concludes as follows: "The Emperor Alexander regarded General Moreau as a mediator between the allies and the French nation. Alas! who so well as he could have shown to the French people, whom he loved so well, and to whom he was so dear, that it was not to enslave, but to deliver them, that the allies had taken up arms?"

General Moreau died before the proclamation addressed to the French people, and approved by Alexander, was published. It was short, simple, energetic. It set forth the reasons of his return to Europe, which were to aid the French people in shaking off the dreadful despotism of Bonaparte; and, if need should be, to sacrifice his life for the good of his country, all whose true sons he invoked to join the standard of independence. He had requested Alexander to bestow upon him no personal title, his sole ambition being to restore peace to France, and to end his days in the bosom of his family when that wish should be accomplished. The Emperor replied to him, "Very well, you shall be my friend, my counsel." Certain Memoirs which he had begun to write upon the preceding campaign, were sent to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, for whom they were written.

After winning a glory, followed by so many calamities, I am reluctant to speak of the recompense. Alexander made a present to his widow of 500,000 roubles, and a pension of 30,000. It is the characteristic of true greatness to purify the source of this metal, so fatal to men in the hands of bad rulers. 'Tis for the best of historians to collect and record those immortal deeds. For the great monarch, and the great captain, the most lasting monument is the pen.

—NOTE BY A. H. CHA——.

OBSERVATION.—The foregoing note is calculated to mislead the judgment as to the true character of Moreau. As a general he was never vigorous, though his professional attainments were certainly high. He was filled with jealousy at the rising greatness of Bonaparte. In the campaign against Austria, which terminated in the victory of Hohenlinden, in December, 1799, he more than once showed this jealousy in his reluctance to push forward and attack the enemy in obedience to the First Consul's repeated and earnest solicitations. Indeed, he was really urged into that glorious achievement by Bonaparte. It is probable that, from the moment of Napoleon's elevation to power, his sombre and jealous soul determined to recall the Bourbons, or, at all events, to overthrow the consular government. With this view he became concerned in the treasonable plots of Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal, and was banished to the United States. This was but a postponement of his overt act of treason. He fell, not a martyr to the good of France, but a victim to his own narrow-minded repinings at the good fortune of a man whom he presumed to regard as his *rival*, but who was infinitely his superior both as a soldier and statesman. The fact of his joining the allies is proof enough of his utter selfishness, and his disloyalty to his country. Sylla was a better patriot than he.—TRANSLATOR.

(4) *Page* 21.

"*His sceptre and his power.*"

Nothing could equal the affection of Josephine for her children. Whenever her daughter was about to be confined, a courier was despatched for the mother. She would leave on the instant, no matter at what hour of the day, and never quit her for a moment, but continue to encourage her in the most affectionate manner until she was safely delivered and out of danger, when she would withdraw into another room, overcome by the effort, and fall into tears.

At the time of the death of her daughter's eldest son, who died of the croup in Holland, Josephine was ill. Although the fever had not left her, she started immediately for Laeken, near Brussels, with but few attendants, in order to go and visit that distressed mother, whose anguish was so overwhelming that fears were entertained that she would go mad. What must have been Josephine's feelings at finding her in such a situation!

She was inconsolable at the loss of her grandson, and the more so because Bonaparte, on hearing of his death, had said, "'Tis a sad thing for Josephine. High hopes rested upon the head of that child." The project of repudiating his wife, although it had been previously suggested to him, dates from that decisive moment. His brother's two other sons never seemed to him fit for the succession. Moreover, he wanted a lineal heir, and Josephine began now to lose all hope of giving birth to one.

Napoleon thought of nothing less than the subjugation of the world; and, speaking of his two nephews, used to say, with a smile, "One of them shall wear the tiara; as to the other, I will make him Sovereign of the East. His kingdom shall be composed of Upper and Lower Egypt," &c. "Ah! who knows," continued he, "but it is reserved to my family to reanimate the ruins of the Grecian empire, and to build a new Athens?" &c. Thus spake the conqueror. Already had he astonished Europe, but new conquests were still reserved for him, and other nations were to receive his laws.

(5) *Page 22.*

"*I could no longer dispose of my time.*"

Josephine's mode of life was almost always the same; wherever she stopped with a view of remaining temporarily, her time was employed in the same manner. She had what are called habitudes, in respect not only to places and pastimes, but to persons.

At the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, and during the grand journeys of the Court, her habit was to rise at eight in the morning, take her combing-cloth, and commence her toilette. While her head was dressed, she would glance over half-a-dozen journals, and receive the merchants whom she had sent for, or such other persons as she could not admit into the saloon. When she was fully dressed, which ordinarily occupied about an hour, she would pass into the saloon at ten or eleven o'clock, where she found the *dames de service*, and those whom she had invited to breakfast with her. At noon she sat at table at least an hour. Breakfast was in some sort her only meal, for on leaving her bed, she was in the habit of taking nothing but a cup or two of tea, with a little citron. I do not speak of her dining with the Emperor, for he was always so engaged in travelling by the post, that he never had time to eat. After breakfast, if the weather was good, she would ride out in a calèche, and go to Malmaison, or on a hunting party. In case she did not go out, she received calls from all such persons as had obtained the promise of a meeting, of which she was advised either by the *dame d'honneur* or the *chambellan de service*. These two functionaries could introduce only such persons as the Empress was not acquainted with, or knew but slightly; whilst all the ladies who were admitted to her Court came whenever they pleased, without a card of invitation unless there was a concert or a spectacle, a matter appertaining to the Emperor's chief chamberlain. From breakfast till four o'clock, Josephine would receive two or three private visits in her separate room, or repose upon a sofa; at four she retired to her cabinet, undressed, went to reading, and took a little punch. This lasted till five, when a second toilet commenced. She rarely received a call at this time, because it was the hour at which the Emperor came, unless engaged in council; and when this was not the case, he seldom failed. They dined at six o'clock, and she again entered the saloon, where she found the *dames de service*. In the evening the ministers, marshals, generals, &c., made their calls. Josephine conversed, spoke to everyone, and played a game of backgammon or whist. If the Emperor came in, which was never before nine o'clock, he remained not more than a quarter of an hour, unless he wanted to form a party at play, and then he would appoint the persons to compose it. His party always consisted of ladies, never of gentlemen. But woe betide his partner! for such was the preoccupation of his mind that he paid no attention to the card he was playing, and threw out his trumps and high cards without any necessity, and even without noticing his mistakes. No one dared to make any remark upon his mode of playing. After going through with this kind of game, he would leave the saloon, Josephine meanwhile remaining until the hour of retiring to bed. She usually became so much fatigued during the day, that she found it difficult to fall asleep, and would sometimes converse with her *femme de garde* until three o'clock in the morning. At Malmaison the only difference in her mode of life was, that she saw somewhat less company, and spent a large share of the day in walking, though never alone. After the divorce, Bonaparte used to visit her at Malmaison; he would lead her into the park, remain an hour or so, bring her back to the saloon, and then get into his carrriage. She received him with perfect politeness and dignity of manner, would go forward to meet him, and, when he left, accompany him to the gate of the vestibule.

(6) *Page* 27.

"*Twenty minutes at table*"

The Emperor was never more than twenty minutes at table, eating little and drinking little. He allowed himself, however, time enough, after his soup, to taste of two or three dishes and a little fruit. He had to be served without any delay; for, unwilling to lose a moment of time, and there never being but one rule, his broth had to be replaced nimbly with such meats as he had designated. Otherwise he would make his dessert with an almond or something else. When he rose from table, all the rest had to do the same. He then passed into the saloon, where his habit was to take a small cup of coffee. One might well suppose that the guests he invited to dine found it necessary to take a hearty breakfast beforehand, or to return and take dinner at home. Those who dined with him for the first time, or were unaccustomed to his habits, almost starved. They found it impossible to say that they had a kingly repast, although his table was always well spread and well served. But nothing whatever could induce him to remain at it more than twenty minutes—a circumstance much to the annoyance of Josephine, who was often hungry, but could not find time to satisfy her appetite.

On the occasion of the marriage of Prince Eugene at Munich, which took place at eight o'clock in the evening, all the nobility of the country were invited to supper, which was ordered to be ready at nine o'clock. The cloth was spread for about two hundred guests, seated in a spacious gallery, the entrance to which was so broad as to allow the imperial banquet, composed of two families, to be so placed as to command a view of the whole of the apartment. The Emperor's table was in the shape of a horse-shoe, and overlooked that of two hundred guests, illuminating it with the glitter of diamonds and splendid chandeliers. While the marriage ceremony was being pronounced, the whole company were seated; when it was closed, the Emperor seated himself immediately at the table. It being a day of great pomp, he remained with his guests for nearly a quarter of an hour (a thing which very rarely happened), and then went to Josephine and gave orders that the whole company should retire. The order was given before the table was filled, or scarcely a napkin unfolded. The good Germans were utterly surprised. They expected a splendid repast, but were compelled to go and sup at home.

(7) *Page* 28.—"AMPULLA."

A vessel in use among the Romans, especially in their baths, where it was kept filled with oil to be used in rubbing the body after bathing. The Christians also made use of the *ampulla;* and the vases which contained the oil for anointing the catechumens and the sick, the holy chrism, and the wine for the sacrament, were called *ampullas.* And that is at present the name of a phial preserved in the Church of St. Remi at Rheims, which it is pretended was sent from heaven, filled with balm for the baptism of Clovis—a fact attested by Hincmar, Flodward, and Aimonius. Gregory of Tours and Fortunatus do not mention it. Some writers of ability have disputed it; others of equal ability have affirmed it; and it is pretended even that there was an order of Knights of the Holy *Ampulla* who traced their origin to the times of Clovis. According to Flavinus, these knights were four in number, viz.: the Barons de Terriers, Belestre, Sonatre, and Louvercy. They wore around the neck a ribbon of black silk, to which was tied a cross encased with gold and white enamel, and having four fleurs-de-lis at the angles; at the centre of this cross was a dove holding in his beak the holy *ampulla,* received from a hand. On the reverse was the likeness of St. Remi with his pontifical robes, in his right hand holding the holy *ampulla,* and in his left the cross. During the Revolution, the *ampulla* disappeared from the Church of St. Remi at Rheims; but was recovered, and carefully preserved by M. de T——. It must, it is said, appear again and be used at the coronation of a young Prince, now a captive, but who shall yet recover the lily crown, according to the *Liber Mirabilis.* While we wait for the fulfilment of this singular prophecy, let us pray that the memory only of our tribulations may remain, and that a firm and vigorous hand may seize the reins of government and prepare the way for the restoration of the throne of St. Louis, by rebuilding the altars of worship. An angel brought the holy *ampulla* from heaven. A new miracle shall exhibit it at Versailles, at which all good Frenchmen shall wonder. Nothing is impossible in the nineteenth century. Every hour is but one step towards the accomplishment of the grand purposes of the Deity in respect to France. The tree which hath been cut down near to its roots will yet send up vigorous shoots, whose flexile boughs shall yet cast a shade that shall extend from the East even unto the West, and make glad the hearts of the people:—

"Sæpe creat molles aspera spina rosas."

(8) *Page* 30.

"*En représentation.*"

Josephine's manner at the audiences she gave was admirable. Her air and attitude were at once dignified, graceful and seducing. Her mode of expressing herself was gracious, always in choice terms, and with so much ease and fluency that the spectator was really astonished to see a woman talking almost at the same time with fifty persons, from every class of society, from her mantua-maker up to monarchs, and saying something pleasing and appropriate to each one of them.

(9) *Page* 30.

"*Tallien into my presence.*"

Shortly after Napoleon was made Emperor, at the close of a private audience which Josephine had granted to Tallien, the new monarch expressed his dissatisfaction at the facility with which that lovely woman received her former friend. "When one is on the throne," said he, with some sharpness, "he ought to forget everything."

"Yes," she replied, "everything but gratitude; and so long as I have done nothing for Tallien, I shall be far from supposing my obligations cancelled."

"Have you, then," said he, "forgotten his conduct towards your husband in Egypt? I am a Corsican, and, of course, cannot forgive him."

"And I am a Creole, and a Frenchwoman at heart," replied the Empress, with spirit; "I recognise my obligations towards Tallien, and charge you, my friend, to acquit me of them. Without the 9th Thermidor, neither you nor I should now be here."

Napoleon was struck with the force of this reply, and admitted that his wife (he always called her so when they were together at home) was correct; and engaged to devise some means of proving her goodwill towards that old friend. As for Josephine, she did her utmost to manifest her gratitude towards him, being always disposed to treat him with kindness. She took care of his daughter, and never forgot that it was in part owing to her acquaintance with him that she was indebted for the astonishing consideration which she then enjoyed. But she really did little for the ex-director; her recommendation in his favour was often a motive with Napoleon for refusing him a favour.

(10) *Page* 33.

"*The old Court of Versailles.*"

Napoleon stood much upon etiquette. He regarded it as the chief barrier of the throne, and even of more importance than mere politics. Hence he caused an exact and minute account to be drawn up and presented to him of all the ceremonies formerly in use at the Courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. He directed the most scrupulous conformity to them, and even added to them. Upon points which to him were doubtful, he would direct the ancient archives of the old monarchy to be searched for precedents. Josephine was not so severe; she admitted to her presence all persons who came well recommended, conversed in a friendly way with them, and entered with interest into all their private matters and their minutest details. But her mode of receiving the functionaries who had governed France during former years was dignified and reserved; and a pleasant smile would play upon her lips on seeing the French Brutuses clothed in the livery of Napoleon's Court, and all the airs of grandeur which once formed the charm and the luxury of the old Court of Versailles. Sometimes, while drawing the comparison, the Empress would so lose her gravity, that she had to withdraw to her apartment to give vent to her merriment. "I can contain myself no longer," she would say. "This throng of new courtiers, almost all of whom have sworn eternal hatred to kings and to royalty, are regularly in attendance at the great and the little levee of the Emperor, in order to obtain the appearance even of a look from his imperial person, and to repay him for it with the pompous titles of '*Sire*,' and '*Your Majesty*.'"

(11) *Page* 33.

"*Your looks betray trouble within.*"

"Shade of my father!" exclaimed Bonaparte, the night after the battle of Austerlitz; "I cannot credit thy prediction. What! can you compare my fortune to the inconstancy of the seasons? Surely, never did the seasons exhibit such evidences of permanency. You foretell to me dreadful reverses, and even that I shall be abandoned by all my friends and relatives. Do you not know that they owe to me all that they are, and that mine is the noble ambition of attaching them to me by the ties of gratitude? They cannot be ungrateful. And you even add that those whom I have loaded with my favours will one day be able to forget me, and to *increase my benefits a hundredfold.* In my most trying moments, how much will Josephine be able to contribute to the mitigation of my deep misfortunes, if she shall remain faithful to the duties which friendship shall prescribe, and pity sincerely the new companion who is destined to me—the woman who will have replaced her in my heart. Ah, this is too much; I am invulnerable in the eyes of Europe. My name alone awes Destiny!"

This dream is no fiction; it was several times told by Josephine to her friends; and what is still more astonishing, Napoleon himself was surprised at it, and continued to speak and think about it for many days, although he never dreamed. Whenever Josephine referred to these particulars, it was to advise him to profit by the voice of Destiny, which seemed to forewarn him to be on his guard against the advice which might be given him by his friends.

"You are right, madam," he would say; "I know how to guard myself against all their influences. *You are my wife and my friend.* I want none other. Your lot is bound to mine for ever; and woe to that one of us who shall be the first to break our oath."

Such was Bonaparte before the epoch spoken of in the text. He had rejected the advice given him by Lucien. And yet, in 1809, he could not guard himself against the suggestions of the bees of his Court, who hummed in his ears, "You must separate from the Empress Josephine. A Princess of the blood of the Cæsars will esteem it a glory to give heirs to the great Napoleon. Then will his dynasty be established for ever."

(12) *Page* 36.

"*To achieve that victory.*"

A tomb has been erected to General Desaix, near the road leading from Strassburg to Kiel. Upon a square cenotaph, *en pierre rose*, is placed an immense buckler, a sword, and a Grecian casque of colossal proportions. Four bas-reliefs represent the defence of the bridge of Kiel by Desaix, the battle of Cairo, and the battle of Marengo, where he was slain. His portrait in medallion and the attributes of Victory form the bas-relief of the foreground; but no inscription appears upon this monument—a beautiful and sublime thought! For the last asylum of the hero ought to be known by all those who know what glory is! A few steps in the rear of the tomb, and surrounded by a grove, is a small one-storey house, adorned with columns, and intended, doubtless, for the accommodation of the keeper of the monument, which stands near the wayside. What must have been the ideas suggested to our soldiers by the sight of this monument, when carrying our colours forward into the heart of Germany! The memory of Desaix's exploits; his dust reposing upon our frontier;[1] the honours rendered to his valour—the gigantic proportions of his arms!

(13) *Page* 37.

"*Arming themselves against me.*"

Josephine really had reason to complain of the family of Bonaparte. Joseph could not endure her, while, on the other hand, his wife rendered her the fullest justice. As to Madame Murat, she was by no means careful to conceal her thoughts, and, on many occasions, sought to humiliate Napoleon's wife. In truth, Josephine paid her in her own coin; the two sisters-in-law were continually at war. The Princess showed more frankness and less gall. Madame Bacciochi[2] considered Josephine as the earliest instrument of her brother's greatness. "But," said she, "the moment her power becomes unassailable, it must be broken down, and that without pity." She was one of the first to advise that unrighteous separation which worked so much prejudice to the Emperor and his whole family. Madame Letitia occasioned real trouble and vexation to her daughter-in-law. Their feelings were in perpetual opposition. The one was remarkable for her acts of benevolence; the other for her extreme parsimony. The mother loudly disapproved of the luxury which reigned at her son's Court, and charged the fault to Josephine. "She will ruin him," she would often say; "her prodigalities are boundless. Why does she not, like me, enter into the most minute details of her expenses?" And she would then give a lecture upon practical economy. She used to go into the kitchen and keep watch of the head cooks, as well as those employed under them. Nothing escaped her keen sagacity. "Don't forget," said she, "to place plenty of vegetables on the table; they purify the blood, and improve the health; but not much meat; that provokes, without satisfying the appetite."

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[1] The body of Desaix does not rest in this tomb. He was buried in the hospice of Mount St. Bernard. The Emperor caused a mausoleum of white marble to be erected in the choir of the church. It represents the general expiring in the arms of Colonel Le Brun, his aide-de-camp. Those two figures are well designed, and of a fine expression. But a hussar, standing behind Desaix, and holding his war-horse, turns his back and seems a stranger to the scene. Nothing about this monument calls to mind Desaix's splendid campaign in Egypt—that Desaix whom the Arabs surnamed The Just.

It is natural that gratitude should erect several monuments to the memory of a great man; but why erect several cenotaphs? His mortal remains can be deposited only in one tomb; the others are, therefore, lies, and tend to change the truth of history.—GASSICOURT.

[2] Eliza, Napoleon's eldest sister.—TRANSLATOR.

(14) *Page* 37.

"*But not me.*"

Josephine was always afraid, and not without reason, that Bonaparte would be carrying on intrigues with other women. And hence arose that kind of constraint which she manifested whenever a young and pretty woman was presented to her. She was for a time afraid of Mesdames de Chev——, Tall——, Can——, Mar. S—— V——, Mademoiselle A——, &c. But she who most particularly excited her jealousy was a young and beautiful lady, who for a short time was attached to her in the quality of *lectrice* (reader). Mademoiselle Guill—— possessed high accomplishments, both of mind and heart. She was well educated, to which advantage she united that of great personal elegance. To see and to love her was for Bonaparte but the work of a moment; nor was he slow to avow it. He met with a stern and severe rebuke. But Josephine, who suspected the mysterious feeling, kept watch of him, and finally succeeded in surprising him at Mademoiselle Guill——'s feet. The young lady seemed to repel him. "Come," said she to the Empress, on seeing her, "come and remind your husband that he has now forgotten that he is that same Napoleon whose duty is to furnish to his people examples of virtue and wisdom." Napoleon was confused. Josephine immediately sent off her *lectrice* to Paris, accompanied by Madame Fourneau, and did not cease, afterwards, to bestow upon her particular marks of her attention. As to Napoleon, he could never forgive that young lady for telling the Empress of the nature of his projects. "She's a little fool," said he; "I merely wanted to test her virtue—to prove her." When he heard of the marriage of Mademoiselle Guill——, at present Madame ——, he said, "So much the better; I shall send her husband so far from France that she will be glad to come and humble herself before me, and solicit his return. Then will the beauty become human, sigh and weep; I shall remain inflexible, and it will be only by prostrating herself at my feet that she will enable me to avenge myself, in some sort, for having had the weakness to throw myself at hers." According to his ideas, nothing must resist him. And yet he knew perfectly well how to esteem persons who had the courage to hold up their heads in his presence. "I rely upon such men," said he, "and know where to find them when occasion requires—their character cannot fail them." As to Mademoiselle Guill——, it gave him pleasure to meet her again, on several occasions; though Josephine kept her away from Court, and took particular pains to anticipate all her wants, lest Napoleon should find some new opportunity for personal intimacy. "There are," said he, "certain ladies of my acquaintance, whose charms for a moment I am afraid of; but this Mademoiselle Guill—— inspires me with wholly different sentiments.

Her virtue terrifies me, while her generous heart reassures me. But it is best that a price should not be offered either for the one or the other, and to send her away altogether." And thus thought the Empress, who feared the fulfilment of a certain prediction which had been made to her, that another woman should yet supplant her, should occupy her place with Napoleon, and cause her to be exiled.

(15) *Page* 39.

"You alone continue to inspire me with confidence."

Bonaparte had long aspired to the imperial purple, and cherished the idea that he should one day surpass Charlemagne. Hence it was that he visited with a sort of religious veneration the tomb of that Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle.

He crowned Josephine with his own hands. Henceforth she became a necessary friend; for some time previous she was a stranger to his heart.

He fluttered about continually. His discretion in keeping a political secret was equalled by his indiscretion in reference to love affairs; indeed, he was quite fond of making women blush. Such was his conduct towards Josephine that he made her the confidante of his amours, and accustomed her to the inconstancy which was so natural to him. Often was he seen talking with the woman who had displaced her in his heart.

She early feared that he might suffer himself to be governed, but was happily undeceived; she now possessed his entire confidence. He had need to communicate to her his thoughts, and she often made him acquainted with the underhand plots and tricks of the courtiers. "Beware of Taill——," said she; "you have offended him; a man of his character cannot bear the thought of being abased by a man of your character."—*Communicated.*

(16) *Page* 40.

"The tears I shed."

Napoleon hesitated a while whether he ought to seat his wife upon the throne of the Lombards; but Josephine was adored in the newly-acquired provinces. The Emperor, who was very suspicious, entertained some fears respecting her extreme popularity, and resolved to overthrow the Cisalpine Republic and reign alone; though, in order to flatter that best of mothers, he summoned her son to come and share with him an immense power. Eugene, at the time of his step-father's coronation at Milan, was appointed Viceroy of Italy.

During Josephine's stay in those new states, balls and fêtes were unceasing; but Napoleon's extreme jealousy occasioned her such cutting mortification that, on arriving at Venice, she was for several days seriously indisposed. And yet that strange and extraordinary man loved her; he could not dispense with her for a single minute. In the midst of the pomp and ceremony with which he was surrounded, he had to run to her every moment and tell her whatever curious thing had taken place, and ask her advice upon this or that scheme which he proposed to undertake. Josephine, during the whole of the journey, did not leave him for a moment; together they visited those magnificent palaces, and breathed the delicious fragrance that embalms the air along the banks of the Brenta. He stopped a short time at Padua, and showed Josephine the statue of St. Anthony, which, during the wars in Italy, the inhabitants redeemed at the price of 35,000 francs. Returned to Milan, they remained a short time in the palace situated in the great square, and paid several visits to the town of Bonaparte; but the residence to which the Emperor was most partial was Mondoza. Before returning to France he took a fancy to visit the house of Pliny, which is in the angle of the Lac di Como. At a distance of twenty feet from the spot where it stands is a cascade ninety feet high; and the visitor descends into the house as into a cave, where he finds a fountain which has the ebb and flow of the tide. Josephine was reluctant to examine this curiosity except at a distance, being afflicted with her accustomed headache. But Bonaparte finally persuaded her to accompany him, and to please him she did so—such was her devotedness and disposition to oblige him.

(17) *Page* 40.

"*Caprara.*"

During the stay of the Imperial Court at Fontainebleau, in August, 1807, Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's nuncio, who was there, was poisoned by a dish of mushrooms. A physician was instantly called in to administer an antidote. The cardinal got well, but his cook disappeared. Wherever he went, the cardinal always carried his papers about his person. In order to get them, it is supposed that Napoleon caused him to regale himself upon a plate of richly dressed mushrooms. His Eminence's life was saved, but he lost his papers. In the confusion which followed the attack, they were stolen from him. "What a trait in an imperial and royal government!" says the author of the "Cabinet de Saint-Cloud." (The Empress contradicted this statement in my presence, affirming that the only object was to frighten the cardinal, the means whereof were not at all such as stated by Go——.)

(18) *Page* 41.

"*Without adding to them that of sacrilege.*"

In religious matters Napoleon was tolerant. Indeed, he was more than indifferent to almost all creeds, though he seldom spoke about them. He occasionally remarked to Josephine, and particularly at the time of the coronation, "I do not approve of these conferences which are held in many of our Catholic churches. Of what use are all those arguments, and the *pros* and *cons?* How can that which is inconceivable be proved to the satisfaction of a rational mind? Ah, gentlemen," he would exclaim, in speaking of the clergy, "have mercy upon us! let alone all your abstract matters, they trouble the mind. The morality of the Church is interesting and sublime. Jesus Christ was, in my opinion, a great legislator; He undoubtedly understood the Code of Confucius. And yet the principles of the Son of God appear to me admirable. Yes, Josephine, I honour and revere a priest in the exercise of his functions. He must, indeed, be an extraordinary man, especially if he be sensible of their grandeur, and fulfil them with zeal and piety. But if he want that tolerance which the Saviour prescribes, and is guided by vain, human considerations, that same man whom I looked upon with respect, and even admiration, ceases to awe me, especially if his be a heated faith. Then, I say, he acts merely in his vocation, like any other man. All men have aims, more or less ambitious, although the ways by which they reach them are different. Some of these paths lead to a relaxation of morals; while others, more difficult for men of feeling to tread, present dangers to the traveller. And yet they are honourable. Nothing inspires me with more respect than a venerable country curate. I would not hesitate to yield him my confidence, and much sooner than to the almoner of brother Joseph (alluding to Cardinal Maury). From the former I might demand a general absolution, while to the latter I might grant the *feuille des bénéfices.* I have not the courage to approach the table of the Holy of Holies. I am without faith, and profane. Never was Bonaparte a fervent Catholic, nor shall he ever have occasion to reproach himself with being a hypocrite, especially on the day of his coronation. In this respect I prefer not to edify the good Parisians. Besides, I will not lie to my own conscience. The time will come, and it is not, perhaps, far distant, when, like certain philosophers—La Harpe, La Lande, and others, for instance—I shall become, if not actually devout, at least quite religious. My friends will then have faith in my complete conversion, and it will be the more sincere that no worldly motive will have induced it; and it will be consoling, indeed, both to me and my friends, that, at the close of my career, I may for ever sleep the sleep of the just. What do you say to that, madam? You don't answer." Josephine did not like to hear him express himself thus. She honoured her husband, although their sentiments were often opposite, and especially on the subject of religion. She, however, cannot be charged with attempting to innovate upon his principles, although she was convinced that religion was the compass of the state, and that it was the duty of the Sovereign to be attached to it, and to show an example to his subjects.—*Communicated.*

(19) *Page* 46.

"*Court balls and concerts.*"

Napoleon personally occupied himself very little with the arts; he cultivated none of them. He viewed a picture or a statue with very little attention. If he was pleased with it at the first glance, it was always fine to him; but no remarks were to be expected from him, either upon its beauties or its faults. As the chief of the state, he encouraged artists because he knew them to be necessary and useful; but never from mere taste. The only art from which he derived a constantly renewed pleasure was music, in respect to which it was not easy to please him. He detested what is called full band music, and, consequently, did not like the grand opera. Of loud music he was fond of none but martial, and, if accompanied by the discharge of cannon, it was so much the more agreeable to his ears. But while absent from the parade or the army, he fell into the opposite extreme. He preferred vocal to instrumental music, and was particularly fond of Italian singing. He had in his pay numerous Italian singers of both sexes, and gave them an annual stipend of 30,000 or 40,000 francs, without including the presents they received while following the Imperial Court. The Emperor had his private concerts every week, at which he was wholly engrossed in listening. The greatest difficulty was to accompany the singing with the piano. He disliked such an accompaniment exceedingly, and never would tolerate it unless sustained by the rarest talent. In giving his idea of the mode in which the voice should be thus accompanied, he would say, "Gentlemen, give me only a *mere vapour of sound.*" It is certain that sound, when soft and sweet, had a wonderful charm for him, and it was seldom that a person whose voice made a favourable impression on his ear could fail to please him. So far did he carry this passion that he was charmed with the harmonious sound of a name which happened to be given; but if, on pronouncing a new name, it sounded badly to his ear, he would grate his teeth, pronounce it wrongly, and never remember it; in which case you might be sure the person who bore it displeased him.

(20) *Page* 48.

"*The debt of gratitude he owes me.*"

When the Empress was at Munich to attend the wedding of her son, Prince Eugene, she experienced the greatest difficulty on the part of that Court. The Queen was then desirous of marrying the Princess Augusta to the Prince of Baden, her brother. Some false and unfortunate expressions had so prejudiced the Princess against Beauharnais that she had made a frightful picture of him. Her governess, however, possessed, as it appeared, an unbounded influence over her. It was necessary to gain the governess over, and she seemed to be incorruptible

But Napoleon undertook to smooth all difficulties, and succeeded. The marriage took place by the consent of both families.

The same woman who had so determinedly opposed the marriage of her pupil was, nevertheless, appointed tire-woman to the Princess at the time the marriage was agreed upon; and at the time of the first confinement of the Viceroy's wife in Italy, at Milan, she addressed a letter to the Empress, giving her an account of the birth of a princess, and a minute detail of the tender and affectionate attentions of the Prince towards his wife during the pains of childbirth. She compared Eugene to a beneficent divinity. Her letter was written in a tone of exultation which surprised the Empress, and led her to reflect that the judgment is often governed by mere outward circumstances.

(21) *Page* 48.

"*His study and meditation.*"

The eldest son of Hortense already evinced the highest promise. His disposition resembled that of his uncle, and Bonaparte showed a strong affection for him. "I recognise myself," said he, "in that child. He has the faults of childhood, but a feeling heart."—"He has his mother's heart," said Josephine; "a more perfect model could not be conceived." The Emperor cherished the chimera that the little Louis would one day be able to succeed him. "I should," said he, "compare my brother to Philip of Macedon had he given us an Alexander, provided always, like him of old, he cuts the Gordian knot, and restrains and extirpates the factions. The boy," said he, with a feeling of enthusiastic pride, "is worthy to succeed me, and he may surpass me." But while Josephine was preparing such high destinies for his nephew, death suddenly and unexpectedly cut him off, and thus was broken the reed upon which the great man leaned; thus, like a shadow, disappeared that feeble star, which had shone with but a momentary glow. His body was deposited in one of the chapels of Notre Dame, at Paris, where it still was in 1814, though it has since then been carried to St. Leu, Taverny.

(22) *Page* 51.—MALMAISON.

Josephine had at Malmaison a flock of Merinos. The shepherd who attended them did not want to be treated as the shepherd of a simple farmer, and wishing to obtain some mark of distinction, begged the intendant of the gardens to represent to his Sovereign that his bed was a very bad one, and that he must have one of feathers. Josephine laughed outright. "My shepherd," said she, "would laugh at me should I insist upon a change of his habits merely because he takes care of my flock; but only think, should I give him a bed of down to-day, he would in three months want to stable my sheep upon my carpets." When Napoleon was travelling she had a piquet guard to do service for her. One night, towards morning, she heard marching and coughing under her windows, on the side of the garden. She wondered who it could be that was walking so late at night, when the air was so chilly; she was told that it was the sentinel posted there. The moment she quitted the saloon she sent for the officer of the guard and said to him, "Sir, I have no need for a sentinel at night; these brave men underwent enough in the army when they followed it to the wars; they must rest while in my service. I don't want them to catch cold." The officer could not help smiling at Josephine's apprehensions and the excess of her kindness. The sentinel was dispensed with and his place never re-supplied.

(23) *Page* [illegible]

"*His personal habits.*"

Napoleon slept but little, and at every part of the day, as well as night, he would slumber an hour or two and then go to work. And it frequently happened that he would wake and make Josephine get up and take a walk with him in the "little park." She never demurred to the call. He would bring her back, after an hour or so, full of laughter and merriment. She would then go to bed again and sleep till eight o'clock, her usual hour of rising whenever she resided at Court.

(24) *Page* 53.

"*Able to perceive them.*"

Bonaparte enjoyed himself at this place, which he saw embellished by the care of Josephine, under whose hands it seemed to assume a new form and the appearance of new creation. The daily occupations of the Emperor were uniform. His promenades in the "little forest" were frequent, and he was often accompanied by the Empress. She loved to point out to him the objects of art contained in her museum. Sometimes she would lead him to her sheepfold, and show him with a kind of pride her beautiful flock; on another occasion she would contrive to play off some agreeable surprise upon him while visiting her beautiful farm, where she had a number of cattle; thence she would take him to her gardens and make him wander through them, naming to him all the plants with which they were adorned.[1] Bonaparte was quite fond of a country life. He would willingly have spent his time, and it would have been his happiest, at Malmaison, had not the cares of government prevented. He loved to come there, take Josephine by surprise, and play some sly trick upon her. Ordinary sports amused him but little. His pleasures were always of a noisy kind.

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[1] Josephine one day called Napoleon's attention to an *arbre à pin*. He looked about it and said, "Why, this is no *pine* tree; I see nothing pine about it."—"'Tis," said she, "the name of the tree. 'Tis necessary to study the language of plants in order to understand them." She then told him it was called thus on account of its beauty, and that it was not at all surprising that a man who had, so to speak, been fed upon Cæsar's Commentaries, should have failed to be taught in the school of Buffon and Volmont de Bomare. M. de Beauplan, intendant of the Malmaison gardens, was present. Josephine asked him the name of a new flower which he was putting in a flower-pot.

The second son of Louis Bonaparte was one day beating a little drum, given him by the Empress, and manœuvring his soldiers, and trying in vain to direct their movements. "I'll break that company," said he with indignation; "they don't keep the step." His uncle heard him scolding his puppets, and laughed heartily at his repartee. "Good," said he; "if you go on you will be a good soldier; you will love to keep up the discipline of the army."—"This is the first proof of it," replied the Prince, dashing in the head of his drum. "When my soldiers hesitate to march, or refuse to do duty, I have no need to rally them any more." Bonaparte repeated this anecdote to Josephine, who was much amused by it. He added, "I believe that my Pope[1] (it was thus he called the boy) will become a great general, and one day, perhaps, a pontiff, wholly temporal.

When the Emperor was at St. Cloud he was always amiable. He delighted to play slight tricks upon the ladies of Josephine's suite. Josephine would be the first to take it to heart. One summer's evening the whole company were sitting together in a circle and enjoying the fresh air upon a mossy bank. Josephine, passionately fond of flowers, had some before her. Napoleon, with his hands, scraped up some gravel, and poured it into the cup in which she was preparing her bouquet. The bunch of flowers was spoiled. He went and collected another, and presented it to her in the most gallant style. She was always the first to laugh at his jokes.

He used to talk familiarly with the people in his service, and *thee'd* and *thou'd* them all, or the most of them. He was fond of putting questions. While examining the orangery at St. Cloud, he perceived a man named Father Oliver, an old gardener of Louis XVI., old, and sinking under the weight of years, though still able to labour. "What wages do you get," said he, "my good old man?"—"Thirty sous, sir," was the answer. "Why are you not dressed like my house servants?"—"I don't know; the undertakers, I suppose, lay the money on one side to pay my rent when I die."—"Here," said the monarch, "are twenty-five napoleons to pay thee the arrearages due to thee. I shall direct that,

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He appeared embarrassed and replied, "I don't know—I will go and get my catalogue." He went, but before he returned Josephine had thought of the name and hastened to tell him, "'Tis such a plant." The Emperor was struck with surprise at the accuracy of her recollection; and the sapient botanist hath remarked to many persons that he was perfectly astonished at the extent of her knowledge and the prodigious strength of her memory. Nothing could escape her observation.

[1] His Holiness the Pope baptised Queen Hortense's second son.

for the time to come, thou shalt receive yearly a suit of clothes and an additional allowance. Thou art the Dean of St. Cloud (he is still there). Thou hast witnessed more than one reign; thou hast passed through a terrible revolution without looking back. What matters it what master thou servest, so long as thy orangery is not displaced? It is but just that thou shouldst yet obtain the honours due to thy labours; and 'tis I, my brave old man, who charge myself to bestow them."

In general, Bonaparte freely received into his employment the servants of the preceding reign. He did not consider their fidelity as a crime; on the contrary, that was a sure means of securing his patronage. In this Josephine imitated him. Both agreed upon that point.

She happened one day to see her principal huntsman (M. Guérin). She was taking a walk with her husband at Trianon. She saw the man take from beneath his waistcoat a medallion portrait and carefully wipe it. As Guérin was no longer a young man, she supposed it must be the miniature of one of his children, and asked to see it. The man's embarrassment was extreme. He stammered. The presence of Bonaparte greatly increased his fears. The poor huntsman almost fainted. With a trembling hand he untied from his neck a cord of black silk, and placed the trinket in Josephine's hands. She showed it to her husband, and both asked him how he came by it. "Sire," replied Guérin, who began to be more calm, "I have not abandoned Louis XVI. He was my master, and I shall mourn him as long as I live. While he was in the Temple, I served the masons who laboured constantly to render his prison more horrible. I was so fortunate as to bring him some comforts, and this portrait is an evidence of the confidence which that unhappy monarch deigned to repose in me."—"Ah, yes," exclaimed Josephine, "and assuredly you deserved it!" Bonaparte applauded this burst of feeling, and congratulated Guérin upon his faithful and generous conduct. (He had even fulfilled some secret missions abroad in behalf of the royal family.) Napoleon promised him his protection, and assured him that he should never forget an act of such rare fidelity and disinterestedness.

(25) *Page* 53.

"A Pylades."

General Bertrand followed Bonaparte to the Isle of Elba from mere devotion to his person, not his party. And so strong was the dominion of gratitude over his heart, that, foreseeing without passion and without hope the event of his re-entry into France, on the 20th of March, 1815, he rushed to Mount St. Jean as to a voluntary death. From the first, he pronounced against the war in the Chamber of Peers; and even, at the peril of displeasing Napoleon, dared to counsel peace. No man can ever be so unjust in his appreciation of events, as not to know what was the opinion of Bertrand respecting Bonaparte's gigantic enterprise. Perhaps our astonishment would be less had the issue of the war been doubtful, or the fortunes of the combat uncertain. But why could not he who, while victorious, loved the friends of peace, have found it more to his interest not to fight at all, than to conquer two hundred and fifty Ciceros of the nineteenth century?

(26) *Page* 54.

"*Some mysterious design.*"

Bonaparte was really superstitious. "I have often seen him," said Josephine, "fall into a terrible rage if one of his *valets de chambre* happened to place on the left hand what belonged on the right; for instance, his box of razors. He contracted singular habits in Egypt, which probably related to certain practical secrets. In taking off an article of clothing, he would often throw it over his left shoulder, saying, 'lands;' another, and add 'castles,' and so on to the end, repeating 'provinces,' 'kingdoms,' &c. I have seen him, while sitting upon the inlaid floor of his apartment, take off his stockings, and throw them both in the same direction; he would then come and lie down by my side. If one of my women happened to leave a light burning, though carefully set aside, he would jump up instantly, and go and extinguish it. He could never look at a lighted candle with composure."

(27) *Page* 54.—ST. CLOUD.

Josephine was fond of children, and by no means afraid of their noisy sports, when they seemed to amuse those who were present. She loved to see dancing (though she never danced), and especially when her daughter attended the ball. It would have been difficult to find a woman who could excel Hortense in dancing. The grace and agility of her movements rendered her an object of admiration; and her mother, as well as the other spectators, could not turn their eyes from her. Balls, lively sports and charades *en action*, kept Josephine in a constant laugh; and when she was on her short journeys, her evenings were spent in this kind of sport. One evening, at St. Cloud, shortly after the coronation, the night being quite dark, Napoleon took a notion to play at barriers in the park. He was told that it was not light enough for that, and that there was danger of breaking his head against the trees. But since it was his pleasure so to do, some twenty torches were lighted, and carried by the valets, so as to light up the ground. The scampering commenced, but, owing to the darkness, they ran against each other's noses, while the valets scudded off in every direction, under the idea of giving light to the sportsmen. Josephine, who was then slim and nimble, ran with great agility, and caught the Emperor by his clothes, shouting out, "You are my prisoner!" By a violent effort, he escaped from her, ejaculating, "I a prisoner? Never, of anyone whatever!" He could not then read the future. [No, nor needed. He was never a *prisoner* of war; he was decoyed under the idea that England would permit him the same rights as other foreigners at peace with her. She then, after he had *voluntarily* come within her jurisdiction, violated the rights of hospitality, treated him, not as a prisoner, but as a *slave*, and doomed him to perpetual confinement. He never would have suffered himself to be made a prisoner. Sooner would he have thrown himself into the sea, or turned his sword upon himself! Read his letter to the Prince Regent, in which he asks simply for a seat at the "hearth of the British people," a letter never answered by that base Prince, and then judge whether the heroic soul which dictated it could, under any circumstances, be capable of a surrender! To her shame be it said, England, whose Government had harboured and encouraged the Bourbons and their hired assassins, refused to extend the common rights of hospitality to Napoleon. But the day of retribution, though distant, may overtake that haughty and unjust Government.—TRANSLATOR.]

(28) *Page* 54.

"*Agreeable to my husband.*"

I have already said that Josephine often displayed a thoughtlessness in her generosity which embarrassed her, and from the effects of which she found it difficult to extricate herself. This arose from her fear of offending and producing discontent. She was in the habit of receiving, with perfect civility, the actors of the Théâtre Français and the opera, whenever they had any favour to ask. I do not speak of Talma, who was frequently admitted into the presence of Napoleon and his wife, in order to read tragedies to them, but of those who wished to make a profit by their playing. Mademoiselle Contat, whom Josephine had long known, frequently paid her court to the Empress at the time she thought of retiring from the stage. She was on a visit, one day, to Malmaison, and when about taking leave of her, Josephine made her promise to come and breakfast with her two or three days after. Mademoiselle Contat, though sensible of the favour, did not forget that she herself was perfectly versed in the usages of society, and aware of all its requirements and conveniences; and resolved that, although Josephine had, for a moment, forgotten her rank, she would not forget her own. She was, however, pardonable for having, without much reflection, accepted the invitation.

The morning of the day agreed upon, Josephine bethought herself that she had invited the actress to breakfast, who, she might be sure, would not fail to come. She related the circumstance to a confidential friend, in a way that sufficiently showed her embarrassment. Her friend told her she must find some means of avoiding the breakfast, which could on no account take place without producing an unfavourable effect. After casting about for excuses, it was finally concluded that the most honest one would be to feign sickness Mademoiselle arrived, and was met by an attendant who told her that the Empress was afflicted with a terrible headache, that she was in bed, and utterly unable to see company; that she much regretted this unseasonable attack; but that, if Mademoiselle Contat would pass into the octagonal saloon, she should be served with breakfast. The latter, probably, now began to take the hint, and instead of passing into the little saloon, she immediately jumped into her carriage, and returned home to breakfast. Everybody knows how much grace and gentility that famous actress wore in her face; but it was remarked that henceforth her looks became less amiable.

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"*The smallest details.*"

The return of Talleyrand to France presents some curious incidents of a private nature.

Madame de Staël took a deep interest in the return of the Bishop of Autun; but his name was on the fatal list, and he could not safely re-enter France. What was to be done? Madame de Staël presented herself to Madame Chat—— Ren——, and besought her to unite her influence with hers, to obtain from the Directory the erasure of his name. They were of opinion that Talleyrand ought not only to be recalled, but appointed to the ministry. The matter was attended with great difficulties. As an emigrant, and a *ci-devant* noble, his claims, if any, must appear ridiculous. Madame Chat—— Ren—— agreed to speak with Barras about it; but at the first allusion to the subject, he utterly rejected the idea, and said to Madame Chat—— Ren——, "I really know not which of us is sleeping, or which waking. If you are in earnest, either you or I must have lost our senses." —"Ah!" said she, "why do you think it impossible? On the contrary, it is, in my judgment, an entirely politic act; for the moment Talleyrand consents to accept the office of minister, your government will be consolidated, and your personal power greatly augmented and confirmed. His name alone ought to form an exception to the general rule. The Bishop of Autun is a man of learning, and thoroughly acquainted with the policy of European Courts. Under the circumstances, it seems to me, that man becomes necessary to you. I certainly have no personal motive to desire his return. What I have said has no other aim than to enable you to avail yourself of the mental resources of a man of profound erudition, who has travelled much and seen much. Now that he has returned from the United States, and gone to the Continent, what will his restless spirit employ itself about? Perhaps, in pamphleteering against you. Well! by attaching him to your cause, and paying the debts he has left unpaid in France, you will gain a partisan who will owe you an obligation; and it seems to me that this course becomes you much better than to continue his proscription. Reflect! Director," said she, on leaving him.

When she again met Madame de Stael, she told her the result of the interview, and how little hope she had of effecting Talleyrand's recall. She, however, engaged to renew her efforts, but upon the condition that Madame de Stael would not meddle in the matter. "For," added the keen-sighted Madame Chat—— Ren——, "no wit must be shown with such men; they would not understand you; and it might throw the bishop's affairs all out of gear." Some days passed in useless parleys, before Barras began to see the force of Madame Chat—— Ren——'s argument. But he despaired of gaining Carnot. "He is," said Barras, "an intrepid man, a real Cato, and has all the Roman's inflexibility and disinterestedness." Madame Chat—— Ren—— made no remark upon that subject, but immediately wrote to Talleyrand, advising him to repair to the favourable director. Barras was wholly ignorant that the bishop had already, in some degree, gained the confidence of the modern Aristippus; and the consequence was, the erasure of his name from the lists of proscription, and the promise of being elevated to the ministry. On his arrival, Talleyrand's first visit was to his officious friend. She made him sensible that for his own sake he ought immediately to present himself to the Directory. "For," said she, "'tis useless to conceal from you the fact that the decree of radiation passed in your favour was reconsidered, three days ago, and that your name is now restored to the lists of proscription—the tablets of the modern Sylla." She immediately conducted Talleyrand to the Directory. The guard at first refused to admit him, and compelled the bishop to leave his cane behind, although it was to him a necessary support. In passing up the steps, he leaned upon Madame Chat—— Ren——, saying, with perfect composure, "A pretty Government this, whose members are afraid of getting a caning." Madame Chat—— Ren—— was surprised at his perfect self-possession at a moment when he had everything to fear. When in the presence of the directors, he captivated them by his language and the originality of his replies. He spoke to Carnot the language of Franklin, who, on being asked what he did in America, answered, that he sold cabbages out of a cart, in New York, with Madame Dillon. To Barras he gave some hints respecting his nobility, and the perpetual constraint and disgust which such a man as he must feel at being assimilated to such models even as Rewbel, who recognized in our prelate a profound intellect and extensive acquirements. Talleyrand at length gained a complete victory over the Directory.

Madame de Stael often showed an ambition to excel in conversation.

"Let's be still," was Madame Chat—— Ren——'s constant reply. "This is not the place for wit, but for flattery; we must use a style of softness, sweetness, supplication, lowliness; and, when proper, of irony and superiority. These are the shades which are necessary to the picture. All the rest is out of place here, for mere sentiment has here an artificial appearance, and is not to be met with except under some foreign and unusual garb." A few days after Talleyrand's accession to the ministry, he gave a great dinner to the principal directors. Madame Le Tourn—— was present, and, at the conclusion of the feast, remarked to him, "Citizen minister, your installation in this *hôtel* must have cost you dear."—"Citoyenne," replied Talleyrand, with a bow, "*a great deal* ——." He had thus to adopt the tastes, the language, and even the dress of the times, in order to keep his place.

(30) *Page* 58.

"*A rival.*"

The Empress was often seriously affected by the tales told by evil-minded persons at Court. These lying drones, whose smiles concealed calumny, dared to repeat in the saloons that Mademoiselle Hortense, wife of Louis Bonaparte, was favoured, in a particular manner, by her illustrious step-father. And they even went so far with their imprudence and malignity as to state that her eldest son had a double affiliation with the Bonaparte family. "These stories," said Josephine, "hurt my feelings. I know Hortense, I pity her; you see that I suffer for two. I would fain forget such tales: they are unworthy of my daughter and of me. My husband merely treated her with kindness, and nothing more. Often did that unhappy wife, while the eyes of the courtiers were upon her, hasten to her mother, and pour out her griefs on her bosom, while the rest of the company supposed she was spending her time in social amusements. Had I listened to the insinuations of some of the courtiers, I should have drunk the cup of jealousy to the dregs; but, I must repeat it, my daughter is as pure as an angel. She will hereafter be better understood."

(31) *Page* 60.

"*The lady who was to replace her.*"

Jerome Bonaparte's first wife was a Miss Patterson, whom he married in the United States. Her family was highly respectable, and had rendered him the most urgent services during the first part of his residence in New England. Everything seemed to promise that happy pair that the ties which bound them were woven with flowers; and in his exile the young man had occasion to exult a thousand times in the choice he had made, and in the good fortune of having a son by Miss Patterson.

The sudden elevation of Bonaparte, and that singular destiny which placed him on the throne of France, necessarily changed the condition of his family. Jerome was recalled by his brother, and found it necessary to obey. He left the cradle of his son, and separated himself for ever from a wife whom he had sworn to protect. But the glitter of a crown could not but be singularly flattering to the vanity of a young man of a light and ardent temperament. And yet it must, to his praise, be said that he did not forget Miss Patterson. He preserved a tender recollection of her, and, though afar off, watched over the fortunes of her son.

The kingdom of Westphalia was offered him as the price of his obedience to his brother's command. Thus it was that Napoleon influenced all his relatives. Lucien alone maintained his pride and haughtiness to the last, and refused to repudiate Madame Jeauberteau, whom he had espoused. Jerome, more docile, consented to give his hand to Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, and Cassel became the capital of the new estates given to him. His second wife succeeded marvellously in attaching to herself the most volatile of men. That woman, worthy of the throne of Westphalia, made many partisans and warm friends. Indeed, nobody could deny the noble qualities of her heart. At the commencement of her reign, she was generally supposed to be without much strength of character; but the events of 1813 and 1814 developed a remarkable degree of courage in her, and added wonderfully to that energy which she had displayed from the commencement of her husband's misfortunes. There is something very singular connected with her personal history—the fact, which time will not fail to record, that it was predicted to her, *in writing*, in 1808, and again in 1810,[1] that her happiness would cease from the time there should be a great conflagration in her palace;[2] that, shortly after, troubles should break out in Westphalia; that she would find herself under the necessity of flying from her kingdom in disguise; that she should come to France, where new troubles would await her. "Then" (it was added) "you will be forced to escape again, and you will even shun the one of your relatives who shall be near you. Your effects shall be almost entirely dispersed; many persons shall appropriate them to themselves; and when this shall happen to you, you shall be with child of a son."

(32) *Page* 63.

"*Madame Letitia.*"

Madame Bonaparte, the Emperor's mother, was very cleanly in her private habits; always dressed like a young woman, she wore robes of muslin or white lawn, with a wreath of flowers upon her head. She had been a very handsome woman, and at this period still preserved the traces of her former beauty. Napoleon very often reproved her on the subject of her dress, which he regarded as ridiculous for a woman of her age, and yet too plain for a Court dress. He directed Madame Bacciochi to take Madame Letitia to the celebrated Lenormant, and get a full outfit of clothes becoming her age and rank. Madame Bonaparte, after some urging, consented to go; but, on arriving at the shop, everything seemed of too high a price for her, and she wanted to return home empty-handed. But Madame Eliza held her back, made a purchase of a thousand crowns' worth of silks, and forced her to take them; which made the good dame sick for several days, overwhelmed with chagrin at having spent so much money.

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[1] That Princess more than once deigned to honour the editress of these Memoirs with her private confidence. What is stated above is perfectly notorious, and cannot be contradicted.

[2] During the night of the 21st of November, 1811, the day of a fête at the Court of Cassel, a fire broke out in the palace. The movables were all thrown out of the windows, and the most precious articles seriously damaged or destroyed.

After the departure of Lucien, her son, *madame la mère* occupied his house. She paid 1,200 francs a year to his ushers and *valets de chambre*, to whom, however, she did not furnish provisions. Her three cooks had only one dish-cloth, one apron, and one towel a day. She retained her old water-bearer from the Faubourg St. Honoré, who furnished her this liquid for five centimes a load, and who, in addition, drew well-water to wash and rinse her dishes. The good dame would not board her servants, though she left them the fragments; and bought, ordinarily, only three half-pound loaves of bread a day, which she shared with an old chambermaid, whom she had brought with her from Corsica, and who had been her servant for thirty years. Whenever Mesdames Eliza and Pauline wanted a frolic, they would go and ask to dine at their mother's, and would always have a great laugh at seeing her, on their arrival, send right off to the baker's for bread. After her son obliged her to keep house, the old chambermaid stationed herself, during the repast, in an entry through which the domestics carried the dishes from the table; and every dish which was not touched, or but partially consumed, the old woman would carefully set aside in a closet, of which she kept the key. They were re-served on the next and following days. When anyone asked Madame Letitia why she was so careful in her expenditure, she would answer, "When I had the care of a family, and had to provide for nine children, I got along with less than 100 louis d'or a year. At present, I have my son Lucien, who is not provided with a place, and whose expenses are great. He will never be able to furnish his daughters with a dowry, and I am going to take care of that myself; besides, it is always best to be economical; you don't know what may happen."

After the disasters of the Russian campaign, Bonaparte found out that his mother had five millions of francs concealed behind a picture. One day, as she happened to be at the Tuileries, her son said to her, "Mother, I know you have money, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you to lend me some—I need it."—"Ah, Sire," said she, "how they have deceived Your Majesty! I have, absolutely, only enough to pay my expenses."—"It is, I repeat," said Napoleon, "a favour which I expect of you."—"And I repeat to you, Sire," said she, "that that is all the money I have; what I had, I have sent to one of our acquaintances" (Lucien).—"Well," said he, "I am willing to believe it." The conversation now turned to different subjects. But Bonaparte knew how to manage the matter; and so, some two or three days afterwards, he came *incognito*, and asked to dine with her. After rising from the table he busied himself looking at the pictures, and stopped in front of the one which covered the secret deposit. "I shall," said he, "be greatly obliged to you, mother, if you will give me this picture."—"With pleasure, my son," said she; "I will have it carried to the Tuileries." But he instantly rang the bell for the servants, and ordered them to take it down. Madame Letitia showed some opposition, but Bonaparte would be obeyed on the spot. The picture being taken down, he perceived the hidden packet, and was careful to ascertain, himself, what it contained. He directed the whole to be put into his carriage, and left immediately without saying anything more to his mother, who was so mortified that she could not speak.

Lucien Bonaparte left a well-furnished room to the governess of his children, Mademoiselle Annet. *Madame la mère* found it more to her own convenience to send her away from the house, and to keep the furniture. Annet complained of this treatment to Josephine; who, the same evening, spoke of it to the Emperor. "What are you thinking about?" said he; "my mother is always afraid of coming to want. Happening to breakfast with her, a few days ago, I observed that the cooks had served her some *mauviettes;* having sucked several without opening them, she took the extreme precaution to put them back into the platter. On my remarking that this was a scene worthy of the pen of Molière, and that she even outdid Harpagon, she replied, seriously, "These dainties will be very gratifying to persons who eat nothing but common food. In this way, my son, nothing will be lost, and I shall make somebody happy."

After indulging in these slight criticisms, I must, in justice, and to the praise of Madame Letitia, say that she loved to do an act of kindness, and that, whenever the object was to influence her son Napoleon to grant a pardon, or repair an injury, she was enchanted in being successful in her suit, and she would herself, with pleasure, send the news of her success to the applicant. She did not approve the Emperor's conduct towards the Pope at Fontainebleau; and, speaking of her son, often said to Cardinal Fesch, her brother, "Your nephew will injure both his own interests and ours by acting thus. He ought to stop where he is. He who wants too much, often leaves off by having nothing. I fear on account of the whole family; and I think it wise to be ready for every event." Madame Letitia, it will be seen, had the gift of prophecy, and neglected nothing, during the last years of her son's reign, to place her fortune upon a respectable footing, and to shield it from peril in case of accident.

(33) *Page* 65.

"*Before my death*."

Josephine had a sister *de lait*, named Lucette, who from her birth had been particularly attached to the family. She calculated upon the benevolence of her protectress to give her her liberty. Not being manumitted as soon as she wished, the wretched creature, who was only twenty-two years old, resolved to poison Madame de Tascher; and for that purpose prepared some small peas, into which she put some pounded glass. Fortunately, her mistress discovered it in time, and finally compelled the guilty Lucette to own it. The spoon, which Madame de Tascher was bringing to her lips, was filled with them. That generous woman, however, strove to save the life of the slave by sending her to St. Thomas. But the affair created too much sensation to permit her to go unpunished, and she was condemned to be burnt alive, which punishment she underwent. All Madame de Tascher's efforts to save her were useless—she could not obtain even a commutation of the sentence. It is said that this woman, so benevolent, and so addicted to practical good works (everybody on the island knew that her house was at all times the refuge of misfortune), more than once felt all the agonies of dissolution. After experiencing the keenest suffering for a long time, she died of a cancer, having spent a life devoted to benevolence and philanthropy.

During the most prosperous and wonderful portion of her daughter's career, she refused to accept anything from her. "I have," said she, "more than I need, for there still remains to me wherewithal to alleviate the sufferings of my countrymen; that is enough" (she wrote to Josephine). "I am not fond of greatness, and am afraid of it; its shadow seems to me so fleeting, that I have little faith in the permanency of your good fortune. But, meanwhile, enjoy the present with moderation, and beware you do not trust too much to the future. I distrust courtiers; I hold them in horror; the ambition of your husband will ruin him. Could I have confidence in his continued prosperity, I might occupy at Martinique a rank worthy of you. Alas! my Josephine, my beloved Josephine, I regret but one thing, and that is, that your brilliant position will not permit you, as heretofore, to come and beautify with your presence my solitude of the "Three Islets." Then should I have nothing more to desire in this world I might then press you to my bosom once more before I die."

Madame de Tascher died in 1807. Josephine was the more afflicted at this event that she could make no public manifestation of her grief. She wept for her mother in the silence of midnight, and wore mourning in her heart, although unable to display its outward signs. Josephine, now become Empress, was forced to submit to the rigorous rule prescribed by her rank; and as Madame de Tascher was not, like Madame Letitia, recognised as Queen Dowager, the Court wore no symbol of mourning. Bonaparte was not an admirer of Madame de Tascher's character. "She is," said he, "a country-woman (*bourgeoise*), in the true sense of the term. Her ideas are contracted; talk to her about the labours of farming, and the best mode of enriching the soil, and add thereto a dissertation on hens and hares, and you will see her face lighten up. She will tell you—'I prefer this peaceful mode of life to the first throne in the world.'"

Such was Madame de Tascher during her life. She refused all the favours offered her, and was so disinterested that she returned to her daughter the diamonds which adorned the portrait of the wife of an Emperor. "The picture," said she, "is sufficient; I recognise in it the features of my beloved daughter; I need nothing more." She had a picture representing Napoleon, and took pains to keep it hung up in an unfrequented room. "I am afraid," said she gaily, "I may be seized with the mania of governing, and have, therefore, been careful to put the picture away, so as not to have before me anything which can suggest that idea. That's glory enough for my family; I want no more; I am afraid of reverses, and the causes that lead to them."

(34) *Page* 68.—Berlin.

Napoleon made his entry into the Prussian capital on the 27th of October, 1806. To the municipal council who were presented to him, he said, "Gentlemen, I hear that nobody's windows have been broken. My brother, the King of Prussia, ceased to be King on the day he neglected to hang Prince Louis Ferdinand for daring to break his ministers' windows." To Count Néale he said, "Ah, ha, sir! your women have made war;[1] behold the consequence! you must restrain your family. No! I don't want war; not that I distrust my power, as you suppose, but because the blood of my people is precious, and not to be shed but for their safety and prosperity. But the good people of Berlin have become the victims of war, while those who have provoked it have saved themselves by flight." To M. de Hatzfeldt, he said, "Sir, do not present yourself to me; I do not want your services; retire to your estates.' On leaving, he ordered Hatzfeldt to be arrested, because, as some thought, Hatzfeldt's interest required either that Napoleon should show himself magnanimous and clement towards him, or, that he should be shielded from the reproaches of the Court. However that may be, Napoleon caused Madame Hatzfeldt to burn, with her own hand, the only letter which could have testified against her husband. To some, this was a sublime act, while others regarded it as a petty trick, that lady being too much overcome by her feelings to verify the date. This act of generosity, however, secured to the Emperor of the French a high reputation for clemency.

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[1] **In a letter, written by the daughter of M. de Néale, she said, "If Napoleon does not want war, he must have it."**

(35) *Page* 71.—Friedland.

The battle of Friedland, fought and gained by the French on the 14th of June, 1807,[1] led to the interview between the two Emperors on the Niemen. Here was realised what Napoleon had promised himself at the time of his conference with Francis II., Emperor of Austria, in the bivouac at Austerlitz.[2] "That pavilion on the Niemen," said Napoleon, "had a great advantage over the different European palaces which I have occupied. There was about it an air of sincerity which even now excites my wonder. Except as to my principal project, I explained myself freely and fully to my brother Alexander. The King of Prussia is indebted to him for his crown. I myself wanted to dismember his dominions—a superb operation! People, things—all would have been new."

(36) *Page* 75.

"*As long as Saturn shall live.*"

The unfortunate Queen of Prussia knew Napoleon well. "Never," said that Princess, "never will Europe be quiet while that son of Saturn shall reign; he is the god of lightning. To-day his projects are gigantic; to-morrow they will be sublime, and he will be able to execute them. He can do anything and everything with an army so brave and so fond of glory. Ever true to his flag, that wonderful army will only rest long enough to revisit the happy shores of their own country and then return to impose conditions more severe perhaps than ever, conditions which fatal necessity and the fear of passing under the yoke of a foreign nation may make it necessary to accept; for man cannot exempt himself from the law of necessity. The minds of men, after the close of a revolution, are slow in becoming calm. That is an inevitable evil. But this evil does not always cause one to renounce his country's good, or what is regarded as such. In order to prevent the return of the French, and the achievement of further victories by them in Prussia, if ever again—which God forbid!—they are to trouble our repose, I should desire to see them kept out of our principal towns and cities, in order to prevent the spread of their fatal doctrine of '*by and for the liberty of the people.*' You would have to adopt a Constitution at the point of the bayonet.

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[1] During the battle of Friedland, gained by the French on that day, the Emperor was stationed in front of his guard, which was kept in reserve behind the lines of battle. For some time he was without any news from his main army; and such was his impatience that he rolled on the ground in an indescribable rage. At length an officer arrived, and, while still at a distance, exclaimed, "Sire, Königsberg is taken!" Getting up instantly, he repeated, "Königsberg! Königsberg is taken! Good; peace is made; I have it in my pocket."

[2] On the 24th of September, 1805, Napoleon left Paris, arrived in Strassburg on the 26th, and crossed the Rhine on the 1st of October. From this time his progress was but one continued triumph. On the 10th he was at Augsburg; on the 19th Ulm opened its gates; on the 14th of November he entered Vienna, and on the 2nd of December his troops triumphed at Austerlitz. The definitive treaty of peace was concluded, and signed at Pressburg on the 26th of December. The Emperor of Germany renounced the possession of Venice, which was to be annexed to the kingdom of Italy; he also recognised the new Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, and agreed to deliver up the possession of all the towns, forts and territories ceded, within the space of six weeks. Napoleon remained fifteen days longer in Germany, giving his attention to the interests of a throng of petty princes, whom he proposed to unite in the alliance and confederation which were signed at Paris on the 12th of July in the following year. These preparatory measures being taken, he returned to the capital, where he arrived with Josephine on the 26th of January, 1806.

"In my judgment, the most respectable citizens should be consulted in the concoction of laws, and allowed to deliberate on the necessities of the state; but never to vote. He who acts as executive, but without the concurrence of the nation, legally represented, would hardly be able to propose anything which would be accepted. Where there is violence, the initiatory of laws is a mere nullity. All the Sovereigns of Europe may yet escape from the whirlwind of the new errors. They can say, and ought to say, to their subjects, 'We reign over you because our ancestors reigned over your fathers; we reign by right of birth, reserving to ourselves the right to stipulate with our people the form of the institutions by which our power is to be regulated, civil and political liberty secured, and all parties satisfied.' Then would the conduct of Princes be systematic and wise; they would soon dissipate the idea of a *universal republic*, which begins to agitate Europe. Then, indeed, that strange fabric, floating in the air, without support in heaven or on earth, would be seen through; it would vanish with the first breath of the storm. But, it may be asked, would not men say, with Cicero, 'The name only of king is changed, the thing remains'? No, certainly. Most monarchies are ancient trees, whose trunks are to be respected. If you would graft new fruit upon their branches, you must prune off whatever obstructs the fruitfulness of the boughs, and cut away with a strong and resolute hand the parasitic wood which sucks up the fertility of the soil. It needs only the disposition, and the evil is soon cured. Europe, resplendent with glory, rejuvenescent in her institutions, would be powerful enough to repress all factions which might spring up in her bosom. The people's love for the integrity of their soil would give them courage to resist all future attacks from Saturn or his descendants. What Leibnitz said to Charles XII. is here applicable: 'Conquerors are strange people. They seem to imagine that the world is obliged to them for their devastations; they forget that their defeats are crimes against their country, and that their victories are murders committed against mankind.'"

Thus spoke that courageous female in the last moments of her life. Her latest prayers were for the tranquillity of her country, and her last thoughts for the happiness of her husband and her children.

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"*Come and reside in France.*"

* In his youth he was in love with a Polish lady, Madame L——ki. She was one of the women who, after having had a liaison with him, lost neither his esteem nor friendship, and gave him the most touching proofs of affection. At the time of his abdication (in 1814), at Fontainebleau, she repaired thither to bid him farewell; and learning that Maria Louisa had not followed him to Elba, she went there with a son that she had had by him, purposing merely to remain there with him as a friend whose society was agreeable to him. But Napoleon would not consent to it, being unwilling to give her husband the mortification of knowing that his wife was near him, although he (Napoleon) had loved her before her marriage; and she remained but three days.—*M.*

OBSERVATION.—This story of the Polish lady has found its way into history, and Mr. Alison has been careful not to omit it. Why was he not equally careful, in his biographical sketches of George IV., to relate the glaring and brutal immoralities of that mean-spirited monarch and many of his courtiers? The answer is plain; the English aristocracy would not have read his book.—TRANSLATOR.

(38) *Page* 76.—DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

It was expected that the King of Sweden would have been found in company with the Duke d'Enghien, with whom he was to pass several weeks. The envoys had orders to arrest him; but he was then at Carlsruhe with the Elector of Baden, his father-in-law. The King arrived four hours after the duke's departure, and conducted himself with much courage and presence of mind. He caused the alarm to be sounded through all the villages, and endeavoured to rally force enough to pursue those who had carried off a duke, and pillaged his house; but before the King had reached Ettenheim the duke was at Strassburg, shut up in the citadel.

The King of Sweden wrote a letter to Bonaparte, which he forwarded by his aide-de-camp, M. Tanart. Bonaparte refused to see the letter, and ordered Tanart to leave Paris in one hour.

Gustavus recalled his ambassador; whereupon Bonaparte ordered

Pigneul, Consul-General of Sweden, to leave Paris in one hour, and France in three days.

The King of Sweden, in his quality of Prince of the Germanic Empire, presented to the Diet of Ratisbon a note similar to that of Russia; and shortly afterwards returned to the King of Prussia the order of the Black Eagle, alleging as his reason that the Prussian monarch wore the order of Bonaparte.[1]

(39) *Page* 78.

"*Cashmeres*"

His Excellency Asker-Khan made a present to the Empress of some stuffs of remarkable beauty. She distributed them among the ladies attached to her, reserving to herself such only whose colours were most pleasing to the Emperor. Napoleon wanted to see the French cashmeres adopted at his Court;[2] but, as the new nobility imitated the old in matters of the toilet, he found it impossible to influence the beauties of his Court, who constituted its charm and ornament. He used to torment Josephine with questions respecting the price of the clothes she wore; to satisfy him she would answer, "'Tis St. Quentin linen."—"Ah," said he, "this proves the superiority of our manufactures over those of our neighbours!" which greatly amused Josephine, whose dresses were chiefly of the richest of India muslins. Learning one day that Josephine was receiving, habitually, articles of merchandise, smuggled across the frontier of Holland, he fell into a violent rage, and gave instant orders to have them seized before their introduction into France. M. Halsen immediately confiscated the cashmeres. The Emperor observed that she seemed to be in trouble at not receiving any news respecting the articles she was waiting for; he chuckled in secret over the trick he in his turn had played upon her, and remarked, with seeming anger, "Madam, the deepest pang, the severest punishment, a husband can inflict upon a wife is to hide her bonnets, her dresses and her gewgaws. I will pardon you this time, and restore the cashmeres; but I swear to you, that, for the future, I will have every one guilty of committing a similar fault for your good pleasure, tried, condemned and executed. Empress, as you are my wife, you are not above the laws. On the contrary, 'tis for you to show an example of obedience to them."—*Anecdote related by M. Halsen, the Collector of Customs at Mons.*

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[1] Gustavus Adolphus firmly believed that Napoleon was the Antichrist foretold by the Apocalypse, and consequently always called him "the Beast." On this hypothesis it was evident to him that the number 666, which the beast was to bear upon his forehead, was included in the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. On the 22nd of July, 1807, he wrote thus to the Duke of Brunswick-Oels: "Nothing can induce me to treat with the beast, because in so doing I should not only betray my duty and every principle sacred among men, but call down upon myself evil in this world and in the world to come. Reflect, I pray you, upon what I have written, dictated only by my friendship for you."

[2] Napoleon detested *shawls*. He loved to see a lady's shape, and used to say that shawls were the invention of hump-backed women, a defect which to him was most disagreeable. He did not like to see women without rouge; he thought them always sick.

(40) *Page* 79.

"*Much amusement.*"

All the members of Napoleon's Court were in a hurry to call upon the Persian ambassador previous to his public presentation—all the ladies hastened to taste the tea and the saffron cakes of the illustrious stranger. For some time His Persian Excellency was all the rage, and many of our pretty women had their day-dreams about him. He was a handsome man, though surpassed in that respect by his nephew. Each found himself perpetually surrounded by a throng of the curious, following them wherever they went; and the parties they gave at their residences were both brilliant and numerously attended. The Empress determined to see them at their meals. Several ladies of her suite accompanied her; but she preserved a perfect *incognito*. On being introduced to him he honoured her with a gracious smile, and presented her a small bottle of rose-water—a kind of present among the Persians, intended as a mark of high personal respect. She tasted several Persian dishes, and expressed her admiration of his Excellency's pipe, which was brought to him by two slaves, who kneeled when placing it in his hands. She noticed that the extremities of his nails were tinged with different colours. The ambassador requested Josephine, whose gracefulness of manner struck his attention, to come and be seated by his side on his divan, which she declined. "That honour," said she, "belongs only to privileged persons;" unwilling and unable to make herself known. The ambassador asked her, through his interpreter, Jaubert, whether she was willing to go and reside with him in Persia, and assured her that, if she would consent, he would render her situation an enviable one. She replied that she was married and had two children; that her duty and interest required her to remain in Paris, where her destinies seemed fixed. On the day of the ambassador's public presentation, Josephine, adorned with all her graces, received him with dignity and amiability. The air and the attitude of the poor Persian cannot be described; he at once recognised in the Empress the woman he had tried to captivate, and stood dumb. That admirable woman instantly relieved him of his embarrassment, and said, with a gracious smile, and in a sweet tone, "You must admit, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that I had good reason for telling you I preferred to remain in France. If you think well of me you will remain faithful to that beautiful Persian wife of yours." The woman referred to was his Excellency's favourite wife. He made a sign of respect, as much as to say to her that he should esteem it a pleasant duty to follow her advice.

(41) *Page* 80.—MADAME BACCIOCHI.

This sister of Napoleon had very much his own character; she loved to rule. Having become Grand Duchess of Lucca and Piombino, she established a firm government, founded on good laws. Her police were vigilant and admirable, but leaving the people a measure of freedom. Her ministry was chosen with judgment. She possessed one of our most sensible men, whose talents were well fitted to organise a new state, and establish it upon a solid basis. That ancient director of the general police of Milan, from the Duchy of Venice, became indispensable to the Grand Duchess; and, thanks to the vigilant care of that political Hercules, Florence and the neighbouring region enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity. He restored plenty. Bonaparte sometimes compared the Grand Duchess Eliza to Queen Elizabeth. The comparison was far from just; but, whenever Napoleon espoused an opinion, or took sides, everybody had to yield.

One day, while conversing with his uncle, Fesch, the latter remarked to him, "It must be confessed, my dear nephew, that the sin of pride is innate in our family. You have inoculated your brothers and sisters with it, and I am sensible that the bishop's purple does not guard me against it." Bonaparte laughed heartily at the prelate's *naïveté*, and particularly when the latter recalled to his recollection certain little incidents in the history of his childhood, which went to show that the young Corsican would not suffer himself to be thrown into the shade, even in trifling ordinary matters. "I caught you one day," said the prelate, "at the age of eight years, reading the 'History of Cromwell,' and asked you what you thought of that celebrated man. '*Eh bien!*' you replied, 'Cromwell is a good work, but incomplete.' I supposed you were speaking of the work, and asked you what fault you could charge upon the author. '*Morbleu!*' you replied, quickly, 'I am not speaking about the book, but the man who is its subject;' and, it seems to me, Your Majesty has put in practice what you then said, '*All or nothing!*'"

(42) *Page* 80.—PAULINE.

There is related a little piece of roguery on the part of Pauline Bonaparte, the Princess Borghèse, which, if true, shows at once great levity of character and goodness of heart. At the time we speak of, she possessed a high and powerful influence, and could obtain by force what she could not effect by persuasion.

The *hôtel* she lived in at Paris, although spacious and commodious, was not large enough to suit her fancy. Learning that the apartments of one of the two houses which joined her own were exactly on a level with hers, she sent a person to solicit the owner to sell it to her, and offered him a price much above its true value. He was a man in easy circumstances, and attached to a residence which he had so long occupied.

He obstinately rejected the proposition. The Princess then asked him to lease her a part of the lower storey, necessary, as she thought, to accommodate her and increase her apartments; but the negotiation was unsuccessful, and the matter was apparently dropped on both sides. But it by no means passed out of her mind. The owner was in the habit of travelling into the country during the spring. The moment the Princess was advised of his having left, she got ready her workmen of every description. The wall was opened which separated her apartments from those which she coveted; the furniture was entirely removed from the latter, and piled up on the stairway, and the address of the Princess's notary left upon a chair. All the doors leading from the usurped apartment were walled up on the inside; and lo! she was in full possession of the new abode, which she furnished and decorated in the highest style. But these arrangements were not made without the knowledge of the owner's servant. He lost no time in writing to his master, who, it may be supposed, lost none in returning. Enraged at thus finding himself dispossessed by main force, he rushed to the lawyers, to the judges, demanding counsel, justice. Every one advised him to submit with patience to the calamity, and seek out the notary whose address he had found. Nobody had the courage to send him to Napoleon, who certainly would not have smiled at this high-handed conduct of his amiable sister.

At length, our good citizen went to the notary who was charged to pay him down the sum that had been offered, either for the title of the house, or the use of it for the term proposed. From the silly advice given him, he was led to suppose that a lawsuit would only draw down persecutions upon him, and finding the sum offered exceeded the value of the property, he finally signed the contract of sale, and was glad to get away from so venturesome a neighbour.

(43) *Page* 83.

"*A new army at Bayonne.*"

On the evening of Joseph Bonaparte's arrival at Bayonne, his brother determined to cause him to be recognised as King of Spain. In pursuance of this determination, he ordered all the Spanish deputies who were there to meet in their respective classes and professions, and, each one by himself, to prepare a discourse felicitating the new King. These men, commanded to commit their thoughts to writing, met together in the grand saloon of Marac, where each one set himself about writing a speech. Whoever had entered the room at this moment, would have supposed himself in a college recitation room. The business of composing being ended, the principal deputy of each class was introduced into the ante-room of the saloon. Here he read the discourse to Napoleon, who, like a true schoolmaster, pointed out the corrections to be made therein with all the pedantry of a college regent. At length, after the speech was duly concocted and settled upon, the deputations were admitted into the presence of Joseph.

The style of composing the speech gave rise to a scene between Napoleon and the Duke del Infantado. That nobleman's speech did not express a formal acknowledgment of Joseph as King, but only wished for the prosperity of Joseph *through Spain, and of Spain through Joseph.* But what Bonaparte wanted was a good understanding, well expressed and formal. He was not a man to be put off with those effusions of mere love or hope; he took fire, and assailed the Duke with a volley of words, which were heard in the adjoining rooms. "There must be no tergiversation, sir," said he; "recognise him frankly, or refuse to do so; crime, as well as virtue, must be illustrated by talent. Do you want to return to Spain, and place yourself at the head of the insurgents? Go. I give you my word I will send you there in safety; but remember, should you again fall into my hands, I will have you shot in twenty-four hours." The duke, however, defended his ground, and seemed not particularly seduced by the offer of a safe conduct. But a new sally from Napoleon overthrew him; the duke gave in, and, enraged by the petulance of his adversary, let fall these words: "Well, well, Sire, I have made a blunder."—*M. M.*

(44) *Page* 83.

"*Lucien's eldest daughter in marriage.*"

When the projected marriage of Charlotte, Lucien Bonaparte's daughter, to the Prince of Asturias, was announced to Lucien (his consent not having been obtained), far from being dazzled by an alliance with which he had been flattered two years before, and which would have given him for a son-in-law the heir of Charles V., and of Louis XIV., he notified his absolute opposition to it. "No," he wrote to Napoleon, "I will never consent to sacrifice my children to your policy. God may know what are your designs upon Ferdinand; but I know well that you have already done too much against that Prince for me ever to call him my son-in-law." This trait of character in Lucien was surely one of those which did him most honour.

'Tis easy to conceive the effect of such a reply on the impetuous Bonaparte, and we are indebted to his anger for a knowledge of the conditions which he had made up his mind to propose to the King of Spain. The Ebro was to become the new frontier of the two countries; the Cabinet of Madrid was to be chained by treaties to the fortunes of France; and numerous garrisons of French troops in the principal fortresses and ports of Ferdinand were to answer for the submission of that Prince, now become tributary. Such were the political views to which the King of Spain owed the preference granted him in regard to Mademoiselle Lucien; for Napoleon had also thought of the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, supposing apparently, that the latter Prince would readily consent to marry his niece. This project had been broached to the young lady, who, on seeing the Grand Duke, evinced an infantile repugnance to him. This was enough. The father, who, with an energy worthy of all praise, had set forth the grounds of his first opposition, was perhaps less wise this time. He refused the honour of the alliance again offered him; and the spite between the two brothers increasing, he imperiously demanded back his daughter. "Give her back tc me," said he, "or, braving my proscription and your orders, Sire, I will come and take her, even in the saloon of the Tuileries." On reading this fierce and haughty letter, Napoleon was highly incensed. "Let her go," said he; "I don't want to hear anything more about it; in twenty-four hours let her be no longer in Paris." The order was executed. Lucien, informed of his daughter's approach, went with his wife twenty leagues to meet her, and on meeting her said, with transport, "My child, I committed a great fault; but you are restored to me, and the wrong is repaired."—"*Mém. Sec. de Lucien Bonaparte.*"

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"*The Queen of Etruria.*"

The unhappy Queen of Etruria, *eldest daughter of the Emperor,* a denomination which she gave herself, was sacrificed by her adopted father. The French minister, M. d'Aubusson, was charged with the painful duty of signifying to her the pretended arrangement between the Courts of France and Spain, which placed the Tuscan state in the hands of Napoleon; it having been six years before erected into a kingdom. On reading this declaration, made in a council extraordinary, the Princess not having been informed of it, fainted She retired into Spain with Louis, the young King, her son, without foreseeing the still greater catastrophe which was in secret preparation for her august family.

"On the 19th of February" (says the Queen of Etruria in her "Memoirs") "we arrived without any accident at the palace of Aranjuez, where, after enjoying the pleasure of seeing my parents and my brothers, my. first step was to inform myself respecting the treaty. They answered me that they had been deceived, and that no treaty whatever was in existence. On the one hand I was struck as with a clap of thunder at the horrible treason committed against us; while, on the other, that same discovery afforded me some consolation, and encouraged me to renew my application for permission to return to my beloved Tuscany. In the course of my efforts, my father renounced the crown of Spain, and my brother was proclaimed his successor. I renewed my application to him, and obtained from him the most solemn promise that my wish should be gratified, when, by a second act of treason, he was carried off to Bayonne, and we were all forced to follow him. I left Madrid on the 3rd of May, having scarcely recovered from the measles, with which I had been attacked. I was utterly ignorant of what had taken place, and the first words my parents spoke to me on my arrival at Bayonne were: 'You must know, daughter, that our family have for ever ceased to reign.' It almost took away my breath. I could not imagine what had happened, never having dreamed of the possibility of such an occurrence. I bowed to my parents and retired to my room, more dead than alive.

"Bonaparte being then at Bayonne, I asked permission to see him, but received a dry and angry No. I then endeavoured to obtain at least the restitution of Parma, which was also refused me. At length, while I was employing all the means in my power to recover one, at least, of the two states which belonged to us, and of which we had been despoiled by the blackest stratagem, that dreadful event, so unexpected, so fatal, took place—I mean the Treaty of Bayonne; in which it was stipulated to pay an annual instalment of 400,000 francs, in consideration of the cession of the kingdom of Spain by King Charles IV. to Napoleon. In part execution of this treaty, my brothers, King Ferdinand VII., and the Infant Don Carlos, with my uncle, the Infant Don Antonio, were ordered to repair to Valancey, whither we went a few days after. My parents, with the Infant Francis Antonio, left for Fontainebleau, and I was forced to follow them with my children.

"We arrived at Fontainebleau after a fatiguing journey, and were lodged in the palace, where my father and mother were already established. Napoleon had assigned to them the entire service of the Imperial Court; ladies, gentlemen, guards, all were at their disposal.

"On the other hand, myself and family had but a small, miserable apartment for our accommodation. My principal care now was to find a house in the country, where I could live in peace with my children and the small number of persons attached to me; for I had told Bonaparte, while at Bayonne, that I thought it would be much better for me to live separate from my father and mother, with a distinct establishment, conformably to the circumstances in which I was placed; an idea which he seemed to approve. As soon, therefore, as I had arrived at Fontainebleau, I found a pretty country house, called Passy. I furnished it, and rented it for a year. My parents were fully advised of this arrangement, and expressed their entire satisfaction with it; they spoke continually of paying me a visit, saying that the place was a pleasant and agreeable one. For myself, I went on with my preparations with the most perfect innocence, never imagining that those demonstrations of goodwill were simulated; although I began to entertain some doubts on that head when, being about to leave for Passy, I was refused post-horses, under the pretence that there were none at hand at the moment. I then sent for some livery horses, and took leave of my parents that evening. Being about to get into my carriage with my children, and go to my new abode, where I was expected to arrive the next morning, and before we had reached the inner gate of the palace, I was arrested and forced to return, accompanied by a general, who, in a mournful way, informed me that he had been ordered to arrest me, and to station sentinels in the court of my lodgings, which was done. Thus, to my utter confusion, I had to provide for expenses to which my means were inadequate; for the proprietors of the house insisted that I should satisfy them, and obliged me to pay the rent for the entire year, as if I had had the actual enjoyment of the premises, besides all the expenses they had been at in putting the house in a condition to receive me. I tried to show myself superior to these embarrassments; but physical strength is not at our command, and my own was so exhausted that I began to feel the approach of the convulsions to which I became subject three years after, and during the continuance whereof I was not mistress of myself. Everybody belonging to the French Court, from the highest rank to the lowest, was touched with pity at such treatment, and commiserated my sufferings, mental as well as bodily. Those nearest to me by the ties of blood were the ones who showed the most indifference to my distress. They told me it was Bonaparte's business, and that I must write to him. I did so, but the answer I received was exactly what I might have expected, viz.: 'that I was wrong, and my parents right.' A few days after they were ordered to go to Compiègne, and I to follow them, which I did, meeting with a thousand inconveniences on the way. We arrived there on the 18th of June. My father and mother alone had charge of the palace, the gardens, the woods, and all the dependencies. An apartment was assigned to me, which rendered the Court as uncomfortable as possible.

"On our arrival, I asked for the first month's pension, but learned, with astonishment, that the Government had seen fit to retain 12,000 francs a month, to defray the expenses of our journey, and other expenses; although it would at least have appeared civil to have charged France with the cost of our journey from Bayonne to Compiègne. But no representations could secure our rights, and I was obliged to submit to this abatement, besides being unable to obtain any pension whatever for my children, although they were Infants of Spain. Thus I was compelled to live upon 33,000 francs, and support myself, my children, and my household. Beset with afflictions on all sides, my health daily declined. My physician, who knew that my disease was the effect of melancholy, directed me to exercise on horseback, and, occasionally, attend the chase. I adopted his first prescription, that of riding on horseback, as soon as my monthly allowance enabled me to get a horse; and until then I contented myself with walking out with my children, although it was the warmest season of the year, and everybody else was on horseback on in a carriage. As to the second prescription, that of the chase, as the woods belonged to my father and mother, I asked of them permission, which was readily granted, but before I was able to profit by it, it was revoked. I was not a little wounded by this disobliging, not to say cruel, treatment. The director of the chase offered me a little piece of ground in a small wood, which was his property, asking me, "Will it be agreeable to you to go upon land which belongs neither to the Emperor nor the King of Spain, but to me alone? I pray you to accept my offer." I accepted it, and from time to time visited that spot. I passed in this way the rest of the month of June, the whole of July and August, after which people began to talk about the project of the royal family quitting their present residence in consequence of the ill-health of my father; it was supposed that the climate did not agree with him, and they obtained permission to go to Marseilles. They then declared that it was their absolute will that I should accompany them still, and employed every means of persuasion to gain my consent. But I this time succeeded in remaining where I was, giving them to understand that my family, my interests, my privileges were wholly distinct from theirs, and that it was better that we should be apart.

"They left on the 16th of September, and I occupied the palace after them. I now renewed my application for an increase of pension, and for that purpose sent different persons from time to time with letters to the Emperor, stating the grounds of my claim, but he returned only ambiguous and inconclusive answers, or no answer at all. At length, an order came that I should retire to Parma, where, it was said, the Colorno Palace, with all its dependencies, was assigned me. Marshal Duroc, Duke of Friuli, informed my chamberlain that he had come to speak with me about my affairs; that Bonaparte wished me to retire to Parma; that he had given me a palace, and that, immediately upon my arrival there, my pension should be augmented to 50,000 francs. He insisted, also, that I should leave by the 5th of April, although my son was seriously sick, and I myself only now recovering from a severe indisposition. All this could not suffice to retard our journey a single day, and we set out on the 5th of April, nine months after my arrival at Compiègne. Just as I was leaving, I received a letter from Napoleon, wishing me a happy journey, and saying that my presence would cause great joy in the country I was going to, without mentioning its name. Thus our journey commenced; it was prosperous as far as Lyons, where, to my astonishment, I found that my people had been sent on before me, and that the hotel at which I was set down was surrounded by men-at-arms. The commissioner of police made us a visit, followed by the prefect, who showed me an order of the Government purporting that I was to go to Nice, and not to Parma. The prefect added, in a peremptory manner, that convenience required that I should leave immediately, although it was then midnight. Nevertheless, we obtained permission to stay where we were till morning, but they did not leave us while we were here. The commissioner of police remained all night in the ante-chamber, the gendarmes waiting below. We left the next day, but were taken to Avignon by water, and although the boat was procured at our expense, we were compelled absolutely to walk, according to the will and pleasure of our conductors, seized with cold and hunger and maltreated, simply because I complained of the change of my destination. We continued our journey by water for three days, at the end of which we took the land route for Avignon. At length, on the 18th of April, we arrived at Nice. From this place I forwarded a pressing request for an increase of the pension promised me when I should arrive in Parma. But supplications and remonstrances were all in vain, and the system was adopted of not answering me at all. I was then in deep affliction; no respect was paid to my family, but the most trifling order which arrived relating to us was executed with a rigour that kept me in constant terror and alarm. I finally conceived a plan of rescuing myself and my children from the tyranny to which we were victims, and took all measures which I thought necessary to give my project success; but, unfortunately, when on the point of executing it, towards one o'clock in the morning, a colonel of the gendarmerie entered the house where I was, with a detachment, while other men belonging to his brigade scaled the two garden walls. My house thus suddenly became a court of justice. The soldiers were armed with handcuffs, ropes, and two sacks. They entered under the pretence that an Englishman was within. Sentinels were posted at each door, and the strictest search made throughout the house. They seized all the papers they wanted, took away my equerry and *maître-d'hôtel*, and sent them to Paris. My pension was now suspended. The Government, who had discovered my project, permitted it to proceed to the very moment of execution; and then followed that insult, too gross to be inflicted even upon a plebeian, that of filling my house with police officers, who remained there for two whole hours. After some months had passed, during which the offence seemed to be forgotten, and seeing that all my hopes had completely miscarried, I wrote to Bonaparte himself, assuring him that all the blame ought to fall on my head, and exculpating all those who had been suspected of having espoused my cause.

"Four months had passed since I made those representations, when I learned that a public personage, preceded by a military commission, had commenced proceedings against me. At the end of four days (August 1st), when coming from church, where I had been to assist at the jubilee, I met the commissioner of police with my sentence in his hand, which, to my great confusion, had been publicly pronounced. After having read it, he announced to me that, through the Emperor's clemency, I should only be shut up in a monastery with my daughter, and that my son should be sent to my father and mother. Twenty-four hours only elapsed between this order and its execution. In that short space of time I was doomed to separate myself from a son whom I tenderly loved, from my household, who lost all in losing me, and from all my property, which fell into the hands of the despoilers. I travelled day and night with my daughter, with only one lady to accompany us, a *femme de service*, and a physician; and, to complete our company, we had that same miserable commissioner of police along with us, who showed the most brutal insensibility on seeing me shed tears for my son who had been torn from me. Every hardship which he could make me undergo in the course of our journey, he inflicted, and we were more than once exposed to the insults of the populace, who could not see a wagon filled with women following us unless accompanied by a police officer. And thus, at the end of six days, we arrived in Rome. At the last post I was placed in the care of a Roman policeman, and, at about nine o'clock at night, we reached the monastery, where the prioress. with a simple countryman, came to the door to receive us. Neither bed, nor supper, nor chamber was prepared for the Queen of Etruria and her daughter.

"For two years and a half I remained in this monastery, seeing or speaking to nobody whomsoever, and without being permitted to write a letter or receive any news, even from my own son. I was put into a chamber which overlooked the interior court, but was forbidden even to look out of the outer windows. Exactly one month after my incarceration in this convent, Janet, the intendant of the treasury, came to visit me and to take away the few jewels I brought with me; after which there was assigned to me a pension of twenty-five thousand francs a month for my maintenance. I had passed eleven months in the convent when my parents came with my son to Rome, July 16th. I was in hopes my liberation would immediately follow their arrival. Far from that; instead of diminishing the rigours with which I was guarded, I was placed under still more stringent orders; and to such lengths was this severity carried, that my father and all the members of the family were prohibited from visiting the convent or sending an express thither. Once a month only, and sometimes less frequently, General Miollis brought my parents and my son to see me. But I could not bestow a kiss upon that beloved child, nor look upon him even, save at a distance, and always in presence of witnesses. These visits, as rare as was the indulgence, never lasted more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I remained in this forlorn situation for two years and a half, so utterly cut off from all communication with the world that, whenever a stranger visited the monastery, I was ordered to shut myself up in my chamber, and not to leave it until the prioress had informed me that the visitor had gone. General Miollis came often, not only to visit me in his capacity of jailer, but to insult my woes by his sardonic grin and insolent language. During the last month my health had suffered so severely that I was obliged to keep my bed. My physician, as well as the lady superior herself, sent pressing requests to Paris to obtain, if not my enlargement, at least liberty sufficient to allow of my taking exercise. But no answer was returned. Perhaps nothing would have been more gratifying to the Court of France than the news that I had died in prison, the death of a member of the House of Bourbon being to them a subject of joy and exultation; and that joy I must certainly have given them had my cruel situation continued much longer. But Providence, who watches with particular care over innocence, opened a new way for my deliverance. By the treaty concluded by Murat with the allies, Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began to breathe freely, in the expectation of a change of government. Miollis used all his efforts to shut up my relations within the château, and threatened to send me to Civita-Vecchia, where Heaven knows what he would have done with me. Meanwhile, on the 14th of July, all unexpectedly to me, a strong Neapolitan guard came to the convent, and, on the day after, General Pignatelli called to inform me that, immediately after the arrival of the Neapolitan troops, he had seen fit to send me a guard of honour to be at my disposal. On the 17th of the same month the government was changed, and the new governor, M. de B——, came and informed me that I was at liberty. I told him I accepted my liberty, but would use it only to take air and exercise until I had arranged my affairs; and that my object was to procure a house in which I might reside with my son, a residence under the same roof with my parents being, for many reasons, out of the question.

"Nevertheless, on the following day, as I was going to dinner, General Pignatelli came to receive me, and, without permitting me to eat, without any regard to the inhuman treatment I had been subjected to, and no longer addressing me as a free person, announced in a harsh way that I must quit the convent and repair to my father's house. Nothing which I could say moved him. He persisted in his injunction, at first with an appearance of politeness, but afterwards with threats of constraint, having, as he said, soldiers in the convent ready to employ force against me. I was compelled to obey, and was carried in a miserable carriage to the residence of my parents. My only consolation was that my son would be with me; I was ever a victim, under whatever circumstances. A shabby apartment was assigned me. One table only had to suffice for the whole family, and although, as an especial favour, my expenses were defrayed for one month, I was, at the end of it, deprived of that condescension, and compelled to seek elsewhere wherewithal to secure my support; but how was that to be done?

"As soon as I had left the monastery, I demanded an increase of my allowance, since it was impossible for me to live upon 25,000 francs. Having spoken to Murat, and written him repeatedly on the subject, he entered a decree on the 6th of February, raising my pension to 33,000 francs. I began by drawing 22,000 francs of this fund; but on reaching the last third thereof, which would have exhausted it, I was informed that, on the day before, another decree had arrived, dated the 6th of February, whereby the first one was annulled; that there was now allowed me only 1,000 francs a month, and that the small sum which had been advanced me out of the last third would be retained for the months of February, March, and a part of April.

"Such is my luckless history," continues the Queen of Etruria. "I could write volumes on the subject. You see what have been the vicissitudes of my fortune. I am at present in deep affliction, degraded and forsaken. I trust that England, the asylum of unfortunate princes, will not refuse to take under her protection a mother and an unhappy widow, with two children dependent upon her, and all three without support, although possessing incontestable rights as Infants of Spain, and proprietaries of the States of Parma, Plaisantia and Guastalla, as well as of Etruria."

(46) *Page* 88.—ESCOÏQUIZ.

The Prince of Asturias, before going to Bayonne, had received intimations from all quarters which should have dissuaded him from his proposed journey. What fatality led him on to his ruin? Well informed persons warned him not to deceive himself. Every member of his council was compromised in the affairs of the Escurial and Aranjuez; they had the prospect before them of perishing on the scaffold in case the Prince of Peace should regain the reins of government, and, therefore, felt strongly tempted to go to Bayonne, because, not suspecting the treacherous designs of Napoleon, such a step tended directly to procure the recognition of the Prince of Asturias as King, who would then become their safeguard against the vengeance of Charles IV., his wife, and especially Don Godoy, the Prince of Peace. They—particularly the prebendary Escoïquiz (whom Napoleon used pleasantly to pat on the cheek in their familiar conversations) and the Duke del Infantado—imagined that Napoleon would not refuse the advantages which they perceived in offering the Prince's hand to his niece. Afraid of being anticipated in their efforts by Charles IV. and his Queen, who might possibly divert Napoleon from this project, they hastened to Bayonne, and thus to their destruction.

(47) *Page* 90.—VALANCEY.

On their arrival at Valancey, a château belonging to Talleyrand, Napoleon sent to the Spanish Princes several purveyors with orders to furnish them whatever they might stand in need of. While the unhappy grandchildren of Louis XIV. had anything of value about them, all went well; but when their resources began to fail, they were often left in want of the most necessary articles.

The Empress Josephine really commiserated their lot, and obtained aid for them, sometimes conveying it to them secretly. The inhabitants of Valancey furnished them provisions in abundance and of every kind. They were closely guarded, being seldom permitted to mount on horseback or to walk in the gardens without guards. A certain Irishman, Baron Kolly, undertook to rescue Ferdinand, Don Carlos and Don Antonio from prison. He introduced himself into the château under the pretext of exhibiting sundry objects of curiosity which he had for sale, and had an interview with M. L'Amezaga, the intendant. Whether Amezaga was afraid of being compromised, or of some ambush on the part of Napoleon, and in order to prevent the Princes from being induced to take any false step which might lead to a more rigorous confinement, he informed M. Berthemy, the governor of the château, of the nature of the project before mentioning it to the Princes. The baron was arrested on the spot and sent to Paris. Being asked what means he possessed for effecting their escape, he said that three vessels and a brig were waiting for him off the coast of Quiberon, and that, with the relays of horses which he might have procured, he could easily have made the transit from the château to the coast; that he had the necessary funds, and also an unlimited credit with a wealthy mercantile house in London. He was imprisoned at Vincennes, and taken out only to be shot.

The timid Princes knew how to do nothing but to guard themselves against awakening Bonaparte's suspicions. Ferdinand VII. went so far as to ask it, as a special favour, that Bonaparte would adopt him, and uttered his wish to quit Valancey, only in the most humble and supplicating tones. His prayer, for such it was, was not heard. His father was more fortunate; he was permitted to go to Nice. — "*Hist. de Bonaparte.*"

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"*A mysterious hieroglyphic.*"[1]

An Egyptian woman, born and grown old in those frightful deserts, on that vast ocean of arid sands and antique monuments, removed from Bonaparte's vision the veil of futurity, and marked out to him the duration and end of his prosperity. "Thou shalt have," said she, "two wives; one thou shalt repudiate most wrongfully; she is your first wife. The second will not be inferior to her in great qualities; she shall bring thee a son. Soon afterwards dark intrigues shall be commenced against thee; soon shalt thou cease to be powerful and happy. Thou shalt be overthrown in all thy hopes; thou shalt be driven away by force, and banished to a volcanic land, surrounded by the sea and by hidden rocks. Beware, my son," she added, "beware how thou countest upon the fidelity of thy kindred. Thine own blood must rise up against thy domination."

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[1] Bonaparte, it is said, always wore upon his person, in such a manner as to be invisible to every eye, the stamp of a mysterious hieroglyphic.

This woman, in her cabalistic operations, made use of nothing but shells of different kinds. She made a pyramid of them, and from the variety of the colours, or the manner in which she placed them, she drew auguries more or less favourable. Bonaparte, as we are assured, was the more struck with the correctness of the fortune she told him as she was absolutely ignorant that she was speaking to the General-in-chief. He gave her twenty-seven sequins—all that Abdalla, who afterwards became colonel of the Mamelukes, had about him. Returned to France, he soon forgot the Egyptian woman and her prophecies. After his return from Elba, he recalled to mind the pyramid of shells and its strange prognostics. He again alluded to the subject in conversation with Colonel Abdalla, and enquired of M. de Mailly whether he ever saw Mademoiselle Vamen.

"I was never willing to believe anything," said Napoleon, at this epoch; "but I must now admit, in good faith, that there are some things beyond the reach of men, and that, notwithstanding their wonderful perspicuity, they will never be able to fathom them. For instance, that strange prophecy found with the Benedictines, purloined during the Revolution, and which I am acquainted with. What is the meaning of it? Is it I who am its object? It would seem, from that, that the old dynasty must one day reascend the throne; that was always Josephine's opinion. In fact, we ought to refer everything to Him who rules the world, and to profit by those sparks of light which are sometimes shed into the minds of privileged beings in order to enlighten us in the course we ought to pursue, and to enable us to shun the hidden rocks which we might otherwise encounter."

A prophecy extracted from an old book of the Prophecies of Phillipe-Dieudonné-Noël Olivarisus, printed in 1542, *purloined during the Revolution from the ci-devant Benedictines of* ——.

"Italic Gaul shall see a supernatural being born not far from her midst. This man shall, while quite a boy, come out of the sea. He shall come and acquire the language and the manners of the Celtic Gauls. With soldiers shall he, while yet a youth, open for himself a way through a thousand obstacles, and shall become their first chief.

"That crooked way shall yawn terribly before him. He shall come and wage war near to his native land, for one lustrum and more; he shall be seen waging war beyond the sea with great glory and valour, and shall again wage war upon Italy; shall give laws to the Germans; shall calm the troubles and terrors among the Celtic Gauls. He shall not be named King, but shall, a little after, be called Emperor through great popular enthusiasm. He shall battle everywhere in the empire; he shall, for two lustrums and more, drive before him princes, lords, kings. Then shall he raise up new princes and lords for life; and, speaking from his throne, he shall cry aloud, '*Nationes, O sidera! O sacra!*'

"He shall be seen with forty-nine times twenty thousand foot soldiers, who shall bear arms pointed with steel; he shall have seven times seven times seven thousand horses, mounted with men who shall wear great swords or lances and coats of mail; he shall have seven times seven times two thousand men, who shall ply terrible engines, which shall vomit forth sulphur and fire and death. The whole numbering together of his army shall be forty-nine times twenty-seven thousand [1,323,000]. He shall bear in his right hand an eagle, the sign of victory to the warrior; he shall give many countries to the nations, and to everyone peace. He shall come into the great city, and command many great things—edifices, bridges, seaports, aqueducts and canals, which shall give him wealth far exceeding that of the Romans, and all within the dominion of the Gauls. He shall have wives two, sons one only. He shall go forth and wage war, even to where the lines of latitude and longitude cross each other, fifty-five months. There his enemies shall burn a great city with fire. Thither shall he enter and go out with his host from amidst ashes and much ruins; and his host, having any longer nor bread nor water, by reason of the greatness of the cold, two-third parts thereof shall perish, and more than one-half of the rest thereof be no longer subject to his command.

"Then the great man, forsaken, betrayed by his friends, pursued, in his turn, through great desolations, even unto the great city, driven back by much people of Europe, there shall be put in his place Kings of the ancient blood of the Capets.

"He, forced into exile in the sea, from which he arose so young, and near unto his native place, having dwelt there eleven moons with some of his own true friends and soldiers, who, numbering not to exceed seven times seven times twice, the eleven moons being ended, shall, with him, take ship and come and again set foot on the land of Celtic Gaul, and walk the land towards the great city, where sitteth the King of the ancient blood of the Capets, who riseth and fleeth away, bearing with him his kingly ornaments. Whereupon the great man again sitteth in his palace, giving laws to his people. Then he being driven back once more by the united people of Europe, after three moons and a third have passed, the King of the ancient blood of the Capets is put again in his place, whom, though thought dead, his people and soldiers shall hold near to their hearts.

"The nations and the Gauls, like tigers and wolves, shall devour each other; the blood of the ancient line of Capet shall be the sport of blackest treasons; the disturbers shall be deceived, and shall fall by fire and sword, and the lily be upheld, though the latest branches of the ancient blood shall be again threatened and shall wage war against each other. Then shall a young warrior walk towards the great city, bearing upon his armour a lion and a cock; and a lance shall be given him by a great prince from the East. He shall be seconded marvellously by a warlike people from Belgic Gaul, who shall join the Parisians to end the troubles and unite the soldiers, covering them with olive branches, warring again through seven times seven moons, with so much glory that the united European people, through great fears and lamentations, offering their wives as hostages, shall submit at length to a just and righteous sway that shall be cherished by all. But peace shall endure twenty-five moons.

"Within Lutetia [Paris] the Seine, reddened with blood, shed along its banks from its fountains to its mouth, shall extend itself through ruins and death, and seditions among its unhappy children. But the valorous man, with the mighty Gauls, shall follow the fugitives from the palace of the Kings; and after having spared the remains of the ancient blood of Capet, ruled the destinies of the world, dictated supreme law to every nation and every people, shall lay down his fruitless power and die."

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"*Never speak of her again.*"

The Empress Josephine deigned to honour the editress of these Memoirs with her confidence in frequently admitting her to her presence. She, one day, put to me several questions respecting the Emperor, and among them this: "What were Napoleon's designs respecting Rome?" "To make himself master of it," I replied; "but he must be right careful how he interferes with the spiritual government of the Church, for he cannot, perhaps he desires not to, succeed in imitating Henry VIII.

After Napoleon's return from the Congress of Erfurt, the Empress, in the heat of their conversation, mentioned to him what I had lately told her. "Ah, ha!" said he, rubbing his hands, "you intermeddle with a view to penetrate my designs, and for this purpose you consult the oracles. Remember, madam, I don't like to have people looking into my designs; to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, your Mademoiselle Lenormand shall be arrested, so don't speak of it again." The Empress and her daughter stared at each other and did their best to appease him. "'Tis useless, I tell you; I shall give the order against her. Never shall that woman overawe me."

Josephine, who feared the effect of the Emperor's anger towards me, sent Mademoiselle Aubert, one of her women, to me, about eleven o'clock the same evening. She came from Malmaison to Paris under the vain pretence of taking back to the Empress a cup of porcelain, which was at the Tuileries, but which, it was pretended, the Empress wanted at breakfast the next morning. I was thus, through the agency of the Empress, notified that my peace was threatened, and warned to save myself. But I told the woman who bore the message, that, "though I was obliged to the Empress, I had nothing to fear from the Emperor." This reply was reported to the Empress, who related it to the Emperor at breakfast.

"Your Mademoiselle Lenormand," said he, "is correct. But where the devil does she hunt up what she says? She is welcome to mingle in your matters, but, as to my own, just please to inform her that the least indiscretion may cost her her liberty."

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"*Eighty thousand men.*"

On a Friday, after a journey to Fontainebleau, the Emperor was in the saloon with Josephine. He took up a Prayer-book that was lying on the table, and commenced chanting the —— Psalm; she begged him to be still, telling him that the church was the only proper place for chanting prayers, and that to chant them out of the church boded evil. He stopped his music, but then commenced reading the "Examination of Conscience." At this moment, Cardinal Fesch happened to come in, whom the Emperor asked how many mortal sins there were. "Seven, to be sure," said the cardinal. "Well," replied Napoleon, "I tell you there are eight." "I should certainly be glad to know what they are," said the cardinal, "for the Church has never recognised more than the seven you now have before you in that book."—"The *eighth*," said he, "is to avoid the *conscription*."

(51) *Page* 98.

"*Racine and Voltaire.*"

Napoleon cared but little about comedy, and still less for the comic-opera; though he was fond of interludes. During the winter, on the days the grand concerts were given at the Tuileries, there was almost always an interlude after the concert. Of theatricals, tragedy was his favourite. A tragedy was regularly played once a week at Paris, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, &c., but nothing but a tragedy—never a silly after-piece—a circumstance not very agreeable to those who wanted to laugh a little after weeping. The Emperor never applauded. Whenever he had heard enough of a speech, he would turn and converse with the other persons in the *loge*. After the play was over, his habit was to send for the principal actor and testify his satisfaction through a chamberlain.

(52) *Page* 103.

"*Unquiet, sombre and dreamy.*"

The opinion was general that the Emperor took too much snuff. Like Frederick the Great, he put it into his vest pocket; but only when he was in the army. Wherever he was, he not only had a box in his pocket, but several in his apartments. The captain of the guards had one, the aide-de-camp another, the principal *valet de chambre* and his Mameluke two others. From this it might be supposed that he was continually taking snuff, and in large quantities. But persons who were well acquainted with him knew that it was his habit, whenever excited or absorbed in reflection, to throw his pinch on the ground, and that he took snuff only by pressing his finger against the bar of his nose; which is proved by the fact that he wiped his nose only with a cambric handkerchief, which hardly ever showed a stain of tobacco.

He had another habit, which might have led one to believe that he was not very careful about his dress. He was always dressed in uniform, either that of his guard or the chasseurs, with the plate of the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour on his dress, and no cordons or other decorations of another order, except one of the plain silver crosses which he gave to the soldiers. His under-waistcoat and his breeches were almost always of white cashmere, for the reason above stated. His under-waistcoat was often covered with snuff, and his white breeches sometimes served him to write down a name or to add up a row of figures with a pencil, which he always had in his pocket.

Another curious circumstance, noticed by Josephine and all others who composed his Court, was that, if perchance a Prayer-book fell into Napoleon's hands (for example, when returning from church), he would instantly open it and commence chanting the psalms with open throat; this was commonly followed by a fit of melancholy, and that by a fit of anger, which it is more easy to describe than to conceive. These small matters are of use only as illustrating the character of the most singular and extraordinary man of his age. When in Paris, he was in the habit of walking out to make observations in the city, either on the boulevards or within, unattended by any but Duroc, each clad in a blue surtout, without any kind of decoration. It rarely happened that they did not meet with some notable adventure. Bonaparte seldom gave his grand marshal of the palace time to dress himself; the consequence was, the latter was often without money in his pocket, however much in need of it. As for Bonaparte, he never carried any.

It happened that one day, as they were on a long walk, the Emperor, being hungry, went into a coffee-house on the corner of the boulevard, and called for cutlets and an omelet, his favourite dish. Breakfast over, it was necessary to pay the bill. The grand marshal fumbled in his pocket, but found he had forgotten his purse. They looked at each other with mutual embarrassment. The waiter, who observed their awkward plight, assured them if they had no money 'twas all the same, and they might pay when they returned. The mistress of the establishment scolded the boy for his carelessness in trusting people whom he did not know, and said, "Eight francs more lost!"—"No, madam," returned the boy, "I will pay you; these gentlemen appear like honest men, and I am sure they will repay me." The old woman took the eight francs, grumbling all the time about people getting into debt without having money. The marshal drew out his watch, and said to the *garçon*, "My friend, here is my watch, which I leave in pledge with you for your loan, and am much obliged to you, both on my own and my comrade's account, for the good opinion you have of us." The *garçon* would not take the watch, and the two guests left. Both of them forgot the breakfast business, being too much occupied to think of it. For some days after, the old woman jibed the *garçon* about his generosity, which was so poorly recompensed. At length, five days having elapsed, the Emperor called to mind the breakfast scene and the loan by the waiting-boy. He immediately sent a *valet de pied*, who, on reaching the coffee-house, enquired if that were not the place where two gentlemen had breakfasted for eight francs, which the *garçon* had paid, stating that he had come to return him the money. The *garçon* was called. After satisfying himself that it was the same one who had lent the eight francs, the *valet de pied* said to him, "Here are twenty-five napoleons which the Emperor has sent you; he thanks you for having paid his breakfast-bill and answered for him."

Another evening, upon the boulevard, the Emperor stopped in front of the shop of a vendor of vases and bronzes, and asked the price of two magnificent vases which pleased his fancy. The shopkeeper, who was a female, told him the price was a thousand crowns. "That," said the Emperor, "is too dear—much too dear."—"*Par Dieu!*" she replied, "too dear—they are worth much more than that; but then I must live, you know; and business is so dull—nothing is doing—everyone is complaining—nobody is happy—nothing is heard of but war, war; war all the time!"—"It seems, then, you are not pleased with the Government, my good woman," said Napoleon; "and your husband, where is he?"—"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said the old woman, "he has gone to earn a trifle; as to the Government, he does not concern himself about that; he says nothing about the Government—he is so foolish, my husband." The Emperor left the shop, and when arrived at the Elysée, sent a valet to seek out the woman's husband. The poor fellow, when told by the valet to follow him, was half dead with terror, supposing that his wife had been babbling, contrary to his reiterated injunctions. At length he arrived, trembling, in the Emperor's presence. "Bring me," said he, "the two vases I bought at your house this morning; your wife asked me a thousand crowns for them, and said the purchase was a cheap one. I give you four thousand crowns; and tell your wife from me to mind her business, and never meddle in politics, which do not concern her."

The Court used to pass their time at Rambouillet during the September holidays, at which season Bonaparte was seldom at St. Cloud. On one occasion Josephine, by reason of sickness, was forced to remain at St. Cloud during those holidays, not being able to go out of her room. After dinner, the Emperor would ride out in a calèche with his sisters, and spend his evenings with his Grand Marshal de Palais. At eleven o'clock in the evening, he took a stroll along the *grande allée* to see the shops there, all filled with showy articles. There was then among them a wooden hut, in which were exhibited all the members of the imperial family, in wax, seated round a table. Nothing could be worse than these slovenly and unlike wax figures. They were most pitiable. And yet the crier who was at the door, extending his lungs with all his might, launched into a pompous and grotesque eulogy upon the beauty of those figures. Bonaparte, out of curiosity, entered the apartment. The first thing he said was, "What have you here?"—"Sir," said the owner, "'tis the superb imperial banquet; this is His Majesty the Emperor; this, Her Majesty the Empress; this," &c., pointing out with his little wand each one of his personages. On Napoleon's asking, "Does this figure really resemble the Emperor?"—"Yes, sir," said he, "as much as if you were looking upon the Emperor himself."—"Ah! but how homely he is."—"No, sir, not at all; he has a fine profile, and good looks; and then only look at this head of his! what an intellectual head, sir!"—"But the Empress is horrible; she is crook-shouldered."—"Ah, as to that, no! she is a woman of the finest figure in France."—"Exactly—one would not doubt it after seeing this," was the Emperor's ironical reply.

He then left the dirty shop, and was recognised, for the grand marshal, having no change, paid out a twenty-franc piece. The Emperor returned to Josephine, and told her what he had seen, sorry, apparently, that they should both be exhibited so little like, and so miserably distorted; all which made the Empress laugh heartily, and regret that she had not, like the Emperor, gone and taken a look at her caricature.

(53) *Page* 107.

"*The public ceremonies.*"

Josephine had not what is called a grand and majestic air, and made no attempt to inspire awe; but she possessed a far higher gift, that of enchaining all hearts by a manner at once so gracious, so easy, so good, so consoling, that the most wretched being could never leave her without thinking himself at the height of happiness. Yet this extreme condescension had its inconveniences: for, neglecting to establish the proper line of demarcation between herself and those whom she admitted to her presence, if the latter happened to be wanting in tact and knowledge of the world, and became familiar, she preferred not to see them at all to putting on a cold and dignified constraint, which by no means suited her character. As she wanted to please everyone, and to see no one go away dissatisfied, she was often compelled to listen to long narrations from persons who fatigued her. To rid herself decently of such inflictions, she would go out of the saloon and say to her *femme de service*, "Come, in a few minutes, and tell me that the Emperor wants to see me."

Napoleon one day sent word to her to come to his cabinet. Supposing it to be the usual concerted summons she did not stir. He—for nothing must resist him—was seriously offended with her for the neglect, and came suddenly out and enquired what it was that kept the Empress in her room. She was at the moment with Madame D——, a fat, squabby woman, with a large face, with a huge blonde wig, and artificial flowers upon her head. She spoke in a fine, flute-like voice when in her full dress, though, when in her morning gown, her language was the rough Billingsgate of a Parisian market-woman. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the wife of an ex-director and the newly-crowned Empress. But Josephine always conducted herself with so much deference towards her visitors, that it was impossible to discover that she noticed their faults. She merely laughed, in private, at their foolish pretensions, but never blamed them for the kind of worship which they paid her husband. "The times are changed," she used to say to her courtiers; "the Luxembourg is too narrow; the Tuileries have taken its place."

She had a little dog called Carlin, which was much attached to her, and which used to bite the feet of persons who came too near its mistress. But, notwithstanding its cross temper, there was one instance in which it was of use.

When the coronation carriage was contracted for, the coachmaker made his plan of it in conjunction with the *grand-écuyer*. On its being finished, it was found to have cost three thousand francs more than the stipulated price, and the coachmaker, for two years, in vain pressed his claim for compensation, though he showed incontestable proofs of his losses to that amount. He went to Fontainebleau to see Josephine on the subject, and to beg her to interest herself for him. She was spoken to about it, and engaged to see him the next morning in her private room. In the boudoir, where she made her toilet, was a secret staircase with wooden steps, so arranged that nobody could either ascend or descend without making a noise. The coachmaker was introduced through this stairway. (It was the morning of Madame D——'s presentation.) While the man was explaining to Josephine the loss he had unjustly sustained, Napoleon was heard approaching. There was no time to save the coachmaker, except by means of this stairway. Carlin, Josephine's dog, seeing a man fly, set to barking, and followed him; but the manœuvre was not so prompt but that Napoleon heard the quick step on the stairs. The poor coachmaker, frightened by the noise of his own steps, stopped half-way on the stairs, the doors being shut above and below. But the dog, always a-whining, now kept up a low, cross growl. On entering, Napoleon cast a severe glance upon all the persons in the room, and asked, "What man is that concealed in the stairway, who scudded off when I came in?"

"Nobody," answered Josephine.

"But Carlin followed him, and keeps him company, for I hear him growl."

Here embarrassment was depicted on every face. As he addressed himself to all, and no one answered, he went right to the stairway, opened the door, and found the poor coachmaker trembling with fright, and in a condition impossible to be described.

"Who are you?" said the Emperor. "What do you want?"

"I am such a one, Your Majesty's coachmaker, and I came to ask a favour of the Empress."

"For what?" said the Emperor.

The coachmaker, becoming more self-possessed, stated the grounds of his claim, and handed his petition to the Emperor, who said, "I will look to it."

He then went to Josephine, telling her, "This man is right, if his claim is a just one." She attended to the matter, and the coachmaker was paid.

(54) *Page* 108.

"*To change his resolution.*"

Napoleon was regularly informed of all that took place with his wife in private. On the eve of his departure for Germany, April 13th, 1809, he was informed, at the very moment, that the Empress had received a letter through one of her women, and was reading it with marked attention. This was enough to arouse the curiosity of a man naturally suspicious. He went immediately to her, and found her with that famous letter in her hand. She had thrown herself on the bed, deeply afflicted at not being able to obtain his permission to accompany him to Strassburg (he had already taken his leave of her). Napoleon had an idea that this letter contained important secrets which it was essential that he should penetrate before he left. The mystification must have been complete when he found only these few words in the letter:—

"Do not let Your Majesty cease to importune the Emperor; the most singular chance shall aid you on this occasion. Your good star cannot cease to direct you; it will become necessary to the Emperor, in order to ensure victory. Victory is promised him, provided he takes you to one of our frontier towns. Everything shows, madam, that you shall be on the way this night, although, in your opinion, the chances are against you."[1]—"Ah, ah!" said Napoleon, rumpling up the letter and rubbing his hands, "I am again to be the vanquisher of the House of Austria. Wife, I shall have a double happiness. You shall accompany me; I give you one hour to make your preparations." Josephine knew not whether to regard it as a reality or a dream. But, illusion it was none; she followed the Emperor. The beautiful Creole put on her head a simple *madras*, and wrapped herself up in a night-robe, her ladies having only time to dress themselves in the same way.[2] When she found herself actually on the road to Germany, she said to her husband, "How trifling a circumstance has made you act a part which you rejected only a few hours ago; and this, in spite of all your philosophy. Bonaparte, you are just like other men (a fatalist). Hitherto your successes have been brilliant indeed, and this time an act of complacency on your part, for such I regard it, promises you, in my opinion, great results." She was not deceived in her presentiments; and the famous battles of Essling and Wagram were soon added to Napoleon's successes, rendering him, by the treaty of peace which followed, the most powerful Sovereign of the West.

(55) *Page* 109.

"*Levity in my conduct.*"

Josephine is generally charged with levity in her conduct. I do not pretend to justify her altogether; but she was skilful enough to profit by the weakness of certain generals to attach them more thoroughly to her husband's cause. She possessed the nicest tact; her address was incredible, especially when partisans were to be gained for Bonaparte.

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[1] I wrote this letter to the Empress at eight o'clock p.m. of the 12th of April. She left at three o'clock on the morning of the 13th.

[2] When the Empress was travelling she was often badly lodged, for never would the Emperor mention the time of his departure until the very moment arrived. She never complained, but was always in good spirits. She was much more occupied than the ladies who were with her, and the first thing she did on stopping was to go and visit the lodgings of her women; in case she found them uncomfortable, she would enquire what was needed. One evening, being ready to go to bed, she perceived that the woman who lay in her room had only one quilt upon the floor, while she herself had three, and a feather bed. In spite of Madame Mar——'s remonstrances, the Empress took one of her own quilts and gave it to her, that she might sleep more comfortably. If she happened to stop and take breakfast while passing through a town, her ladies in the meantime remaining in the carriage, she would be sure to send them a valet with biscuits and fruit, and wine for their dessert. If one of them

She used the ladies of her Court as instruments to discover the most secret particulars which concerned the glory or the welfare of him in whom she was wholly engrossed. In a word, Bonaparte was never so prosperous, and so well served, as during the years he spent with the woman who was always his best and most constant friend.

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"*I flattered all parties.*"

In this, Josephine shone pre-eminent. She loved to extend a helping hand to the ancient noblesse. She would promise to make the marquises chamberlains to the Emperor; the nephews of the ancient *parlementaires* judges. The son of an old minister of Louis XVI. obtained, through her influence, a rich prefecture, which in some degree indemnified him for the loss of his property during the Revolution. The heads of the most illustrious families figured with great ostentation at Napoleon's Court. The Duchess of Rochefoucauld, lady of honour to the Empress, became her personal friend: Mesdames Walsh-Serrant, Turenon, Octave Ségur, Montmorency-Matignon, Victor-Mortemart, de Chevreuse, Bouillé, &c., were of the number of the ladies of the palace. MM. de Beaumont, de Courtomer, d'Aubusson-Lafeuillade, de Montesquieu, were attached to Napoleon's cause, and occupied the most distinguished posts in Josephine's household. The counts and viscounts breathed more freely when they began to hear their names and titles pronounced in the saloons of the Tuileries and the Faubourg St. Germain. The title of *my lord* took the place of that of *citizen*. A baroness, who counted *fourteen quarterings*, regularly paid her court to Josephine, to obtain an appointment to the slightest employment near her person. The children of the victims of '93 and '94 sat upon the same seats which had once been occupied by their fathers. The temple of Themis resounded with the names of Duval d'Eprémesnil, Séguier, Chopen d'Arnouville, &c. Josephine had adroitly pointed out to them, and made them fully sensible of, the necessity of their all becoming faithfully attached to her husband's cause. "Should he, unhappily, fall," said she, "what would become of you? Your parents and friends would be sacrificed by the executioners of 1793, who would instantly again rush into power." To the military gentlemen she would thus depict their position: "For you are reserved all the wealth and dignities of the empire; the lyceums and the most of our institutions are created for your children. Your fortunes are, there-

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happened to fall sick, and be confined to her bed, the Empress would go in person and enquire after her health. If one of the carriages in her suite chanced to fall in the rear for any reason, she would be so concerned about it that she would send back the gendarmes to look after it. Such was Josephine's kindness and attention on all her journeys. She was everywhere adored. Permission to accompany her was always sought for long in advance of her departure.

fore, inseparably linked to that of the Emperor." The clergy of every denomination were always received by her with the most marked attentions. M. Ferdinand de Rohan discharged the functions of almoner to her. Often was the metropolitan chapter of Paris, as well as the bishops of the departments, presented to her. All of them were charmed with the respectful and affectionate manner in which she received them. Pope Pius VII. held her in the highest esteem, and Pius VI., in his last moments, spoke of her with the most perfect respect. Indeed, all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, and without any distinction, had the utmost confidence in the Empress. It may be said, with perfect truth, that she used all her influence with Napoleon to induce him to rebuild the altars profaned by the unholy hands of the innovators of the preceding age; that she always protected the emigrants, who owed to her their permission to return to France and the preservation of a portion of their estates.

OBSERVATION.—Had those same men, thus dependent upon her favour, but listened to the advice of her first husband, to stand by their King; to throw around him a rampart of their bodies; to make some concessions to the popular wants; to contribute something from their immense estates, ground out of the people through ages of feudal oppression and kingly misrule, in order to pay off the public debt—had they consented to admit the eternal PEOPLE to "*some share in the public honours*," that haughty but frivolous race of men, the old nobility, might have been saved the humiliation of appealing to a West India Creole woman for the privilege of her smile; they might have avoided the dishonourable necessity of fawning upon the Man of Destiny—the plebeian genius of the age—only to betray him, and subject their country again to the crushing weight of the feudal system and the tyranny of the Bourbons.—TRANSLATOR.

(57) *Page* 111.

"*Triumphant entry into Vienna.*"

Terror was at its height when Napoleon showed himself upon the ramparts of Vienna. All the inhabitants awaited, in silence and consternation, the laws of the conqueror. But as the Germans are a kind-hearted and hospitable nation, they received our troops and lavished their attentions upon our wounded. By degrees, a kind of confidence was established between the two nations. The good Germans discovered that they had nothing to fear from their enemies, the French; the latter showed themselves generous, and the women of Vienna, following the example of their countrymen, treated them with the most charming urbanity. Balls and concerts were frequent, and the implements of war, which had carried affright into the bosom of the Austrian capital, were soon overlooked in the general joy. Good society began to animate the saloons. A better feeling began to be manifested towards our officers. Liaisons began to be serious, and those gentlemen, on their departure, left behind them many a regret. Discipline was very exact and rigorous during their stay, and the best taste displayed in the social circle. The French lost some of their native levity, and swore eternal *love* and *constancy* to the belles of Vienna, the most of them being utterly at a loss how to keep their oaths. "What a strange metamorphosis," said they, among themselves; "we came to impose chains upon the fair ones of Vienna, and lo! 'tis we who are forced to wear them." "'Pon my honour," answered a young aide-de-camp, whose luggage consisted of a bottle of rose-water, several tooth-brushes, knives and scissors cased in mother-o'-pearl, thread-needles for embroidering, Macassar oil, gold spectacles, &c., "'Pon my honour, general, I am very unhappy! For the last two days I have been in love with a perfect beauty; my sleep is so troubled by her that I am seriously afraid of falling sick. Doctor," said he (speaking to Larrey), "doctor, pray give me a preservative against love; do, doctor, for if I remain at Vienna, doctor, I shall certainly have the spleen. I cannot stand it. Oh, doctor!" Thus pleasantly did our amiable undone ones pass their time, not excepting even the master supreme, who could hardly get away from Schœnbrunn. Indeed, had the French remained longer in Vienna, no one can doubt but that conjugal fidelity would have become an embarrassing and unprofitable virtue. But, returned to France, each one resumed his habits, and the women only, as in former days, remained faithful to their duties.

(58) *Page* 113.—MARSHAL LANNES.

The Duke of Montebello had, beyond doubt, a sinister presentiment[1] when he mounted his horse to go to the island of Lobau. "He was with Doctor Lannefranque when I met him, on the bridge over the Vienne. The marshal loved my colleague. He stopped, took the doctor's hand, and said, 'You will not be slow to follow me; I shall probably stand in need of you. Gentlemen, if I may credit appearances, the day will be a hot one.'—'Monsieur le Duc,' replied the doctor, 'it will add to your glory, and we shall all congratulate you.'—'*Glory*,' repeated Montebello, with animation, 'beloved smoke! I should like better, a thousand times—— Hold! shall I talk to you frankly? I feel oppressed. I don't feel right in regard to this conflict, but, whatever may be the result, it will be my last battle.'—'How is that, general?'—'Adieu, adieu, gentlemen,' and he galloped away from us.—'His last words distressed me much,' said Doctor Lannefranque to me, 'and I more than once saw him exhibit the same devotedness and the same agitation. Had not his devotion and attachment to the Emperor been as sincere as it was, he would have asked to retire. Weakness cannot be imputed to so brave a man. He was, like many others, tired of the business, and persuaded that that campaign would be his last.'"—*C. de G——.*

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[1] The marshal, like many others, had had the curiosity to have his fortune told; he wanted to know, particularly. the kind of death he should die. "That," it was answered, "is reserved to the rivals of Turenne; and it seems to be near at hand." That intrepid man, whom no danger could shake, grew pale, and betrayed his uneasiness. In the evening, while conversing with some of his friends in the Tuileries, he informed them that he had paid dear for his curiosity in seeking to ascertain his fate. "Of what use is it to me," said he, "to be tormented by a presentiment? All hope of escaping from my fate has left me; and yet I have more than once felt a desire to postpone it."

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"*Fall by his strokes.*"

On the 30th of October, 1809, the Emperor was in imminent danger. At mid-day, during a parade, while surrounded by his generals, he came near falling by the dagger of an assassin. A young "Seïde," about seventeen years old, of a pleasant face, mild and regular features, the son of a Protestant minister, rushed upon him with a view to kill him. The Prince of Neuchâtel threw himself before the Emperor, while General Rapp caused the wretch to be seized. He was found armed with a new, well-sharpened carving-knife. I tremble still when I think of the scene—the assassin rushing upon the Emperor, and the latter exhibiting the most imperturbable coolness, and, without the slightest emotion, continuing to direct the evolutions of the troops as coolly as if a mere buzzing insect had been brushed away from him.

Being conducted to the hall of the gendarmes, the young man was searched. The knife I have spoken of was found upon him, four frederics d'or, and a miniature likeness of a very handsome woman. General Rovizo commenced questioning him, but he answered only in these words, "I want to speak with the Emperor." For two hours no other answer could be obtained from him. His Majesty, hearing of his obstinate silence, had him brought up into his apartment in order to question him himself. The following is the dialogue that took place:—

Napoleon.—Where are you from, and how long have you been at Vienna?

Prisoner.—I am from Erfurt; I have been here two months.

N.—What do you want of me?

P.—To ask for peace, and to show you that it is indispensable.

N.—Did you suppose I would listen to a man without reputation—without diplomatic authority?

P.—In that case, my purpose was to kill you.

N.—What evil have I done you?

P.—You oppress my country and the whole world; unless you make peace, your death is necessary for the good of mankind. In killing you, I should have performed the most glorious act that a human being can perform. But I admire your talents; I counted upon your reason, and, before striking, I wanted to convince you.

N.—You are the son of a Lutheran minister, and 'tis doubtless religion that impels you.

P.—No, Sire, my father is ignorant of my design; I have not communicated it to him. For two years past I have sworn that you should change your course or die.

N.—Were you at Erfurt when I was there?

P.—I saw you there three times.

N.—Why did you not kill me then?

P.—You then gave my country a moment's rest; I thought peace was secured, and I saw in you only a great man.

N.—Do you know Schneider and Schill?

P.—No, sire.

N.—Are you a Freemason or one of the *Illuminati?*

P.—No, Sire.

N.—Do you know Brutus?

P.—There were two of them; the last died for liberty.

N.—Did you know anything about Moreau and Pichegru's conspiracy?

P.—I read of it in the journals.

N.—What is your opinion about those men?

P.—Sire, they were afraid to die.

N.—A portrait was found on you—what woman is that?

P.—My best friend, my lover, the adopted daughter of my virtuous father.

N.—What! your heart is open to those tender sentiments, and yet you are not afraid to afflict, to undo the beings you love, by becoming an assassin?

P.—I obeyed a voice more potent than my love.

N.—But, by striking me in the midst of my army, did you expect to escape?

P.—I wonder I am still alive.

N.—If I should pardon you, what use would you make of your liberty?

P.—My plan has failed, you are on your guard; I should return peaceably to my home.

His Majesty sent for Corvisart, and asked him whether he did not detect in the young man proofs of insanity. Corvisart examined him critically, but answered that he found in him only symptoms of powerful emotion.

He remained for two days in a hall, guarded by two gendarmes. He walked about tranquilly, and from time to time knelt in prayer. A table-knife was brought him with his dinner. He took it and looked at it coldly. A gendarme wished to take it out of his hand, but he answered with a smile, "Don't be afraid, I should do myself no more harm than you will do me." The next morning he heard the firing of cannon. "'Tis peace," he was told by his keeper.—"Are you not deceiving me?" said he.—"No," was the reply. Then he seemed overcome with joy; tears streamed from his eyes; he fell on his knees and prayed fervently; then rose and said, "I shall die more contented."

When the Emperor had left he was sent for to be taken out and shot. To the colonel who announced his death to him he said, "Sir, I ask but one favour, and that is that I may not be tied." It was granted him. He walked with a free and firm step, and died with calmness.[1]

(60) *Page* 115.—WAGRAM.

Bonaparte was never greater than after the battle of Wagram. He saw that all the Powers of Europe were acknowledging his preponderance. He forced them, so to speak, to admire him. But the affairs of Spain rent away the veil behind which he concealed himself. The ambitious Napoleon now appeared like a new meteor; but his chief minister predicted that the attempt upon Spain would eclipse his glory.

(61) *Page* 115.—SCHŒNBRUNN.

This château, built by the august Marie Thérèse, 1754, is only half-a-league from the lines of Vienna. Its situation is beautiful, and although the architecture is bad, it has an air of majesty. 'Twas in this ancient castle that Napoleon, now master of the principal European states, addressed his secret vows to the daughter of so many Kings. The archduchess preserved great dignity of manner, not compromising her proud character in the slightest degree. She did not humble herself before her father's conqueror, although from this moment she looked upon Napoleon as an extraordinary man; dissembling, in the meantime, her ideas respecting him. She asked him for safety and protection—sure already of obtaining anything she asked. From this moment the ambitious Napoleon swore that the niece of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette should become his wife. In this he succeeded. At the time of his marriage with this Princess, he practised upon her an agreeable surprise by placing before her a picture of the château of Schœnbrunn, her favourite little dog, and a thistle-finch which she was fond of. The first time she was at the Grand Trianon she found there divers objects which had belonged to her and to which she was greatly attached.

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[1] The name of this young fanatic was Frederic Stapss. He was born at Naumbourg, May 14th, 1792, and was shot October 27th, 1809, while Napoleon was at Vienna. His last words were, "Long live liberty! Long live Germany! Death to her tyrants!" —TRANSLATOR

The Emperor required her to dress like an Empress, which often fatigued her. "This robe is well enough," she would say to the ladies of her Court, "but do as the Emperor commands." She occasionally sent dresses and even *robes de cour* to her sisters at Vienna. But this displeased her household, and in the latter days Napoleon forbade it, directing that those various garments should remain in the imperial wardrobe to be distributed among friends.

The Emperor was fond of raising a dispute with his young wife, and that Princess found it difficult to adapt herself to his *bizarre* character. She often pouted, but he soon made it up, not being fond of broils.

But they sometimes had a jar about their son. The Emperor was extreme in everything, even in his mode of caressing the infant. While sporting with him one day, he held him up on one of his hands and just missed turning the babe heels over head upon the floor. Maria Louisa uttered a shriek. "'Tis nothing, madam," said he; "the child takes after his father, and, like him, he must be invulnerable."

As Bonaparte himself was fond of beans, he used to make the young Prince eat some of that vegetable, and would daub his face over merely to make him cry. The Empress disapproved of this. "Come, my boy," said Napoleon to his son one morning, "look at this thing sharply." It was a portrait of Francis II., his father-in-law, which the Empress had been privately engaged in painting. He handed a brush to the boy and made him daub over his grandfather's face. The child burst out laughing. Maria Louisa happened to come upon them while engaged in the sport, and scolded her child for such naughty actions. "I admit I am to blame, "said Napoleon, "but that picture displeased me; it was to ensure its disappearance that I let the child do this." The Empress was angry, and for four hours there was an apparent coldness between them.

Observation—The above anecdotes are quite sufficient to show how egregiously Napoleon cheated himself in marrying that silly girl, glorying in the pompous title of the "daughter of the Cæsars." Had the "great Julius" foreseen that his mighty name would be thus assumed and dishonoured by the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, he surely would not have crossed the Rubicon.—Translator.

(62) *Page* 124.—PLOMBIÈRES.

The city of Plombières, situated among the Vosges, is renowned for its baths. It is built in a bottom, surrounded by high hills, in such a manner that it seems to be in a well. All the surrounding country abounds with mineral springs. Luxueil, for example, whose site is more agreeable than Plombières, affords to those afflicted with the gravel a sure remedy. These regions are generally subject to a variable temperature, which produces rheumatic affections; and it seems as if Providence hath placed the remedy by the side of the disease, for all those waters are filled with active healing qualities, and in a short time work a perfect cure.

There are at present three baths at Plombières, one of which is under the care of the Government. You find in the city a handsome ballroom, where the visitors assemble twice a week. During the season, and until the end of September, you will see four or five hundred persons of all nations continually going and coming, the major part of whom board with the *bourgeois*. Two taverns only are not sufficient to accommodate the guests, but the inhabitants, having no other fortune than the waters, furnish you with board and lodging for one hundred and eighty francs a month.

The visitors amuse themselves by giving and attending parties in the neighbouring valleys (that of Plombières is not more than half-a-league in width). At all hours of the day you see the Russian and the Spaniard, the Neapolitan, the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Italian, the Belgian and the Pole, riding out together, mounted in a cart covered with cloth, ornamented with boughs of trees and drawn by oxen. This mode of riding out was infinitely amusing to Josephine, and whenever she visited the baths at Plombières, which was frequently, she never omitted this agreeable kind of exercise. She used to carry there a quantity of elegant steel ornaments, which she distributed among her attendants. She usually left with the overseers of the workshops there some evidences of her generosity to encourage the workmen. While in the town she used to lodge at M. Martinet's, a physician, who resided in the principal street. She was always attended by a numerous train, and the inhabitants of Plombières, whenever they had Josephine among them, gave way to the most extravagant expressions of joy. She spent her time in performing acts of benevolence, and was visited indiscriminately by all classes of persons, to whose demands she never turned a deaf ear. During one of her visits, she became god-mother to one of Madame Martinet's children. That estimable woman, now a widow, never spoke of the ex-Empress but with the profoundest sorrow and regret. She loved to converse about her. Never was she so happy as when she could say to her friends and acquaintances, "Alas! Plombières has met with an irreparable loss in the death of Josephine. At her bidding, Plenty reigned here; her presence alone attracted multitudes to our waters. In her have I lost a protectress, a friend—for such I may venture to call her. Her death has for me banished all earthly felicity; nothing now remains to me but sorrows, and the memory of my benefactress."—*Communicated.*

(63) *Page* 132.

"*Relative to his design.*"

Josephine was deeply affected by her divorce, though it would seem that the Emperor on that trying occasion was merely acting a comedy.

Some days previous to the 16th of December, the Emperor went into her apartment without being announced. She was in bed, and he, seating himself upon the foot of the bed, spoke to her as follows:

"Josephine, I am going to afflict you; but the good of my people imperiously demands that I should separate myself from you. I need an heir. Would that you might in this respect have fulfilled my wish; but the thing is now impossible, and it is with regret that I feel myself constrained to take this course."

Josephine had long since been forewarned by Fouché of her husband's secret intentions, but could not believe that matters could ever proceed to such an extremity. After having made to him some fruitless representations, she dared predict to him that the day he quitted her would be the last day of his glory. "You need," said she, with vehemence, "a friend, and you have nothing but flatterers. Do you believe that your generals are truly attached to you? No! the most of them only await a propitious moment to turn their arms against you. Do you think they will, with unconcern, see the Emperor Napoleon searching for a wife among the daughters of kings? No! they have been bred in the same school as yourself; they have *earned true* nobility at the price of their blood, and the blazonry upon their armour, of which they are so justly proud, is but the evidence of valour which has given them the prodigious power they now enjoy in Europe. But remember—in you they behold their equal. If they sustain the glory of your throne, it is only because your elevation seems their work. They believe you great because the rays of your grandeur are reflected by themselves. If they burn incense to you, they breathe with delight the incense of a power which they share. But the moment a foreign wife shall come and seat herself at your side, the Court will cease to be directed by the same influence. You are too *new* a man to attach to your person the ancient families. You may load them with favours—you have it in your power, and it is your duty to make them forget the wrongs inseparable from the Revolution—but beware you do not humble the old generals, who served their country before you. Banish from your halls that too severe etiquette, which was not made for them. Their wives and children ought not to be made to blush, either in your presence or in that of your future companion. The sword of the brave will ever be your surest safeguard. I myself have ever been careful to conciliate all parties, and to be indulgent to all opinions; so much so that, since your fortunes have become so wonderful, I have, in a manner, taught your officers to forget the immense distance which exists between General Bonaparte and the Emperor Napoleon."

(64) *Page* 134.

"*Your truest friend.*"

The company at Malmaison was always numerous and brilliant. Josephine always did the honours, and most charmingly, at the balls and concerts given there. Crowds of visitors, tired out with the scenes at the Tuileries and St. Cloud, hastened to Malmaison to breathe a purer and serener air than that which was respired in the midst of the flatterers who surrounded Napoleon, and regarded it as a favour to be seen in the circle of his courtiers. It was one day told the Empress that the *grand-écuyer* was in danger of falling into disgrace with her husband. "Why so?" she exclaimed; "he has certainly served him well thus far. I must see into this rupture."

The Duke of Vicenza had been appointed to the management of the household affairs. He superintended all the details, and the service in this department was exact and systematic. But what produced the rumour about his removal was this:—The Duke being on a riding party, in company with Maria Louisa and the Princess Aldobrandini, on horseback, the Empress undertook to outstrip them and ride ahead. Caulaincourt (the duke) admonished her that she might, in so doing, incur danger. But she persisted, and rode on. Her horse stumbled, and Caulaincourt, seeing it, said, in a low tone, "What perverseness!"

She heard it, and straightway went and complained of it to the Emperor. He flew into a rage at once. "That man," said he, speaking of his favourite, "always does more than I wish; he goes too far."

Josephine saw at once that an explanation was necessary on both sides. The Empress was in the wrong, and so thought the Emperor. Josephine, who well knew how important to Napoleon were the services of such a man as Caulaincourt, remarked to those who expressed their surprise that she should still take so much interest in the Emperor, "Were I an ordinary woman, his friends might be surprised at it; but I am, and ever shall be, his most constant friend."

(65) *Page* 143.

"*Had sworn to sacrifice all he held most dear.*"

There was in Germany, in 1809, much said about a certain minister of great talent, who, whenever he was alone and at work in his cabinet, saw a little black man constantly standing behind his chair; and this was related with an air of the profoundest conviction.

During the last two years of Bonaparte's reign, there was a tale continually repeated in the saloons of Paris, about a little red man, who presented himself at Fontainebleau, and at St. Cloud, to obtain an audience of the Emperor. It was currently reported and seriously believed, that this "Little Red Man" ('twas thus he was called) had been seen in the palace of the Tuileries conversing with Napoleon in a very peremptory style; and it was whispered among the Emperor's friends that the little gentleman talked very loudly to him, and recalled to his mind the famous oath which he (Bonaparte) had taken in the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt.[1]

Among the threats uttered by the Little Red Man, the following was clearly distinguished:

"Thou shalt be prosperous until thy forty-fifth year. Till then I am bound to protect thee. After that, I shall abandon thee to Destiny, who, if thou shalt be so guilty as to break thine oaths, will know how to avenge me."

The better to understand certain facts, it is necessary to go back to the early years of Napoleon Bonaparte. Thus we shall be enabled to lift the veil which has ever concealed from the majority of Frenchmen the secret reasons which made it necessary for him to separate from a wife whom he was once pleased to call his "tutelary angel."

It is fully established that Bonaparte received his first initiation as a neophyte in the universal sect of the "Free Judges," in 1795. He took the oath at a general meeting of the brethren in the forest of Fontainebleau, "that no freeman ought ever to obey a king." He imprecated upon himself the most dreadful punishments in case he should violate his promise to the invisible brethren.

A second initiation took place during his victories in Italy. Bonaparte afterwards confessed to his intimate friends "that he was not only astonished at the strange ceremony of which he seemed to be the sole object, but also at finding himself in the midst of the principal chiefs of the army, who with alacrity, and with their hands upon their swords, repeated the oath: "Death to Tyrants, whoever and whatever they may be."

The formula of the oath exacted of him was this:

"I consent to be put to death if I shall make any covenant with royalty. In order to extinguish it in Europe, I will; without reserve, employ fire and sword, and will even sacrifice *whatever is dearest to me*, should the society whereof I have the happiness to be a member, command me so to do." He signed the oath with his blood, and declared himself, beforehand, a traitor, should he fail to execute faithfully that which he thus solemnly promised. After the most formal assurances from the leaders of the sect, a sect which could dare anything, seconded by the *sicaires* (assassins) scattered throughout Europe. Bonaparte pursued the course of his conquests with dreadful carnage and fixedness of purpose.

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[1] "Glory to Allah," said the conqueror of Italy. "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet: the bread stolen by the wicked becomes dust in his mouth," &c.

It was at Grand Cairo that the illustrious initiate had an interview with the head of the "Philadelphs." He had numerous meetings with him in a celebrated mosque, where a third and last initiation took place. Already did the general of the army of Egypt perceive that several of his officers began to evince a design to treat him with insulting superiority. Kleber was of the number. From this moment he foresaw reverses as astonishing as had been his successes. He consulted the supreme master of the "great work." This Egyptian passed his life with the Beys; but the people believed him to be a godly man, and to hold mental communication with angels.

Bonaparte had just grounds to fear being assassinated. The chief of the "Invulnerables" said to him, "I will render you inaccessible to all the strokes of faith, but upon the condition that you shall wear the usual dress." He prescribed the dress.[1] "Beware," said he "not to adopt another in the heat of combat. It hath a twofold virtue; it will render you invisible to your enemies, and turn back upon them the blows they aim at you. Should fortune ever so favour you as to place you at the head of a nation, beware, O my son, beware not to bind your brow with the diadem of kings. *Thy fortune may and must astonish the world.* You are the chosen child of the 'universal society.' It is everywhere invisible; but it attaches itself to you by imperceptible threads. Should ambition, that vice of kings, make you wander for a moment from the true principles, then you may look for the day that shall see you re-descend to the level of the least of your brethren. You will then spread misery among stranger nations, and coast the African seas to find a country. You will be abandoned by your relations; none among them will follow you into exile. You alone, unhappy man! Meanwhile one friend will remain to you."

The return of Bonaparte from Egypt to France was the work of the Philadelphs. Having become First Consul, he renewed his oath; but soon the fortunate Emperor forgot what he owed to those men who had served him with their influence and their swords. In 1805, he recounted to Josephine the fearful oath he had taken, of "war upon kings." He had thus far discharged the obligation tolerably well; but he had dared to sit upon the throne of France, and it was to be feared that the Free Judges might, sooner or later, come and drag him from it, and make him repent bitterly for that which they must regard as an act of perjury, unpardonable in reference to the solemn vows he had taken. The Empress was frightened at the idea, and afraid her husband might fall by the dagger of some zealot belonging to the terrible sect; and hence that unceasing and minute vigilance which she observed in regard to his person. She was constantly saying to Marshal Duroc, "Keep a strict watch over the Emperor; he does not observe sufficient precautions." After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon thought he could awe the whole world, and in the end forgot he was still under the yoke of the Invisibles, who, like their predecessors, knew not how to pardon.

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[1] The grey surtout and little hat, surely, which Napoleon always wore.

The terrible Little Red Man, it seems, had promised to visit him three times before exposing him to the strokes of his enemies. The first interview was in the château of the Tuileries, three days before Napoleon's coronation. A billet was sent to Napoleon and received by him. It contained only these words: "Remember your oath: *Hatred to kings—a universal republic.*" The new monarch thought nothing about it. He turned off the Egyptian grand master somewhat uncivilly, as it is said. The latter personage, who was naturally patient and forbearing, adjourned his second visit, which took place after the campaign of Wagram; but on this occasion the invisible man did not come alone. He demanded a private audience with the Emperor, and informed him beforehand that he should be at the palace of Fontainebleau, on the 12th of November, 1809. The Emperor was surprised, although he dissembled his feelings. The *illuminate* then said to him, "What you propose to undertake will lead you to your ruin: think of your oath; there is still time for that." They conversed together, it seems, for two hours. The Empress was not present at the conversation; that afflicted woman was already convinced that another was soon to displace her in her husband's affections. She was not able then to see the mysterious little man, and never mentioned the circumstance. Bonaparte had throngs of the Philadelphs about his person. France swarmed with English, Germans, Spaniards and Italians, who, at the least signal, would have stricken down the Emperor with their poniards. The war in Spain had begun to unseal the eyes of the mighty conqueror; he saw that he could be vanquished, and that the strife of arms was subject to the same vicissitudes as great reputations. He now began to entertain fears; his private enemies now began to urge him to carry out the suggestion made by his brother Lucien in 1800, to separate from his wife and espouse a Spanish Infanta. He repudiated Josephine, thus sacrificing what he held most dear, and proving to the whole world, and especially to the Philadelphs, that he was a fanatic, who would yet lose himself in the tortuous paths of ambition.

The Little Red Man, or rather the society which he represented, saw, in his voluntary sacrifice of Josephine, nothing but an irresistible proof that this man, who was chiefly their own work, would sooner or later dare deny even them, should occasion require. They swore his destruction, and, in order to succeed, they caressed his errors and applauded his mad enterprises. It may, however, be said to the praise of many among them, that they took all possible pains to convey secret advice to him. He listened to nothing; he resolved to continue to reign—*the throne had so many charms!* He was singularly struck by the famous vision of M. A. A. de M——. The dreadful results of the Russian campaign are known to the world. Here the Philadelphs had their eye upon him. Henceforth they knew that his end was near, notwithstanding his alliance with the Archduchess of Austria, an alliance formed by him to strike them with awe. But the time had now passed. The decree had gone forth. He was to incur not only the penalty of being overthrown, but banished. During the last moments he spent at Fontainebleau, in 1814, he received, as some say, the promised visit from the Little Red Man, but, according to others, a simple piece of paper containing the original oath which he had taken, and signed with his own blood; which was as much as to say to the dethroned monarch, that the society of which he was a member had abandoned him. Had he remained Consul, he might, perhaps, have been so still. But the Philadelphs forget nothing, and pardon nothing. For more than three centuries past have they dreamed of nothing but a universal republic—which, if we may judge from the best political rules, must end in the overthrow of all the governments of the globe, and the advent of a universal chaos from the East to the West.—*Note Communicated.*

Observation.—The story of the "Little Red Man" had been very generally believed. But the mystery thrown around it is easily explained. Napoleon was a member of one of the secret societies with which Europe was then filled, pledged to the advancement of popular liberty, and the destruction of tyrants. In despotic governments, such societies must be necessarily secret; their obligations must be terrible, and regarded as paramount to the laws which are sought to be overthrown. Nothing is more probable than that, having assumed the powers and prerogatives of monarchy, Napoleon should have been reminded of the dreadful oath he had taken, and that he should have had secret and mysterious calls from "Little Red Men," "Little Grey Men" (one of the latter visited him in his tent, in Russia, just before the battle of Borodino), and all other sorts of men, whose hopes of a republic he had disappointed. But the idea that he was finally overthrown by their influence in his councils, would seem to be too far-fetched. That overthrow was the result of the political blunders into which his ambition led him, against the opinions of his soundest advisers and best friends. They were, in a few words:

1. The war in Spain; an almost insupportable draught upon the blood and treasure of France, and utterly unproductive of profit or glory.

2. The divorce of his wife Josephine—a matter of cold-blooded calculation; a wrong determination as to the result to arise from the respective positions of the objects upon the political chess-board. It was discarding a Frenchwoman for an Austrian Princess. It offended

France; it shocked all hearts by an apparent indifference to the love of a noble-minded, innocent, faithful and beautiful woman.

3. The campaign to Russia, an effort which France was not then strong enough to sustain; but which, however gloomy and terrible in its results, was the grandest conception of the age—a display of military power unequalled in the history of the world.—TRANSLATOR.

(66) *Page* 148.

"*The decree that was to dissolve my marriage.*"

Prince Eugene had a mournful and melting interview with his poor mother. They both wept bitterly. The beloved son strove to console the Empress, who, on her part, sought to arouse his fortitude. Both the illustrious sufferers were overcome by the afflicting scene. "'Tis not," said that noble woman, in the agony of her heart, "'tis not that I regret the throne, my son, but I feel that I am leaving the Emperor a prey to the evil-minded men who seek his ruin. I shall be no longer here to warn him against their false-hearted counsels. The task reserved for me henceforth will be to pity him, and to pray for him and the French people, whom I love. My children will imitate my example."

(67) *Page* 149.

"*On this trying occasion.*"

The senate being assembled on Saturday, the 16th of December, 1809, Cambacérès, the arch-chancellor of the Empire, who had been appointed to preside over the sitting, was received with the usual honours. The King of Westphalia, the King of Naples (Grand-Admiral), Prince Eugene (Viceroy of Italy), the Prince Vice-Constable, and the Prince Vice-Grand-Elector being present, the sitting was opened by the Prince Arch-chancellor, who addressed the body in the following terms:

"GENTLEMEN,—The proposition about to be submitted to the deliberation of the senate at its present sitting, is one which concerns our most cherished interests. It is dictated by that imperious voice which teaches sovereigns and nations that, to ensure the safety of a state, we must listen to the counsels of a wise foresight, reflect upon the past, examine the present, and cast our eyes upon the future. Influenced by these high considerations, His Imperial Majesty has, upon the present occasion, which will be for ever memorable, banished from him all personal considerations, and silenced all his private affections. The noble and touching assent of Her Majesty the Empress is a glorious testimony of her disinterested attachment to the Emperor, and entitles her to the eternal gratitude of the nation."

Count Regnault de St. Angely then rose, and submitted to the assembly the draft of a *senatus consultum* dissolving the marriage contract between the Emperor and Empress. The speaker thus developed the reasons for this measure:—

"MY LORD AND SENATORS,—The formal act, set forth in the document to which you have listened, fully explains the reasons which justify it. What can I add to it? What language can I address to the senate of France which will not fall beneath the touching declarations of the illustrious pair, whose generous purposes your deliberations are about to consecrate? Both in respect to public policy and private feeling, their hearts have united in the utterance of language at once the most true, the most persuasive, the best calculated to convince and to move. As Sovereigns, as patriots, the Emperor and Empress have done all, said all. To us, it only remains to love, bless and admire them.

"The voice of the French people is next to be heard. Their memory is as faithful as their hearts. In their minds, full of gratitude, will they unite the hopes of the future with the recollections of the past. Never shall monarch receive more of respect, of admiration, of gratitude and love, than Napoleon, in sacrificing his holiest affections to the good of his subjects—than Josephine, in sacrificing her love for the best of husbands, her devotion to the best of Kings, her attachment to the best of nations.

"Accept, Gentlemen, in the name of weeping France, in the presence of astonished Europe, this the greatest sacrifice *ever made on earth;* and, full of the profound emotions you cannot but feel, hasten to bear to the foot of the throne, not only the tribute of your feelings, but of the whole French nation—the only price worthy of the fortitude of our Sovereigns, the only consolation worthy of their hearts."

Prince Eugene, Josephine's son, then rose and addressed the assembly in the following language:—

"PRINCE, SENATORS,—You have heard the proposition read which is now submitted to your deliberations. I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to make known the sentiments which animate my family. My mother, my sister and myself owe everything to the Emperor. To us he has been a true father. In us shall he at all times find devoted children, submissive subjects. It is important to the happiness of France that the founder of this fourth dynasty should grow old surrounded by direct descendants who shall be, to us all, guarantees and pledges of the safety and glory of our country.

"When my mother was crowned, in the presence of the whole French nation, by the hands of her august husband, she contracted an obligation to sacrifice all her affections to the interests of France. With courage, dignity and nobleness of soul has she fulfilled that primary duty. The tears which this resolution has cost the Emperor, suffice for my mother's glory. In the situation in which she is about to be placed, she will not, in her prayers and her patriotic sentiments, be a stranger to the new prosperity for which we all look; and, with satisfaction mingled with pride, will she view that happiness which her sacrifice will ensure to her country and the Emperor."

(68) *Page* 155.

"*In his turn be conquered.*"

When Bonaparte separated from Josephine he left the woman who had exercised a great influence upon his destinies. It was she who had, in a manner, launched him upon Fortune's car, who knew how to uphold him in spite of envy, who was the guardian angel sent by Providence upon the earth to repair a thousand wrongs; and, from the moment he repudiated her, Napoleon, the invincible Napoleon, began to be a prey to fearful forebodings. This false step was a triumph to his enemies, and all Europe was amazed that a man whose former achievements had covered him with glory, should thus, with a sort of ostentation, run after the daughter of a Sovereign whom he had subdued by force of arms. "From the moment" (such was the general exclamation) "that Napoleon shall start this scandalous project of a divorce, and, not content with severing the bonds which are for him not less sacred than advantageous, shall dare aspire to the hand of the august daughter of the Cæsars, Napoleon is no longer anything of himself; he is but an ambitious man. He will tremble for the result of the part he is acting, for he will seek to sustain himself by force, and not by popular favour."

Some days before the divorce Josephine addressed him thus:

"Bonaparte, even now you have no confidence in the stability of your power. You want an ally, and the very Sovereign whom you have lately vanquished, the Sovereign who has just grounds to hate you, now sees himself flattered by the very man who has so lately overrun his country. In his eyes you are but a small affair at this present time; for, if such an enormous sacrifice as the giving his daughter to you in marriage be necessary to give peace to his subjects, you cannot but know that he will secretly despise you, and say to himself, 'Well, the man who so lately made me tremble, who imposed such cruel conditions upon me, is on the eve of some dreadful catastrophe. Did he suppose himself firmly seated on his throne, he would not need to resort to a foreign alliance, and the very circumstance that the mighty conqueror is so anxious to obtain a companion of illustrious birth is evidence that he intends, should a storm ever arise, to lean upon that foreign support.'"[1]

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[1] The civil marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess of Austria took place at St. Cloud, April 1st, 1810; the fêtes were brilliant, but were interrupted by a tremendous shower—a perfect deluge. The company knew not where to take refuge, and many, especially ladies, in consequence contracted diseases of which they died. Josephine was deeply affected by the terrible conflagration which took place at the

While at Malmaison, Josephine received occasional visits from Napoleon, after the divorce. He was fond of conversing with her, and used to give her the most trifling details of what transpired at his Court, telling her often that he always saw her with renewed pleasure. But he never spoke to her of Maria Louisa; such was the kind of respect he had for the latter. Josephine could scarcely restrain her spite. Whenever her friends conversed in her presence about the woman who had taken her place, she carefully avoided letting fall the slightest remark that could be construed into a censure of that woman; though it was easy to see how much it cost her to hear the qualities of the new Empress continually preached up. "He will never love her," said she, with ill-concealed feeling; "he has sacrificed everything to his politics. But his first wife—yes, his first wife will for ever possess his confidence." And she did not deceive herself in this prophecy, for many a time did the ex-Empress have reason for exulting in the irresistible ascendency she still preserved over him.

(69) *Page* 174.

"*The birth of the King of Rome,*" *&c.*

The news that the Empress Maria Louisa had given birth to a son was announced by the discharge of one hundred and one cannon. The enthusiasm was universal.

On hearing of this unexpected good fortune of her husband, Josephine, who had long since abandoned all hope of having children, felt the more pleasure in the event, that it furnished an additional proof of the attachment of the French people to the Emperor. She made the young archduke a present of a little carriage drawn by two superb *mérinos*, and had, it is said, the curiosity to go herself and see the first experiment with them. The Emperor was much pleased with this polite attention, and spoke of it frequently to Maria Louisa, who, as a matter of course, was offended; she could not endure to hear praises bestowed upon the woman who had preceded her. It was easy, indeed, to perceive that Josephine was not forgotten, for the supreme master always spoke of her with new and increased interest. He loved to hear of all that took place at Malmaison, even the most minute particulars. Often when returning from a hunting party, he would go and take Josephine unawares at Malmaison, and talk with her for some minutes

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close of a splendid ball given by the Austrian ambassador on that occasion. She knew her children were there. Prince Eugene saved the lives of several; but in vain did he assure Madame Schwartzenberg that her daughter was not in the hall. The tender mother could not believe; she rushed into the flames and perished. Napoleon showed himself wherever the danger was most imminent, uttering the most cutting reproaches upon those whose duty it was to keep up a minute and active watch, and prevent evil-minded persons from stealing during the fire. But in vain; the most valuable effects of the guests were stolen and carried off by the thieves with impunity.

in the most friendly manner. They walked together in the garden. Their conversation was at times animated; and he was often seen with moist eyes when he left her, as if he had experienced a violent agitation.

He was displeased with certain of his courtiers, who, the moment the divorce took place, affected to forget the forsaken Josephine. "Have you been to Malmaison?" he would say to them earnestly. "How does the Empress?" which was as much as to assure them that it would please him to know that they still paid their respects to Josephine, and that the political chameleons might, if they chose, throw down the gauntlet, which he would be the first to pick up.

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"*The heir-apparent.*"

Josephine was absolutely determined to see the King of Rome, although it was impossible to do so at Malmaison. Madame Montesquieu, by order of Bonaparte, went to Trianon with her august *élève.* Josephine was advised of it, and repaired thither. She lavished her caresses upon the young Prince. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Ah!" said she, with a throb of emotion that went to the heart, "I could not—I could not fulfil Bonaparte's highest wish; but Louisa is more happy than I, and I now pardon her freely for the wrong she did me in coming to usurp my place. Surely, I am now willing to overlook all my husband's errors, and concern myself solely about the happiness of a father." And, indeed, from that moment she seemed to regain all her gaiety, and only thought of Maria Louisa as one who had given to the Emperor a pledge of security.

(71) *Page* 176.—NAVARRE.

She often went to Navarre, which she had done much to embellish. She was there when the foreign troops advanced upon Paris. But her Malmaison property was respected; the allies even despatched thither a guard of honour. She received a letter from Talleyrand, informing her that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia wished to see her. She was visited by those Sovereigns, and often honoured by their presence; she even fêted them at Malmaison. But what, alas! must have been her mental sufferings when she reverted to the painful position of her husband. Never had she ceased to love him, and his deep misfortunes now only served to redouble her affection.

She was probably one of the principal causes which prevailed in securing for him such favourable conditions from the victorious Sovereigns. She pleaded his cause with earnestness, but with dignity. "I have," said she, "been his wife; I feel it my duty, both from obligation and friendship, to intercede for him." When she heard that he had set out for the Isle of Elba, she exclaimed, "Though Bonaparte is abandoned by all who are most dear to him, I, at least, will not be of that number; I detest ingratitude, and will never participate in their panic terrors. I will go and join him again on his island, and there, surrounded by a few tried friends, we will perchance both of us enjoy one more ray of happiness."

(72) *Page* 184.—CLARKE.

It was a master-stroke of policy on the part of Josephine to have gained over, with so much adroitness, this general, who was born of Irish parents. At the epoch of the consulate, he was nothing more than a partisan of Bonaparte, and quite free in the expression of his opinion on that subject. He was in the habit of visiting at Malmaison, where the Consul's wife received him with grace and distinction. He became the more fond of Josephine because she manifested a great liking for his daughter, whom she invited to leave the boarding-school where she had been staying, and come and spend a few days with her. These amiable attentions were infinitely flattering to the general; and the principle of gratitude with him was sacred. Having become Emperor, Napoleon manifested some dislike towards him, and frequently showed distrust. Clarke complained of this to Josephine, and on more than one occasion expressed his mortification in her presence. Like an adroit wife as she was, she reassured the general and told him that the Emperor often confessed that General Clarke was of great service to him, especially on his campaigns; but that, possessing the character he did, he found it convenient to dissemble and to be on his guard against persons who sought to look through his designs. "General," said she, "were you an ordinary man, Bonaparte would despise you; but, on the contrary, you inspire him with a kind of fear; such is his distrust of a certain class of generals.[1] I myself try to reassure him respecting those gentlemen, and give him the guarantee of my word, which ought to be inviolable, you know, general. Everyone esteems you," she said, continually, to Clarke. "Look at B——, C——, D——, E——, K——, L——, M——, O——, R——, S——; their services and their fidelity in keeping their oaths will convince you better than all my arguments. Thus," continued Josephine, in a manner and with a voice to which she joined the sweetest smile,

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[1] Of this number was the Prince of Ponte-Corvo. Bernadotte, while relating to Napoleon how his election was brought about in Sweden, gazed at him with those black and piercing eyes which always gave to his physiognomy a singular appearance. After a conversation of two hours, Napoleon said to him, in a quick, sharp tone, "*Eh bien!* let destiny be accomplished; I would freely give three millions to see you mount the throne. Yes, sir, let destiny be accomplished," again ejaculated Napoleon, observing that Bernadotte echoed those words. That illustrious general, who was really offended with Napoleon, soon took his leave of France to be King of Sweden.

"certainly, Monsieur le Comte, you can never—I am sure of it—you can never be willing to expose me to the reproaches of my husband, seeing how much I have done to gain you his favour. Your loyal feelings are well known to me, and the friendship you bear me will always warrant me in believing that, at all times and under all circumstances, you will watch over the interests of the Emperor. I charge you with a duty which, I am sure, will be daily recognised by your honourable and generous conduct in the service which is confided to you, and in which you have it in your power to do so much good, and to repair so many evils." Such were Josephine's private conversations with the most distinguished ministers and military men of the empire. She was ever making friends for the Emperor, and during the last years of her life Malmaison became the rendezvous of all his most zealous friends. She conversed with them all about their different arrangements, and animated the zeal of such of them as seemed to despair of their cause.

(73) *Page* 186.—POLAND.

Nothing is more astonishing in political history than that Poland should, for so many centuries, have maintained itself with an elective King. The fearlessness of the feudal system drew down upon it all its woes. That system was never fitted to any but infant states of society. It has ever produced anarchy in the end, and dismemberment as the last result.

Montesquieu says: "There are some states which are gainers by being conquered. They are, ordinarily, those whose institutions have lost all their strength; where corruption has found its way; where the laws have ceased to be executed; where the government has become an oppression, and where matters have come to that pass in which the state has lost the power of self-reformation."

[What a commentary on the present condition of Mexico.—TRANSLATOR.]

(74) *Page* 189.

"*Scene of desolation.*"

General Barclay de Tolley, foreseeing that an assault would be attempted upon the town of Smolensk, although the breach was not yet practicable, reinforced the garrison with two new divisions and two regiments of infantry of the Guard. The combat lasted till nightfall. Columns of smoke and flame began to rise, and seemed instantly to communicate themselves to the principal quarters of the town. In the middle of a summer's night, that blazing city presented to our eyes the spectacle which an eruption of Vesuvius presents to the inhabitants of Naples. No pen can describe the horrible devastation which the interior of the town presented. Let the reader picture to himself the houses on fire; all the streets, all the public squares piled with dead or dying Russians; ruined families braving every danger in their efforts to snatch the wrecks of their property from the raging flames, by whose light this dreadful spectacle was viewed from afar—and he may have some faint idea of its horrors.

The next morning we entered Smolensk through the faubourg that lay along the river; we trod among nothing but ruins and dead bodies. The still smoking palaces presented nothing to the view but walls cleft by the flames, and beneath their fallen fragments the blackened skeletons of their inmates, half consumed by the fire. The few houses which remained were occupied by our soldiers, while at the door you might have seen the houseless owner lingering a while with the residue of his family, weeping and wringing his hands at the death of his children and the loss of the fruits of years of patient toil. The churches offered the only consolation to the unhappy wretches who were without shelter. The cathedral, so celebrated throughout Europe, so venerated by the Russians, became the refuge of the miserable beings who had escaped from the conflagration. Within that church, huddled around the altars, were entire households crouched upon rags. On one side might have been seen an expiring old man casting a last look upon the saint whom he had invoked for his whole life; and on the other, an innocent babe resting in its cradle, to whom the mother, bowed down by sorrow, was giving suck while she bedewed it with her tears.

To this scene of desolation, the passage of the French army into the interior of the town presented a striking contrast. On the one side was the affliction of the vanquished; on the other, the pride of the victors;—those had lost their all; these, enriched with spoils, never having known defeat, moved proudly forward at the sound of martial music, striking with fear, as well as admiration, the wretched remains of a subdued population.—"*Campagnes de Russie.*"

(75) *Page* 191.—General Malet.

Malet, a general who was suspected by the Emperor and shut up in a mad-house under the pretext that he was insane, conceived, in 1812, the project of a revolution, and had the temerity to attempt its execution, without any methodical plan, without accomplices and without money. Having escaped from his place of confinement, and furnished himself with pretended decrees of the senate announcing the death of the Emperor, and appointing General Malet military commandant of Paris, he went to a barrack in the middle of the night, read there the so-called decree of the senate, of which he was the bearer, and marched off a regiment that was quartered there. Thence he proceeded to the Prison de la Force and, in virtue of the power with which he had invested himself, set at liberty a general officer named Lahorie, on whom he presumed he could rely. The latter, with a detachment of the regiment, proceeded to the *hôtel* of the minister of police, informed him of the death of Napoleon, and told him he was charged by the senate to secure his person. The Duke of Rovigo, outwitted by these two pieces of news, suffered himself to be caught and carried off as easily as if he had been a lamb. Before seven o'clock in the morning, he found himself under lock and key in the same prison from which Lahorie had been taken some hours before, and had for his fellow-prisoner the prefect of police, who permitted himself to be arrested with the same facility.

During this time, Malet repaired to the quarters of the general staff in order to arrest General Hullin likewise. The latter did not show himself as confiding as Savary, but demanded the perusal of the decree of the senate. Malet, feigning to search for it in his pocket, drew a pistol, fired upon Hullin, and fractured his jaw. At this moment, Adjutant-General Laborde, an active an intrepid man, arrived at the quarters. He heard what had taken place, convinced the subalterns who had followed Malet that they were the sport of an impostor, and secured his person. He then repaired to the office of the minister of police, where he found Lahorie, who, having given orders to the clerks to draw up a circular letter, was in serious conference with a tailor to whom he was giving directions for a suit of clothes. After causing him to be apprehended, Laborde went to the Force prison and set the minister of police at liberty. After this, he went to the department of police and found there another emissary sent by Mallet; and the prefect, as credulous as the Duke of Rovigo, was actually busy in preparing a new hall in which the provisional government was to assemble. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon everything was restored to order.

Maria Louisa was at St. Cloud while this movement was going on at Paris. It must be said to her honour that, on this occasion, she showed coolness and courage. She ordered the few troops who were with her to be placed under arms. But scarcely had they time to execute her order, before she learnt that the conspirators were arrested. The following is an extract from a work, printed in England (by Colburn, a bookseller), respecting the conduct of the Duke of Feltre [Clarke] on this occasion:—

"The conduct of this minister, also, was suspicious on the occasion of Malet's conspiracy, or, rather, his ill-concerted enterprise. The duke pretended that he had given orders for Malet's arrest, and that he had himself mounted a horse and passed through all the streets of Paris, calming and undeceiving the public mind. 'Tis very true he did all this, but not until Laborde had arrested Malet and released the Duke of Rovigo from his confinement in La Force. Until then he had remained quite tranquil in his *hôtel*, only waiting, it would seem, for the result in order to declare himself."

The news of the pretended death of the Emperor, and the more correct news of the seizure of the minister of police, spread rapidly through Paris, but without producing any effect. No demonstration of joy nor signs of sorrow were visible. The faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, always so agitated in times of revolution, remained perfectly tranquil. The only sentiment which seemed to animate the partisans was that felt by the spectators of a game of chess—the curiosity to see how the matter will end. The next day people thought of nothing but to let slip their sarcasms against the minister of police, of whom they jokingly said that, on this occasion, he had made a *tour de force.*

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"*That horrible catastrophe.*"

A spectacle now presented itself which my imagination had never before conceived; no, not while perusing the most dreadful pages of ancient and modern history. Consternation kept a great part of the population of Moscow shut up in their houses; from which they did not issue until the fire had penetrated into their asylums. Terror held them mute; they stood trembling, not daring to utter the slightest imprecation against the French. Some of them attempted to fly, and to carry with them the most precious of their effects; while others, more sensible to the demands of nature and humanity, thought only of saving their relations. Here you might have seen a son bearing off his infirm father upon his shoulders; there, mothers holding their babes in their arms, and shedding over them torrents of tears; while their older children, afraid of losing them, pursued on after their fleeing mothers, and calling out to them with piercing and lamenting cries. Many of the aged, more borne down with grief than years, unable to follow their families, shedding bitter tears over the desolation of their country, gave themselves up to die under the roofs where they were born. The streets, the public squares, the churches, were all filled with these wretched beings, who, lying upon what remained of their household goods, groaned away the heavy hours, without giving even the smallest sign of despair. You heard no dispute, no cry amongst them. Victor and vanquished were alike struck with stupor, the one by excess of fortune, the other by excess of misery.

The fire, pursuing its desolating course, soon reached the finest parts of the city. In a moment, as it were, all those palaces which we had so much admired for their elegant architecture and tasty decorations, were wrapped in flames and consumed. Their superb pediments, adorned with bas-reliefs and statues, deprived of their supports, fell with a wild crash upon the ruins of their columns. The churches, though roofed with tiles or lead, also fell, and with them those proud domes which the last sunset had revealed to us, all resplendent with silver and gold. The hospitals, in which were more than 20,000 sick and wounded, soon fell a prey to the devouring element. The soul revolts and freezes with horror at the scene which followed. Nearly every one of those miserable wretches perished in the flames; and the few who still retained the breath of life were seen dragging themselves along, half burnt to death, amongst the smoking cinders; while others of the number, groaning under piles of corpses, lifted them up in order to get at the light of day.

How shall I describe the tumults which the pillaging, connived at throughout this immense city, produced? Soldiers, sutlers, galley slaves, prostitutes, rushing through the streets, entered the deserted palaces, stealing and carrying off whatever could flatter their cupidity. Some loaded themselves with tissues of silk and gold; others covered their shoulders with the most costly furs; many loaded themselves down with women's and children's furred robes. Even galley slaves concealed their rags beneath the Court dresses. Others, again, rushed to the cellars, dashed in the doors, and, after making themselves drunk with the most costly wines, tottered out again, laden with immense booty. This frightful sacking was not confined to the houses which were deserted. The horrors of the town and the rapacity of the populace were all confounded together, and aided the plunderers in executing a work of devastation as great as that of the conflagration. Nor did those asylums wait long to be violated by an insolent soldiery. Those who had officers with them hoped, for an instant, to escape the common danger; but the fire, advancing rapidly upon them, soon robbed them of all their hopes.

Towards evening Napoleon, no longer thinking himself safe in a city whose ruin seemed inevitable, left the Kremlin, and took up his quarters with his suite in the château of Peterskoé. While seeing him pass, I could not but look with a shudder upon the leader of a barbarous expedition, who, to shun the cries of a just public indignation, was seeking to hide himself in some dark corner. But it was in vain; the flames pursued him on all sides, and, flashing upon his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing the criminals devoted to the infernal gods.—"*Campagnes de Russie.*"

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"*Happy return from Moscow.*"

The conspiracy of Malet and Lahorie struck Napoleon with terror; for, if ever his authority ought to have been regarded as firmly established, it was while he was carrying the terror of his arms to the extremity of Europe. He could never accustom himself to the idea that obscure citizens could have dared to overthrow him who was making kings tremble. In his rage he accused the public functionaries and magistrates of having betrayed his interests, since not one of them had thought of carrying out the constitution of the empire, by calling to the throne the child who was to succeed him. To him this was an irresistible proof that, notwithstanding all he had done of grand and wonderful, nothing would be more difficult than for him to establish a new dynasty. Tormented by this reflection, the army became to him a thing of little account; and, abandoning all his plans of campaign, he thought only of quitting us (says Eugene de la Beaum), and flying to Paris, in order to apply a remedy to an event which seemed to have taken place only to show him how fragile was that colossal power which he had neglected properly to consolidate; for he was carried away by a false system, disgraceful to our age, which taught him that battles only were necessary to the founding of an empire.

On his return to the capital, Napoleon was received by the senate with the same enthusiasm as if he had conquered on the banks of the Beresina; he demanded an extraordinary levy of 350,000 men, and obtained it. All the cities of France vied with each other in furnishing him ready-equipped horsemen. Napoleon now gave the public to understand that this was to protect the territory of France from invasion. At the name of "Country," every good citizen roused himself from the kind of slumber into which he had been plunged. Every man offered himself to defend it; people of worth and experience declared that it must be hedged in with a triple row of bayonets, and that, before passing that barrier, the invader must march over the body of the last soldier of France. Honour to the brave men who fell in Saxony while resisting the combined forces of so many nations!

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"*Subject to his control.*"

Since 1789 this father of politics had been engaged in studying the characters of the statesmen of Europe. He knew how to take advantage of their weaknesses in consolidating the rising power of Napoleon. In concert with him, he set about re-establishing the ancient customs and ceremonies of religion that had been abolished by the demagogues of 1793 and 1794. Frenchmen, now governed by more just laws, and free in the exercise of their religious worship, forgot that they had a Cæsar. That naturally docile nation became submissive and faithful when it could worship its God according to its ritual. The coronation of the new Emperor was really a conquest achieved over the republican party. Napoleon, thanks to his sword and his minister, appeared truly great in the measures he took to preserve the fruits of that triumph. M. Talleyrand pointed out to him that a conqueror might invade a kingdom with impunity, but not overthrow an altar or displace an image of the Virgin, without exciting a general disturbance. In order to please his new subjects, Napoleon affected to re-establish religious ceremonies with that pomp and decency which are required by our mysteries. The visit of Pope Pius VII. to France was a *coup d'état*, whereof the coronation was the quintessence. The character which he impressed upon this ceremony was the triumph of policy in consolidating his power over a people accustomed to revere their kings. Soon did this Hercules of the Cabinet, this man so superior to others, by the extent of his knowledge and the delicacy of his genius, penetrate the designs of all the Courts of Europe. He understood perfectly how to profit by his astonishing sagacity, and knew how to distinguish the mere courtier from the useful and laborious man. He could appreciate all our grand chameleons. He could himself direct the compass of the world whenever he wished. Sometimes the men over whom his influence extended would counsel their Sovereigns to employ the aid of such and such persons—to make such and such concessions; and sometimes they would disavow them. Napoleon would have fallen six years before had not this able minister directed the wheels of his political chariot. The Abbé de Pradt cannot be compared to the modern Richelieu, although my Lord Bishop of Malines is a man of great talent. The latter is but a third-rate man when contrasted with Talleyrand. A man of new and original ideas, labouring with ease and rapidity (without correspondence, for he wrote to nobody), a correct *coup d'œil*, habituated to reason quickly from cause to effect, of unexampled facility in passing from one subject to another, viewing at a glance a whole suite of characters in profile; a man of wit and of the world, polished in his intercourse with society; fond of women, heeding them little, though availing himself of their lucky ideas; afraid of having his own designs penetrated, but fond of penetrating those of others; with some enemies, whom he cared little for; some friends, whom he well understood; feigning to live unknown, but troubling himself but little on that score—such was Talleyrand. When the proper time shall come, he will be recalled to a ministry which he will know well how to discharge. He still owes more than one service to his country and to his friends.—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

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"Ruin of their country."

"I do not pretend," said Fénelon to the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, "I do not pretend that republics furnish us no proofs of true patriotism. The virtues may be compared to those useful plants which grow everywhere; though this does not prove that one climate may not be more favourable to them than another. Patriotism, even amidst the thorns and brambles of anarchy and under the dog-star of despotism, has sometimes borne the most precious fruit; but you will not hence conclude that, because it hath shone more brightly amidst the disorders of society, disorders are most congenial to it; there it only shines by contrast."

The most of our politicians of 1793 have left to their offspring, as their sole inheritance, nothing but their sad doctrines. Those young Brutuses must necessarily reject all idea of monarchical power, and still caress the hope of the bright days of friendship and brotherhood. Alas! We have furnished the proof that a pure democracy too often degenerates into mere licence. Besides, every government not founded upon the basis of religion, justice, and respect for person and property, tends to despotism and anarchy. What is anarchy? A disorder in the state, where no one has authority to command and cause the laws to be respected, and where, consequently, the people conduct themselves as they please, without curb, without subordination, and without police. O Frenchmen! let us strive to banish all new dissensions from the bosom of our happy country, and thus wrest from the stranger a shameful pretext for again ravaging our provinces and appropriating to himself the fruits of six years of peace. What did I say? This Paris, this peerless city, has once seen the stranger within her walls. He sought to conform himself to our tastes, our habits; perchance by an excess of politeness, and the better to please us, he may finally be tempted to stay here for ever! This we must fear, this we must avoid.

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"*Still remaining in your power.*"

"To obtain peace, sacrifice everything, since without it you lose the empire, your honour, your independence. Think, O Bonaparte," was Josephine's constant language to him. Such were the counsels she gave him whenever he visited Malmaison. During the latter part of his reign she used to say to him, "Give up the idea of seeking the foreigner at his hearth. Raise against him an inexpugnable rampart on your frontiers, and call to the defence thereof those legions of brave men with whom the cry of 'Honour and country!' was no vain shout. That sublime impulse was of itself worth a whole army. Persevere, persevere, O thou who hast so much to dread from the nations thou hast conquered. But if God hath not punished thee for having neglected the sagest counsels, should the strangers invade our provinces and force thee to descend from the throne, lay thy crown at the feet of the senate of France, that it may be offered to the most worthy? A stranger should never place upon his brow the diadem of our Kings. Then, Bonaparte, should there be yet time, fly to Italy; quit a country which holds within its ramparts the proud German and the sons of Britain. Spare thy country the horrors of a civil war, ever dangerous to the one party as well as to the other. Posterity, more just than contemporaries, will thank thee for thy moderation and pronounce just eulogiums upon thy character."—NOTE BY JOSEPHINE.

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"*To do the honours there.*"

The Empress Josephine quitted her cherished abode in such a state of despair that her attendants had great difficulty in restoring calmness to her mind. Already had she heard the alarm cry of "Save yourself! the stranger approaches with rapid strides. He has passed the frontier. The crowds of Cossacks are everywhere spreading despair and death." It was a thunderclap to that afflicted but feeling woman; but soon recovering her wonted energy and presence of mind, she gave orders immediately that her whole household should proceed to Navarre. She left in haste. One of the mainbraces of the carriage which bore her broke in the middle of the way, and it was necessary to stop. Some troops appeared in the distance whom she took to be columns of Prussians in pursuit of her. She expected to be carried off by main force, and was greatly frightened. But her journey was resumed, and continued without any accident. How mournful, how despairing, must have been her reflections in crossing the threshold of a castle where she had every moment reason to fear she should be exposed to danger or insult. "Alas," said she, "little, little does Bonaparte dream of what is taking place in Paris! Did he, his soul would be rent by mortal anxieties." The air of unconcern with which she pronounced these few words showed but too plainly that life had no longer a charm for her.

For several days she preferred to remain alone. Her ladies noticed that she was continually perusing and re-perusing a letter which the Emperor wrote her from Brienne, in which he said, "Josephine, while revisiting the spot where I passed my early childhood, and comparing the peaceful hours I then enjoyed with the agitations and terrors which I now experience, I am constrained to say to myself, 'I have sought death often, in the midst of combats; I fear it no longer—to me it would this day be a blessing.'"

During the latter part of her stay at Navarre, Josephine seemed crushed by unspeakable anguish. But often would she say, when speaking of Bonaparte, "I am the only one to whom he entrusted all his secrets—all except the one which has caused his ruin; and had he communicated that to me in season, I should still have enjoyed his presence, and by means of my counsels he would, perhaps, have escaped these new calamities."

Soon, however, she received an invitation to yield to the wish expressed by the illustrious allies to see her at Malmaison. This well-merited mark of respect moved her even to tears. She seemed to hesitate; the first wife of Napoleon, thought she, should remain invisible to all eyes. Nevertheless, she was induced by high and powerful considerations to quit Navarre and return and do the honours at Malmaison. Her emotion must have been extreme on revisiting her cherished abode. A guard of honour watched around her; her property was respected. She found herself, so to speak, in the midst of her Court, but surrounded by the most illustrious personages in Europe. Then might she have esteemed herself fortunate, being the only member of the whole imperial family whose titles and honours were preserved. Josephine, shining with grace and amiability, honoured by the presence of the world's masters, appeared again to the eyes of the French people like a brilliant meteor lately eclipsed by a cloud. Throngs of strangers came to Malmaison to admire and to pity her, and she received the most honourable felicitations for the noble devotion she had displayed during the gloomiest periods of the Revolution. "Everywhere," said the Emperor Alexander to her, "everywhere I hear the name of Josephine praised. That Princess, it is everywhere said, was Bonaparte's guardian angel; you shall be so still to the French people" (added that generous Prince), "for, following your example, madam, and in order to prove to you the interest with which you inspire me, I shall fulfil your intentions by protecting, with all the power I possess, the people over whom you have reigned. She who hath counselled none but sublime actions merits now to reap their fruits; enjoy, then, the good you have done, and, as well in my own name as in that of my illustrious allies, be assured of the most constant and honourable protection." Such were the marks of respect which Josephine received on the day of her first interview with the most powerful monarchs of Europe.

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"*The love they manifested to the French people.*"

The Emperor Alexander ever manifested the most noble disposition towards the French people. In this he sought to imitate the great and generous Catherine, his illustrious ancestor, who also loved them. It was to the magnanimity and moderation of that august Prince that Paris owed the complete preservation of all her monuments. For this Josephine more than once testified her gratitude. "Happy the people subject to your sway," said she, "and happier still those who, having experienced great vicissitudes of fortune, have seen themselves forced, through the inscrutable ways of Providence, to pass, in their turn, from the Capitoline Hill under the Caudine Forks. If, generous Prince, they have in you found a mediator who could only moderate the severity of the conventions imposed upon them by conquerors irritated by their own disasters, you have been the first to show to the world a sublime example, one which distinguishes you from your allies by its rare disinterestedness; and loading the French people, so to speak, with evidences of your unexampled generosity, you have acquired a title to the thanks of posterity."

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"*Their legitimate princes.*"

Very many of the most illustrious families in France owed their political existence to the ex-Empress. Her taste was to oblige; her position rendered her necessary. As to her opinions, they were well known. Herself a victim of the Revolution, she could not but detest its principles. Raised in some sort in the midst of the Court of Versailles, she could not but adopt its usages. Whenever she spoke of Louis XVI. and his family, her eyes would fill with tears. "They suffered much," said she. "Whenever my eyes fall upon the Place de Louis XV., I seem to see them there, surrounded by the implements of their death. The malevolent are ever the same; should Napoleon fall from power to-day, they would drag him to the scaffold. Nothing is more ideal than the acclamations of the multitude. I detest all those assemblages where paid orators seek to electrify the people by making them repeat, even to satiety, the phrases—'Long live the Republic! Down with the Republic! Long live the Directory! No more Directory! Hurrah for the Consul! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress!' &c. All such cries are but the forerunners of horrible catastrophes. Every prince who reposes upon the popluar favour is near his fall. When Napoleon heard her talk thus, he would say, "*Tu fais un cours d'ana.*" To please him, she would hold her tongue, for he did not like maxims; and, for the sake of peace, she would change the conversation. When she heard that the House of Bourbon was to be recalled to the throne, the first words that escaped her were, "At least, a foreign dynasty will not rule over France. It is but just—it belongs to them. I shall take pleasure in seeing them, especially the duchess. She is an angel of goodness." She was doubtless speaking of the Duchess Dowager of Orleans, that admirable Princess whom all parties respected, and who, after her long and ill-merited misfortunes, has at length found a support. Providence watched over her, as well as the august daughter of Louis XVI. Josephine, *incognito*, witnessed the entry of Monsieur, the King's brother, into Paris. She was observed to be deeply moved when she heard that Prince repeat to the multitudes who were making the air ring with their acclamations, "Yes, my friends, 'tis but one Frenchman more among you."—"Admirable words!" said Josephine. "I am sure, if Napoleon were present, he would be moved by them. Alas, could he be philosophic enough to look upon this with the eye of a sage, how happy might we both still be! But ambition, and the lust of ruling, are diseases which seize upon all men, and until their latest breath they cling to power. How little have they of the noble philosophy of the great Saladin, who directed that, after his death, his winding-sheet should be shown to the people, and that they should be told that 'that was all of this world which remained to the great Saladin.'"

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"*New pretexts for deferring it.*"

Napoleon, who, in the days of his glory, had seen himself at the head of 500,000 combatants, now found himself at Fontainebleau with nothing but his guard, reduced to two or three thousand men, but determined to shed for him the last drop of their blood. Whether from the effect of his sudden overthrow, or from some other cause, he was seized by a fit of catalepsis, a malady to which he was subject. He fell down, motionless and speechless. His physician, M. Corvisart, was called, and lavished upon him his utmost care and skill. For this reason, his departure for the island of Elba was postponed.

Though still sick, his curiosity was excited by the Paris journals, which he read daily, holding them in his trembling hands, and casting a rapid and unquiet glance upon their columns. Instead of the extravagant eulogies of which he had been for fifteen years the object, he now found in them nothing but late-coming, painful truths. He foamed with rage and vented himself in threats, forgetting that the part he had to act was finished. Recovering his equanimity, he now reflected that he was no longer the redoubtable Napoleon, and in his anguish exclaimed, "Had I been told, three years ago, but the hundredth part of the truths I have heard to-day, you would still see me on the throne of France"—a humiliating reflection, indeed, to the cowardly flatterers who had surrounded him; to those inefficient and miserable functionaries who, constantly kneeling at his feet, had, without any sense of shame, sold him to the interests of the people; to those mercenary poets—those subsidised writers who, in their base and cowardly compositions, had exhausted all the forms of the most servile adulation—who showed themselves utterly indifferent to the public evils, provided they could fill their rapacious palms with gold, the price of their depravity.

Napoleon preserved all his character in his misfortunes; and now prepared to close the last scene of his expiring power. Under different pretexts he had delayed his departure; but suddenly assembling the troops composing his guard who remained about his person, he passed them in review. Signs of terror were discoverable in his altered countenance, and some tears fell from his eyes. The guard waited for his orders in silence; but not a cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" smote the air. The old warriors preserved an attitude of perfect respect, although it was manifest their hearts were overcome by grief. After walking his horse a few paces along the line, Napoleon, addressing himself to them, spoke as follows:—

"GENERALS, OFFICERS, AND UNDER-OFFICERS OF MY OLD GUARD—

"I bid you farewell: I am satisfied with you. For twenty years I have found you ever in the path of glory.

"The allied Powers have armed all Europe against me; a part of the army has betrayed its duties; and France herself has chosen other destinies.

"With you and the brave men who have remained faithful to me, I might have maintained a civil war for three years; but France would have been unhappy—a result contrary to the end I have ever had in view.

"Be faithful to the new King whom France has chosen; do not abandon our beloved country, so long unhappy.

"Do not mourn my lot: I shall ever be happy when I know that you are.

"I might have died; nothing could have been easier for me; but I shall ever pursue the road of honour.

"I shall write what we have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring me the eagle." He then kissed it, and said, "Beloved eagle, may this kiss echo through the hearts of the brave! Adieu, my children!"

He started on the 20th of April at noon, with Generals Bertrand and Drouot, who retired with him to the island of Elba, accompanied by four superior officers, commissioners of the allied Powers—the English colonel, Campbell; the Russian general, Suwarrow; the Austrian general, Koller, and the Prussian general, Valdebourg-Truchsels. He was under the escort of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of the foreign troops, protected by several detachments posted at different points along the route. He ran some personal risks, and was forced to have recourse to a disguise of dress to avoid the fury of some people enraged at the loss of their property or their children. On the 27th of April, in the morning, he arrived at Frejus by way of Avignon.

On the 4th of May he landed at Port Ferrajo, under the discharge of cannon from frigate and fort. The act of his taking possession was attested by a *procès verbal*. General Drouot, governor of the island, signed it in the name of the Emperor, with the commissioners of the allied Powers.

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"*Bust of Alexander.*"

During Napoleon's stay at Amsterdam in 1811, he dropped the first hint of his animosity against the Sovereign of Russia. In a cabinet connected with the apartment occupied by Maria Louisa, there was found, standing on a piano, a small and very accurate bust of Alexander. Napoleon, wherever he went, was in the habit of visiting in person all the rooms connected with his apartment or that of the Empress. While making this visit, he discovered the bust, and, placing it under his arm, said, "Confiscated." He went on, however, conversing with several ladies who were with him. Deeply engrossed in conversation, he made a gesture, forgetting the marble bust, and dropped it. One of the ladies, however, caught it before it struck the floor, and asked Napoleon what she should do with it. "What you please," said he, "so I don't see it again."—*M. M.*

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"*Clemency to grandeur.*"

"I congratulate you," said the Emperor Alexander one day to Josephine, "on having reigned over the French, a nation so worthy to be well governed; I congratulate you on having known how to make friends while on the throne, friends who have followed you into retirement. 'Tis to you, madam, that France is in a great measure indebted for the tranquillity she enjoyed during the first years of your husband's reign. Had Napoleon continued to listen to your advice, he would probably now have reigned over a great and generous people. All the Sovereigns in Europe, and myself the first, would ultimately have applauded the wisdom of his institutions and the strength of his government."

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"*The remainder of your days in peace.*"

. It is the curse of absolute princes to fall easily into the snares laid for their credulity.

In the early part of January, 1814, the Empress Josephine being in her gallery of paintings, the Emperor came upon her unawares while she was reading a passage in the life of Diocletian. He appeared singularly struck by the passage (it related to his abdication of power), and said to her:

"My wife," for so he continued to call her, "I shall, perhaps, terminate my course in the same way, and take pride in showing the beautiful fruits of your gardens, cultivated by my own hands, to the envoys of the different nations who come to visit Napoleon the Philosopher."

"So much the better," answered Josephine; "then should we be happy indeed." But directly resuming her air of sadness, her eyes became suffused with tears. "My friend," said she, with the deepest emotion, an emotion that seemed to rend her heart; "my friend, you have a new wife, and a son; I desire, henceforth, only to aid you by my counsels. But should you ever become free, or should the blast of adversity ever deliver you to your enemies, come, come, O Bonaparte, to my cherished asylum, and leave it not while the honour of the name of France, and the integrity of its soil, shall be menaced."

Such were the dreams of that good woman. She loved to persuade herself that Napoleon, tired of grandeur, stripped of his ambition, would one day imitate the great models of ancient times. But the thirst for power is contagious, and its ravages great. A sceptre is not surrendered with the same ease with which it was acquired; and Napoleon, in his misfortunes, could not say with Diocletian, "O ye who have seen me seated on a throne, come now and see the lettuce which I planted with my own hands!"

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"*Necessity.*"

Josephine had learnt, through a secret channel, that Murat was very anxious to sever his interests from those of Bonaparte, whom she advised of it. He instantly despatched formal orders for him to raise his full number of men, and complete his junction with the Viceroy of Italy. By this means the Emperor proposed to protect Italy, and flattered himself that Vienna would be in his hands sooner than the allies could take Paris. But Murat paid no regard to the promises he had made his brother-in-law; he made no movement in his favour, but, on the contrary, endeavoured to paralyse all the dispositions of Prince Eugene. Napoleon continually expected deliverance from that quarter; hence his strange security while he was at Fontainebleau. The Viceroy did not delay to write to the Empress and give her an account of the damning treason of Murat, who had left him alone exposed to so many dangers. Nevertheless, the Prince endeavoured to make the best of his position, though he could not, single-handed, resist so large a hostile force. Had Murat combined the whole plan for the invasion of Italy by the allies, he could not, in reference to his own safety, have done his duty better.

(89) *Page* 243.—GRAND DUCHESS OF NAVARRE.

After her divorce, Josephine passed her time alternately at Malmaison and the château of Navarre. At these places she received daily, and at all hours of the day, the blessings of a multitude of poor families who lived only on her bounty. Here, when reduced to occupy a limited sphere of life, here she found friends—*yes, true friends!* The great have but few, few indeed, of that class among them.

On her death, her estate at Navarre should have descended to her son. She had delighted to embellish that spot, which had been totally neglected for a series of years.[1] She made numerous improvements, and gave a new life to that spot which had been long deserted, but which her presence rendered an enchanted palace. Had she wished it, she might have preserved the title of Grand Duchess of Navarre; but it is said she refused it. She was, however, to be presented to His Majesty Louis XVIII. under the title of the Countess of ——; but Destiny, which sports with all human schemes, decided it otherwise. Without this mysterious agency, the part which Josephine acted might have been more difficult; her star might have directed her course far, far away from the path in which it led her.

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[1] Navarre and its dependencies once belonged to the Bouillon family. Its sale was by auction, and Napoleon was the highest bidder, to whom it was sold

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"*The ingratitude of Murat.*"

After the fall of the Emperor, and his departure to the island of Elba, Josephine fell into a profound melancholy. Her feelings were visibly affected whenever her husband's name was mentioned in her presence. Murat's name had become odious to her, the more so that she never liked him. She had learnt that he was no stranger to the plot which was being concocted to take Napoleon from the island of Elba and expatriate him to a more distant region. According to Josephine's idea, Murat hoped to obtain, in consideration of that act of villainy, full and entire security, and remain the peaceable possessor of the crown of Naples; others, on the contrary, who thought themselves more competent to judge, imputed to Murat far nobler intentions.

When Josephine was informed of these perfidious movements on the part of Murat, she had begun to feel the approaches of that cruel malady which, at the end of a few days, laid her in the tomb. She confided her secret to a faithful agent of Bonaparte, and urged him for the last time to distrust his near relations. By a species of fatality, the person charged with carrying this despatch was arrested on the frontier, and it was not until five months after Josephine's death that Napoleon was informed of it; hence the continual fears he entertained for his safety. The vicinity of Naples added still to his terrors. Such, indeed, were his apprehensions that, during the latter part of his stay at Elba, he would not suffer himself to be approached. On the day of his departure for France, he gave a ball to the best society at Port Ferrajo in order to conceal his project; but so completely was he preoccupied that he neglected at the moment to provide for the peace and safety of his family. Madame Letitia had made several voyages to King Joachim (Murat, King of Naples) to induce him to be favourable to his brother-in-law

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for the sum of 900,000 francs. He made a present of it to Josephine after her divorce, and paid her three visits at this her new residence. On one occasion he arrived at midnight and left at two o'clock in the morning.

—which that deceitful man promised. But Josephine had penetrated his designs; and had that interesting woman been alive at the date of Murat's misfortunes, though pitying his sad end, she would have remained convinced that the fatality which pursues us is often but the just recompense of our guilty designs. Whole generations are sometimes punished for the crimes of their fathers.

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"*That magical retreat*"—MALMAISON.

Become Empress of the French, Josephine preserved her simple tastes and her love for rustic life. Adored by a people who saw in her their guardian angel, she was never more happy than when, retired to Malmaison, she could pass her time in this new Eden, away from the pomp of her imperial husband's Court. One of the first uses she made of her power was in embellishing her beautiful gardens. Well taught in all the branches of natural history, she made of Malmaison an immense museum, consecrated specially to that science. The men of learning whom she patronised and encouraged by her bounty, and to whom she furnished the means of travelling, were at special pains to send her, from the four quarters of the globe, the most rare and interesting objects. To gratify her innate love of natural history, she reserved, in the new arrangements of her park, a portion of it to be devoted to the theoretical and practical study of her favourite science. She established at Malmaison a botanical garden, a menagerie, and a school of agriculture; and it was under her eye, and almost under her personal direction, that the lovers of Nature came to study her phenomena.

The botanical garden, including the hot-houses, contained all those rare plants which art or patience can cause to grow in our climate. The menagerie, one of the most complete in Europe, contained all sorts of land animals, aquatic or winged, that can live in our atmosphere. The school of agriculture, established upon the plan of that of Rambouillet, was devoted to useful experiments, having for their sole object the perfection of the first of human arts, and the opening to the French people new sources of wealth and prosperity. In these different establishments the useful was mingled with the agreeable, and Josephine, in the midst of her gardens, surrounded by her superb merinos and other animals consecrated to the use of man, appeared to the French people like a beneficent divinity, occupied with the sole desire and care of rendering them happy.

She proved this to them by incurring, in reality, no expense except for objects which presented to her heart some hope of usefulness. She sacrificed immense sums in organising her different establishments, but never entertained the thought, for a moment, of wasting money in building herself a palace worthy of the wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The modest habitation of Malmaison, composed of a simple *rez-de-chaussée* and one storey, always satisfied her ambition. But though the aspect of this humble abode did not announce to the traveller the Empress of the French, the story of her virtues, of her beneficence, the tears of love and gratitude shed by all the dwellers in the neighbouring hamlet while speaking of her, soon made her known; and the traveller returned struck with admiration for the woman who desired to reign only to be loved.

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"*Her last words.*"

The death of Josephine threw all France into tears, and even strangers shared in the general sorrow. They witnessed the universal regrets her death occasioned; and it may be truly said, to the praise of both the friends and foes of Bonaparte, that, on this mournful occasion, all united to scatter flowers upon the tomb of the woman who had adorned the happy days of the illustrious exile. On hearing of her premature death, the people were generally of opinion that some wicked hand had administered her the hemlock. Many uttered their suspicions aloud. Nothing, however, proves that these suspicions were well founded. What tended to give them credence was the *black ingratitude and the dark smile* of the man who was the supposed agent of a criminal intrigue. Woe to that coward, if he be guilty! But the sensible portion of those who were attached to Josephine (and on this subject I have made the most minute and authentic investigations) have all, with the exception of those who are fond of something new, informed me that, on returning from St. Leu-Tavernay, on the day that Queen Hortense gave a great dinner to the allied Sovereigns, Josephine felt a general prostration of strength. The Empress's physician recommended her to adopt some precautions, and gave her an emetic and a cathartic. She felt relieved, and resumed her usual habits. She meanwhile continued to do the honours at Malmaison, as heretofore. His Majesty the Emperor Alexander came there regularly, and Josephine felt happy when she saw Eugene and that great Prince laughing and amusing themselves with antic sports on the green bank which fronted the principal apartments. In vain did that patient and enduring woman seek to conceal from herself her real sufferings; in vain did she, on the 26th of May, endeavour to make her accustomed promenade. She was forced to keep her house, contrary to her habit. She felt weak; a cold perspiration covered her face. She underwent much pain during the following night, and experienced a degree of delirium. She seemed much agitated, and talked a great deal. On the next day (Friday) she gave a great dinner to the King of Prussia and the

Emperor of Russia. She was anxious to be present at it herself, and made an effort to get out of her bed, but in vain. Her daughter was charged to receive the illustrious guests.

The disease from this moment took a very serious turn. It was generally credited about the house that the malady was a catarrh, neglected by the Sieur A——, formerly the Emperor's physician, but who had now become hers. Doctor Lamou——, who resided at Rueil, and who administered under A——'s directions, could not, notwithstanding his good intentions, save the life of the Empress. His superior (A——) having neglected to come, and Josephine finding herself growing worse, Lamou—— judged it necessary to apply leeches to the back of her neck and between the shoulders, with a view to scatter the inflammation. But Lamou——could do nothing of himself without being authorised by the chief physician, although the Empress begged him to take it upon himself, if he judged it necessary. The next morning A—— arrived, but that illustrious woman had now but a few hours to live. She reproached him for his want of attention, and told him that "his neglect had killed her" (her own words). Lamou—— said he could have saved her life had he been permitted to apply the leeches; to which M. A—— answered, "You should have done so, in a case so urgent, without waiting for my arrival." After her death the body was opened by Doctor Lamou——. He found a deposit of blood at the back of the neck, just as he had supposed; and this it was that extinguished the life of the unhappy Josephine.

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"The Emperor Alexander burst into tears."

The Emperor of Russia was not present when Josephine breathed her last; he arrived at Malmaison shortly after. That generous Prince asked to be conducted into her apartment. Gazing upon the lifeless remains of her who, but a few hours before, had so much excited his feelings of admiration, he could not restrain his tears. In vain did he strive to console her two children. That august Prince, wholly overcome by grief, was not in a condition to moderate that of the spectators of that sorrowing scene. The whole household of the dead Josephine melted into tears, for she was really adored. Numerous strangers who had never known her, but who happened to be present at the time of her death, mingled their tears with those of the mourners. One of them exclaimed, "Were I, at the time of her interment, engaged in actual service, I would certainly accompany her funeral train, even without asking permission of my commander."

His Majesty the Emperor Alexander appeared inconsolable, and repeated many times—"She is no more, that woman whom France named the Beneficent; that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She leaves to her children, her friends, and her contemporaries, deep but merited regrets."

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"*Solemn convoy.*"

On the 2nd of June the funeral honours were paid to the mortal remains of the Empress Josephine in the parish church at Rueil. The cortège, composed of a detachment of cavalry and 200 men of the National Guard, left the château of Malmaison at noon, having at its head the banners of the different fraternities of the parish of Rueil. The suite was composed of the Prince of Mecklenburg, General Sacken, the two grandchildren of the deceased Empress, Marshals of France, general officers (foreign as well as French), senators, numerous aides-de-camp to Their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, a great number of ecclesiastics from the neighbouring parishes, officers of the National Guard, the prefect and sub-prefect, the mayor, and more than 8,000 inhabitants of the environs, assembled to pay their last homage to the memory of a Princess who so well deserved the name of mother to the poor and afflicted. M. Baral, Archbishop of Tours, assisted by the Bishops of Evreux and Versailles, celebrated Mass. After reading the Holy Scriptures, he pronounced the funeral oration. The body of the Empress, placed in a leaden coffin enclosed in a box of wood covered with black cloth, was deposited in the lower southern side of the church at Rueil, in a vault, whereon was raised a *chapelle ardente*, formed of funeral hangings; the altar, richly decorated in the form of a tomb, and the altar-piece representing a cross, were surmounted by a canopy. On the right was placed the statue of Immortality, on the left that of Religion. A sepulchral lamp was suspended in the middle of the *chapelle ardente*, and in the middle of the same *chapelle* were placed a desk, some seats and armchairs. Her heart was deposited in a square leaden box, to be sent to its destination. The *chapelle ardente* at Malmaison, as well as the front and inside of the church there, were shrouded in black, but without any heraldic characters. The ceremony did not terminate until five o'clock p.m. Such are the details of the funeral obsequies of a Princess whose life, considering the health she usually enjoyed, should have been of much longer duration.—*D. L.*

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"*Her last tear fell upon his portrait.*"

"Banished to an island under a foreign sky, torn from France, from a wife the model of all virtues, from a beloved son, from all his friends; fallen from the palaces of kings, among the hills of Elba, overcome by cares and fatigues, sad and melancholy, alone amidst the dwellers on that island, there still remain to him one faithful Pylades and a few warriors who have voluntarily shared his exile. Bonaparte can never find consolation in his deep misfortunes, except in the reflection that there still remains to him *one true friend who hath never ceased to watch over his precious life. But, alas! she is lost to him."—Last words of Josephine.*

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"A simple stone now covers her."

The tombstone bears neither epitaph nor inscription. It indicates nothing except that the best of mothers, the most excellent of wives, slept the sleep of the just, on the 29th of May, 1814. The widow and the orphan daily go to weep at her tomb; and the veteran survivors of our victories address their prayers to Heaven for the repose of her who lived only for the French people. Multitudes of her faithful friends continually visit the last resting-place of her whose memory was honoured by universal mourning and lamentation. To-day nothing distinguishes her tomb. The earth is not pressed by a sarcophagus of costly workmanship. No barrier defends the entrance to the chapel. The poor and the rich can come at all hours, and contemplate the frailty of human grandeur and the instability of all human affairs. What now remains of Josephine is the recollection of her good deeds.

Ye feeling souls!—ye who are *therefore* the children of sorrow, who covet the companionship of emotion, come to Rueil and contemplate the dust of her who lately merited your respect and your love. Ah, come, pour forth your tears upon her urn!

Narrow tomb, last resting-place of the gods of this earth, how dost thou humble their pride! Vain mortal, lift this stone!

Here lies a woman who, during her happy days, perchance awakened thine envy; all the vain displays of earthly greatness have vanished with her; her body, as cold as the marble which covers it, is but the prey of Death. Her reputation alone will live after her.

TITLES OF NAPOLEON'S FAMILY AND DIGNITARIES.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation

Joseph, his brother, King of Spain and the Indies.

Louis, his brother, King of Holland.

Jerome, his brother, King of Westphalia.

Lucien, his brother, Prince of Canino.

Eliza, his sister, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, wife of Félix Bacciochi.

Pauline, his sister, Princess of Guastalla (Princess Borghèse).

Caroline, his sister, Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, Queen of Naples, Countess of Lipano.

Hortense (daughter of Josephine by Alexander Beauharnais), Queen of Holland (wife of Louis Napoleon).

Stephanie (daughter of "Senator Beauharnais," an emigrant, brother of Alexander Beauharnais), Grand Duchess of Baden.

DIGNITARIES.

Arrighi, Duke of Padua.

Augereau, Duke of Castiglione.

Beauharnais, Eugene (Josephine's son by Alexander Beauharnais), Viceroy of Italy, Prince of Venice.

Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, King of Sweden.

Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram.

Bessiéres, Duke of Istria.

Cambacérès, Duke of Parma, Arch-chancellor.

Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

Clarke, Duke of Feltre.

Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt.

Duroc, Duke of Friuli.

Fouché, Duke of Otranto.

Gaudin, Duke of Gaëta.

Junot, Duke of Abrantés.

Kellermann, Duke of Valmy.

LANNES, Duke of Montebello.
LEBRUN, Duke of Plaisantia.
LEFEBVRE, Duke of Dantzic.
MACDONALD, Duke of Tarentum.
MARET, Duke of Bassano.
MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa.
MASSENA, Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling.
MONCEY, Duke of Conegliano.
MORTIER, Duke of Treviso.
MOUTON, Count of Lobau.
MURAT, King of Naples, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves.
NEY, Prince of Moskwa, Duke of Elchingen ("*The Bravest of the Brave*",
OUDINOT, Duke of Reggio.
SAVARY, Duke of Rovigo.
SOULT, Duke of Dalmatia.
SUCHET, Duke of Albufera.
TALLEYRAND, Prince of Benevento.
VANDAMME, Count de Heinberg.
VICTOR, Duke de Belluno.

THE END

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